OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS ENGLISHED.

BY

GEO. SANDYS.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON,

inted for *A. Roper* at the Sun againſt
. *Dunſtans*-Church in Fleet ſtreet. 1656.

LEX. THISTLETHWAYTE, ESQ.

Gmitford. 1803.

Ellis's Spec: V. iii. p. 24.

* The first Ed: folio. printed 1640. contains a Commentary, & the first Book of Virgils Aneis. This Ed: has omitted some Verses that precede the Preface. "The Mind of the Frontispiece, & argument of this Worke". ——— also "a Panegyrick to the King". "Urania to the Queene"; & "the discourse to the Reader." ——

* See an Acct. of a curious Edition of this Book. in 1621. 16mo in Censur: Liter: V. 6. p. 132.

See Dryden's Account of Sandys. in Malone's Dryden. IV. 282. 588.

See Garth's Essay on Ovid's Metamorphosis. p. 280

See Nicholls Select Poems. vol. 8. p. 238.

Nash's Worcestershire. vol. ii. p. 224. Censura Literaria. vol. V. p. 231. vi. 132.

TIS by G. Sandys, in A. Clifford's Tixall Poetry. p. 336.

17 JY 60

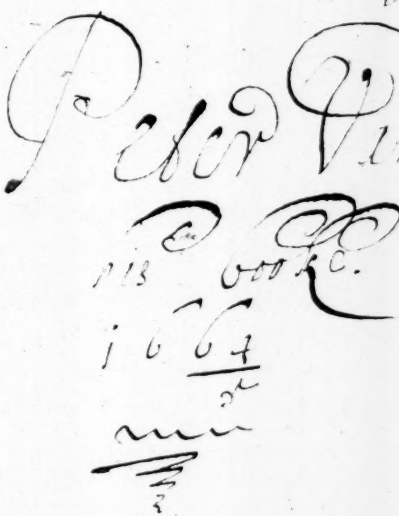
Pretium 2s.
Carriage 2d.

Joannes Dyve

Peter Vandeput

his book.

1664



17 JY 60

MUSEUM

TO THE MOST High and Mighty Prince CHARLES,

King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

IR,

YOur Gracious acceptance of the first fruits of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse, hath actuated both will and Power to the finishing of this piece: being limn'd by that unfelt light, which was snatcht from the houres of the night d repose For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the vice of you Great Father, and your Selfe: which, had it ved as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and others more wor-: we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to ve presented you with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdom: m whence now with my self, I only bring this Composure:

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

needeth more then a single denization, being a double ranger, sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans: but d in the New-world, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot participate; especially having warres and Tumults to g it to light, in stead of the Muses. But how ever unper-, Your favour is able to supply; and to make it worthy of , if you judge it not unworthy of your Royall Patronage. g may you live to be, as you are, the delight and Glory of r People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall dem for an immortall. So wishes

Your Maiesties most humble Servant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

17 JY 60

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The First Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.
The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade.
Earth turns their blood to Men. Joves's flames confound
Lycaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.
Man-kinde, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python kills; heart-wounded, loves
Last flying Daphne: She a Lawrel proves.
Jove, Io made a Cow, to mask foul deeds.
Hermes a Heardsman. Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds.
Dead Argu's eyes adorn the Peacocks train.
The Cow, to Io, Jove transformes again.

OF bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heaven unfram'd.
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd:
An undigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joynd aboad.
No Titan yet the World with light adorns;
Nor waxing Phœbe fill'd her wained hornes:
Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac'd;

Nor *Amphitrite* the vaſt ſhore imbrac'd
With Earth, was Ayr and Sea: the Earth unſtable,
The Ayr was dark, the Sea un-navigable:
No certain form to any one aſſign'd:
This, that reſiſts. For in one body joyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight;
The Soft and *Hard*, the *Heavie* with the Light.
But God, the better nature, this decides:
Who Earth from *Heaven*, the Sea from Earth divides:
And purer *Heaven* extracts from groſſer Ayre.
All which unfolded by his prudent care
From that blinde Maſſe; the happily diſ-joyn'd
With ſtrifeleſſe peace *He* to their ſeats confin'd.
Forth-with up-ſprung the quick and waightleſſe Fire,
Whoſe flames unto the higheſt arch aſpire:
The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre:
Groſſe Elements to thicker Earth repaire
Selfe-clog'd with waight: the waters flowing round,
Poſſeſſe the laſt, and ſollid *Tellus* bound.
What God ſoever this diviſion wrought,
And every part to due proportion brought;
Firſt, leſt the Earth unequal ſhould appear,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphear;
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to roar
With ruffling winds, and give the Land a ſhore.
To thoſe he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immenſe;
And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of theſe, not few Earths thirſty jaws devour;
The reſt, their ſtreams into the Ocean pour;
When in that liquid Plain, with freer wave,
The foamie Cliffes, in ſtead of Banks, they lave:
Bids Trees increaſe to Woods, the Plains extend,
The Rocky Mountains riſe, and Vales deſcend.
Two equal Zones, on either ſide, diſpoſe
The meaſur'd *Heavens*; a fifth, more hot then thoſe.
As many Lines th'included Globe divide:
I'th midſt unſufferable beams reſide;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt theſe their ſeats, the heat well mixt with Cold.
As Earth, as Water, upper Ayr out-waighs;
So much doth Ayr Fires lighter ballance raiſe.
There, he commands the changing Clouds to ſtray;
There, thundring terrors mortal mindes diſmay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:

Yet not permitted every way to blow;
Who hardly now to tear the world refraine
(So Brothers jarre!) though they divided raigne,
To *Persis* and *Sabbæa*, *Eurus* flies;
Whose gums perfume the blushing Mornes up-rise,
Next to the evening, and the Coast that glowes
With setting *Phœbus*, flowrie *Zeph'rus* blowes:
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain:
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep,
With fruitfull showers, and cloudswhich ever weep.
Above all these he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise;
Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'd;
When as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations, and faire figured Gods,
In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:
The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre;
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best Worlds originall,
Either Him fram'd of seed Celestiall;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,
Some sacred seeds retain'd to Heaven ally'd:
Which with the living streame *Prometheus* mixt:
And in that artificiall structure fixt
The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with downe-cast eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
And bade him heavens transcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknowne figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was first; which uncompeld,
And without rule, in faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor punishment, nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in brasse prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shooke to see
Their angrie Iudg: but all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.
Then, un'ambitious Mortals knew no more,

But their own Countries Nature-bounded ſhore.
Nor Swords, nor arms were yet: no trenches round
Beſieged Towns, nor ſtrifeful Trumpets ſound:
The Souldier, of no uſe. In firm content
And harmleſs eaſe, their happy dayes were ſpent:
The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with ploughs) all ſorts of fruit afford.
Content with Natures un-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
And Acorns, which *Jove's* ſpreading Oke beſtowes.
'Twas alwayes Spring: warm *Zephyrus* ſweetly blew
On ſmiling flowers, which without ſetting grew.
Forth with the Earth corn, unmanured, bears:
And every year renews her golden Ears:
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And *Hony* from green *Holly* Okes diſtill'd.
But, after *Saturn* was thrown down to *Hell*,
Jove rul'd; and then the *Silver age* befel:
More baſe then Gold, and yet then Braſſe more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did endure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumn hot and cold:
The ſhortned Springs the year's fourth part uphold.
Then, firſt the glowing Air with fervor burn'd
The Rain to ice-ſicles by bleak winds turn'd.
Men houſes built; late hous'd in caves profound,
In plaſhed Bowres, and Sheds with Oſiers bound.
Then, firſt was corn into long furrows thrown:
And Oxen under heavy yokes did groan.
Next unto this ſucceeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worſe natur'd, prompt to horrid war, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Iron* the laſt.
Then, bluſhleſſe crimes, which all degrees ſurpaſt,
The World ſurround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart:
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treaſon, and the love of wicked gain.
Their ſails, thoſe winds, which yet they knew not, ſtrain:
And ſhips, which long on lofty Mountains ſtood,
Then plow'd th'unpractiz'd boſom of the flood.
The Ground, as common earſt as Light, or Aire,
By limit-giving Geometry they ſhare.
Nor with rich Earth's juſt nouriſhments content,
For treaſure they her ſecret intrails rent;
The powerful Evil, which all power invades,

By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades
Curſt Steel, more curſed Gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloody-handed War, who with both fought:
All live by ſpoil. The *Hoſt* his Gueſt betrayes;
Sons, Fathers-in-law: 'twixt Brethren love decayes.
Wives *Husbands*, *Husbands* Wives attempt to kill:
And cruel Step-mothers pale poyſons fill.
The Son his Fathers haſty death deſires:
Foild Piety, trod underfoot, expires.
Aſtræa, laſt of all the heavenly birth,
Affrighted, leaves the blood-defiled Earth.
And that the heavens their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Giants now cœleſtial thrones affect;
Who to the skies congeſted mountains rear.
Then *Jove* with thunder did *Olympus* tear;
Steep *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* thrown.
Preſt with their burden their huge bodies grown;
And with their childrens blood the earth imbru'd:
Which ſhe, ſcarce throughly cold, with life endu'd;
And gave thereto, t'uphold her ſtock; the face
And form of Man; a God contemning Race,
Greedy of ſlaughter, not to be withſtood:
Such, as well ſhews, that they were born of blood.
Which when from heaven *Saturnius* did behold,
He figh't; revolving what was yet untold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feaſt.
Juſt anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his breſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appear.
There is a way well ſeen when skies be clear,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Unto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.
With ever-open doors, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the *Houſes* ſtand:
The vulgar dwell diſperſt: the Chief and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call,
(*Had* I but boldneſſe lent me,) *Heavens White-Hall.*
All ſet on Marble-ſeats; *He* leaning on
His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadful Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:
I was not more perplext in that ſad time,
For this Worlds Monarchy, when, bold to clime,

The Serpent-footed Giants durſt invade,
And would on Heaven their hundred hands have laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
But of one Body, and had ſoon an end.
Now all the race of Man I muſt confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round:
And this I vow by thoſe infernal Floods,
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* woods.
All cures firſt ſought; ſuch parts as health reject
Muſt be cut off, leſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Faunes,
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and Lawnes,
(On whom ſince yet we pleaſe not to beſtow
Celeſtial dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Think you, you Gods, they can in ſafety reſt,
When me (of lightning, and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperial pleaſure ſway)
The ſtern *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold treaſon ſought, with impious hand,
By *Cæſars* blood t'out-race the Roman name;
Man-kinde, and all the Worlds affrighted Frame,
Aſtoniſht at ſo great a ruine, ſhook.
Nor thine, for Thee, leſſe thought, *Auguſtus*, took,
Then they for *Jove*. *He*, when he had ſuppreſt
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt.
He hath his puniſhment; remit that care,
The manner how, I will in brief declare.
The Time's accus'd, (but, as I hop't bely'd)
To trie, I downe from ſteepe *Olympus* ſlide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of every ſort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now paſt den-dreadfull *Mænalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull light
Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
I entred his un-hoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their prair's reſort,
When I by ſigns had ſhowne a Gods repair.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous pray'r,
Then ſaid, We ſtraight th' undoubted truth will trie,
Whether He be immortall or may die.

In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me, in my sleep, he purposed to kill.
Nor with so foul an enterprize content,
An Hostage murders, from *Molossia* sent:
Part of his sever'd scarce-dead limbs he boyles;
An other part on hissing embers broyles;
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
With vengeful flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howls, and speech with lost endeavour tries.
His self-like jaws still grin: more then for food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in blood.
His arms to thighs, his clothes to brist'les chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his first form estrang'd:
So hoarie hair'd; his looks so full of rape;
So fiery ey'd, so terrible his shape.
One house that fate, which all deserve, sustains:
For, through the World the fierce *Erinnys* raigns,
Youl'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved vengeance fall.
Joves words a Part approve, and his intent
Exasperate: the rest give their consent.
Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appear;
And ask what form the widowed Earth shall bear?
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast?
Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts possest?
The King of Gods re-comforts their despair;
And biddeth them impose on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a strange originall
Of better people, to supply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flie,
He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,
And burn Heavens Axeltree. Besides by doome,
Of certaine Fate, he knew the time should come,
When, Sea, Earth, ravisht Heaven, the curious Frame
Of this Worlds masse, should shrinke in purging flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And Man by inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,
And those dry blasts which gathered Clouds invade:
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchie clouds.

His white hair ſtream's, his Beard big-ſwoln with ſhowres;
Miſts bind his brows, Rain from his boſom poures,
As with his hands the hanging clouds he cruſht:
They roar'd, and down in ſhowres together ruſht
All, colour'd *Iris*, *Juno*'s meſſenger.
To weeping Clouds doth nouriſhment confer.
The Corn is lodg'd, the husband-men deſpair;
Their long years labour loſt, with all their care.
Jove not content with his æthereal rages,
His brother's auxil'ary flouds ingages:
The ſtreams convented; 'Tis too late to uſe
Much ſpeech, ſaid *Neptune*; all your powers effuſe;
Your doors unbar, remove what ere reſtrains
Your liberal Waves, and give them the full rayns.
Thus charged, they return; their Springs unfold;
And to the Sea with head-long fury rol'd.
He with his Trident ſtrikes the Earth: She ſhakes;
And way for water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now ruſh the ſpreading Floods:
And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
Houſes, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What ſuch a force, un-overthrown, oppos'd,
The higher ſwelling Water quite devoures;
Which hides th'aſpiring tops of ſwallowed towres.
Now Land and Sea no different viſage bore:
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a ſhore.
One, takes a Hill: One in a Boat deplores;
And where he lately plow'd now ſtrikes his Oares.
O'r Corn, o'r drowned Villages he ſails:
This from high Elms intangled Fiſhes hales.
In fields they anchor caſt, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calf now his ugly body layes.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire; in Woods the Dolphins keep,
And chaſe about the boughs: the Wolfe doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheep: the Lion (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waves. Swift feet no more
Avail the Hart: nor wounding tusks the Bore.
The wandring Birds hid Earth long ſought in vain,
With weary wings deſcend into the Main.
Licentious Seas o'r drowned Hills now fret:
And unknown ſurges ayrie Mountains beat.

The

The Waves the greater part devoure: the reſt,
Death, with long-wanaed ſuſtenance, oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Actean* ſtrand;
But now a part of the inſulting Mayne,
Offſudden-ſwelling waters a vaſt Plane,
There, his two heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend
To touched Stars; whoſe tops the Clouds tranſcend;
On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was throwne:
With him, his wife; the reſt all overflowne.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more juſt then Hee:
And none more reverenc't the Gods then Shee.
Iove, when he ſaw that all a Lake was growne,
And of ſo many thouſand men but one;
One, of ſo many thouſand women, left;
Both guiltleſſe, pious both; and all bereft;
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas*) from him throws:
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he ſhewes,
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: their awfull guide
The wild waves calms, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep.
(Whoſe mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his lowd ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And gave the Floods a ſignall to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turing bottom grows more large:
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-upriſing *Phœbus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity hath ſet
To his large mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Floods, that heard the ſame, with-drew.
Seas now have ſhores: full ſtreams their chanels keep:
They ſink, and hills above the waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: as waves decreaſe, ſo grow
The forms of things, and late-nid figures ſhew.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,
Deucalion ſaw: with tears which might have made
Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid.

O Sister! O my wife! the poore remaines
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes!
Whom human Nature, one paternal Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers joyne!
Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West.
We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clouds strange terrors still present.
O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wild a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne
And comfortlesse, how couldest thou have borne:
If Seas had suckt thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Sea should me have swallow'd.
O would I could my Fathers cunning use!
And soules into well-model'd Clay infuse!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a patterne of Man-kind remayne.
This said, both wept: both, pray'rs to Heaven addresse;
And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.
Forth with descending to *Cephisus* Flood,
Which in knowne banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe;
At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire
The unfrequented Altar without fire.
Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.
If Powers divine to just desires consent,
And angry Gods doe in the end relent;
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our race repaire?
O, helpe the drown'd in water and Despaire:
The Goddesse, with compassion mov'd, reply'd;
Goe from my temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced loosely flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.
Amaz'd; first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said;
By me the Goddesse must not be obayd;
And, trembling, pardon craves: Her Mothers ghost
Shee feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.
Meane while they ponder and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
Then, *Promethides, Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:

Or I the Oracle misse understand.
Or the just Gods no wicked thing command,
The Earth is our Great-Mother: and the stones,
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
Yet shee misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On ayding Heaven. What hurt was it to try;
Departing with heads vail'd and clothes unbrac't,
Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
Did not Antiquity avouch the same,
Who would beleev't! the stones lesse hard became,
And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke;
So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
And, yet not manifestly Man expreſt:
But, like rough-hewne rude marble Statues stand,
That want the Workmans last life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any juyce,
Were both converted to the body's use.
Th' unflexible and solid turne to bones:
The veines remain, that were when they were stones.
Those, throwne by Man, the forme of men in lue:
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne:
Our Actions our Originall explaine.
All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humor with the Sunne did sweat,
And slimy Marishes grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume,
So, when seven chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Playne,
When ancient bounds retyring streames contayne,
And late-left slime æthereall fervours burne,
Men various creatures with the gleabe up turne:
of those, some in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others halfe alive, halfe earth.
For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceive; and life on things bestow.
From striving Fire and Water all proceede;
Discording Concord ever apt to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,

Produc't:

Produc'd a world of forms; reſtor'd the late:
And other unknown Monſters did create.
Huge Python, thee, againſt her will, ſhe bred;
A Serpent, whom the new-born people dread:
Whoſe bulk did like a moving Mountain ſhow.
Behold! the God that bears the ſilver Bow
(Till then, inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deer,
Or ſwifte Roe, who every ſhaddow fear)
That terror with a thouſand arrows flew;
And through black wounds the clouted poiſon drew.
Then, leſt the well-deſerved memorie
Of ſuch a Praiſe, in future times ſhould die;
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
Who Ran, who Wraſtled beſt; or Rak'd the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheels, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Lawrel was not yet: all ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant browes.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belov'd,
Not Chance, but *Cupids* wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late conqueſt) ſaw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
And ſaid: Laſcivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Arms! too Manly far for thee.
Such ſuit our ſhoulders; whoſe ſtrong arm confounds
Both Man and Beaſt, with never-miſſing wounds;
That *Python*, briſtled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Akers ſweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Deſires we know not; nor our praiſes claim.
Then *Venus* ſon; Self-prayſed ever be:
All may thy Bowe transfix, as mine ſhall thee.
So far as Gods exceed all earthly powr's:
So much thy glory is exceld by ours.
With that, he breaks the air with nimble wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhady ſummer Springs;
Two different arrows from his quiver draws:
One, hate of Love; the other Love doth cauſe.
What caus'd, was ſharp, and had a golden *Head*:
But what repulſt, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Pheneia* fixt: that ſtruck
Apollo's bones, and in his Marrow ſtuck.
Forthwith he loves: a lovers name ſhe flyes:
And emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joyes

In

In ſpoils of ſalvage Beaſts, and ſylvan Lares:
A fillet binding her neglected haires.
Her many ſought: but ſhe, averſe to all,
Unknown to Man, nor brooking ſuch a thrall
Frequents the pathleſs Woods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft ſaid her Father; Daughter thou doſt owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beſtowe.
But ſhe, who marriage as a crime eſchew'd
(*Her* face with bluſhing ſhamefac'dneſs imbew'd)
Hung on his neck with fawning arms, and ſaid,
Dear Father give me leave to live a Maid:
This boon *Diana's* ſire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellency countermands;
And thy own beauty thy deſire with-ſtands.
Apollo loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed:
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſſe-led
By his own Oracles. As ſtubbles burn,
As hedges into ſudden blazes turn,
Fire ſet too near, or left by chance behinde
By paſſengers, and ſcattered with the winde:
So ſprings he into flames: a fire doth move
Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren love,
He on her ſhoulders ſees her hair untreſt:
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her eyes, two Stars! her Lips which kiſſe
Their happy ſelves, and longs to taſte their bliſſe:
Admires her fingers, hands, her armes half-bare;
And parts unſeen conceives to be more rare.
Swifter then following windes, away ſhe runs;
And him, for all this his intreaty, ſhuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee ſtay; I am no Foe:
So Lambs from Wolves, *Harts* fly from Lions ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Dove,
They, from their deaths: but my purſuit is love.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or thorns ſhould race
Thy tender legs, whilſt I inforce the chace!
Theſe roughs are craggy: moderate thy haſt,
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know, who tis you pleaſe: No Mountainere,
No home-bred Clown; nor keep I cattle here.
From whom thou fly'ſt thou knowſt not (ſilly fool!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule;

Ionian Caros, Lycian, Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.
Iove is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
Or is; by my instructive rayes is seene.
Immortall Verse from our invention springs;
And how to strike the well concording-strings.
My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
Who in my empty bosome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they Me the great Physitian call.
Ay me, that herbs can Love no cure afford!
That Arts, releeving all, should faile their Lord.
More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
From him, and his unfinisht court-ship fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties lose;
But, urg'd by love, with all his force pursues.
As when a hare the speedy Gray-hound spyes;
His feet for prey, shee hers for safety plyes;
Now bears he up; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And with his snowt extended, straines to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, shee slips
Out of his wide-stretcht jawes and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,
But, the Pursuer doth more nimble prove:
Enabled by th' industrious wings of love.
Nor gives he time to breath: now at her heeles,
His breath upon her dangling haire she feels.
Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes unto the Flood,
Helpe Father, if your streames containe a Power;
May Earth, for too well pleasing me devour:
Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
That thus betrayes me to undoing rape.
Forth-with, a numnesse all her limbs possest;
And slender filmes her softer sides invest.
Haire into leaves, her *Armes* to branches grow:
And late swift feet, now rootes, are lesse then slow.
Her gracefull head a leavie top sustaynes:
One beauty throughout all her forme remaines.

Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant?
And feeles her Heart within the barke to pant.
Imbrace't the bole, as he would her have done;
And kisse the bough: the boughs his kisses shun.
To whom the God: Although thou canst not be
The wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,
Our Quiver, Harp, our Tresses never shorne,
My Laurell, thou shalt evermore adorne;
And Browes triumphant, when they *Io* sing,
And to the Capitol their Trophees bring.
Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,
Augustus doores, on either side the Oke.
And as our un-cut haire no change receaves;
So ever flourish with unfading leaves.
Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurell all allows.
In signe whereof her greateful head shee bowes.
A pleasant Grove within *Æmonia* growes,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs include.
Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves.
And from the bottom rowles with foming waves;
That by steep down-falls tumbling from on hie,
Ingender mists, which smoke-like, upward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees distill,
And more then neighbouring woods with noyses fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and residence
The great flood keepes: here justice doth dispense
To streames, and gentle Nymphes that streams frequen
The floods, that native were, with one consent
First thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congretulate.
Coole *Sperchius* slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
Then, forthwith those, who (as their sources bend)
To Seas their waves (with wandring, weary) send
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caves
Obscure receesse, with teares augments his waves:
For *Io*, mournes as lost; nor yet knowes he
Whether above or under Earth shee bee:
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinkes, is no where: feare distracts his mind.
As from her Fathers streams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, seeing her in passion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy *Jove*! whose bed must blesse
What God I know not; though a Man, no lesse;

Here

Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe repoſe.
Whil'ſt thus the World with fainting fervor glowes,
Nor fear among the Salvages to venter:
A God protecting, thou maiſt ſafely enter.
Nor one of vulgar rank; but, *He* that bears
Heavens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder tears.
O, flie not! for ſhe fled. The Paſtures paſt
Of *Lerna* and *Lyrcan's* gloomy waſt,
He in the Air a ſable cloud diſplai'd,
Caught, and devirginat's the ſtrugling Maid.
Mean-while, with wonder *Juno* doth ſurvay
Thoſe dusky Clouds, that made a night of day.
And, finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous ſtreams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her miſt *Husband* ſearcheth *Heaven*: as one,
To whom, his ſtealths ſo often hath been known.
Whom when ſhe could not finde; Deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Down from the enamel'd sky
She ſlides to earth. The foggy clouds with-draw
At her command. *Her* comming *Jove* fore-ſaw,
And changed *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whoſe form even *Juno* prais'd; demanding how
She thither came? Whoſe was ſhe? Of what herd?
As ignorant of what ſhe more then fear'd.
Jove fains (her importunity to ſhift)
Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What ſhould he do? Be cruel to his Love;
Or by denying her, ſuſpicion move?
Shame that perſwades; and Love doth this diſſwade:
But, ſtronger Love Shame underfoot had laid;
Yet doubts, if he ſhould ſuch a thing deny
His Wife and Sifter, 'twould the fraud deſcry.
Obtain'd; not forth-with fear the goddeſſe left;
Diſtruſting *Joves* and jealous of his theft,
Until delivered to *Argus* guard.
A hundred eyes his head's large circuit ſtarr'd;
Whereof, by turns, at once two onely ſlept;
The other watch, and ſtill their Stations kept.
Which way ſo-ere he ſtands, he *Io* ſpyes:
Io, behinde him, was before his eyes.
By day, ſhe graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy halter bound.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs ſhe fed.
Poor ſoul: the Earth not alwayes green, her bed;

And

And of the Torrent drinks. With hands up-heav'd
Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiv'd:
Who low'd, when ſhe began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voice which was her own.
Unto the banks of *Inachus* ſhe ſtrayd;
Her Fathers banks where ſhe ſo oft had playd:
Beholding in his ſtream her horned head,
Shee ſtarts; and from her ſelf, ſelf-frighted, fled.
Her ſiſters, nor old *Inachus* her knew:
Which way ſo-ere they went, ſhe would purſue.
And ſuffer them to ſtroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her ſtrange expreſſed love.
He brought her Graſſe: ſhe gently lickt his hands,
And kiſt his palms; nor, longer, tears withſtands.
And had ſhe then had words, ſhe had diſplay'd
Her name, her fortunes, and implor'd his ayd.
For words, ſhe letters with her foot impreſt
Upon the ſand, which her ſad change profeſt.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*; his arms he throwes
About her ſnowy neck. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round
Of Earth ſo ſought; that now, not found, art found:
Leſſe was thy loſſe: leſſe was my miſery.
Dumb wretch (alas!) thou canſt not make reply:
Yet: as thou canſt thou doſt: thy lowings ſ. eak,
And deep-fetcht ſighs that from thy boſom break.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
My hopes, a Son-in-law, and Nephews fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy iſſue muſt deſcend:
Nor can the length of time my ſorrows end;
Accurſt in that a God. Death's ſweet relief
Hard fates deny to my immortal grief.
This ſaid: his Daughter (in that ſhape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the wary Spie
Survayes the Plains that round about him lie.
The King of Gods thoſe ſorrows ſhe indur'd,
Could brook no longer by his fault procur'd:
But, cals his ſon, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heels, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowſie Rod; the Towre of *Jove* forſakes;
And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by; retains his Rod:

With

With which he drives his Goats (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and ſings t'his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken wi h that Art, before unknowne,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this ſtone.
No place affordeth better Paſtorage,
Or ſhelter for the Sunnes offenſive rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey;
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipes ſoft melody,
Endeavours to ſubdue each wakefull eye.
The Herdſ-man ſtrives to conquer urgent ſleepe:
Though ſeiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obſervant watch. He askes who did invent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadriad'e Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hils) for beauty fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd,
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyres that purſu'd,
The rurall Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include;
In exerciſes and in chaſte deſire,
Diana-like: and ſuch in her attire,
You either in each other might behold:
Save that Her Bow was Horne; *Dianaes* Gold:
Yet oft miſtooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines, returning,
From ſteepe *Lycæus*, ſaw her; and, love-burning,
Thus ſaid: Fair Virgin, grant a Gods requeſt;
And be his Wife. Surceaſt to tell the reſt;
How from his prayers ſhee fled, as from her ſhame.
Till to ſmooth *Ladons* ſandy banks ſhee came.
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters aid,
To change her ſhape, and pitty a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſpt
Betweene his armes, Reeds for her body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtir'd therewith, report againe
A mournefull ſound, like one that did complaine.
Rapt with the muſick; Yet, O ſweet (ſaid he)
Together ever thus converſe will we.
Then, of unequall wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeven-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
Thus much about to have ſaid, *Cyllenius* ſpyes.
How leaden ſleepe had ſeal'd up all his eyes.
Then, ſilent, with his Magick rod he ſtrokes
Their languiſht lights, which ſounder ſleep provokes,

And

And with his Fauchion lops his nodding head:
Whose blood besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
There lyes he; of so many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night,
Yet, that those starry jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks train.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,
Before sad *Ios* eyes and thoughts she plac't
Erynnis Snakes; and through the World doth drive
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyl and end didst yeeld.
Approaching thee, she on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (such as she had) to heaven up-throws:
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing wordlesse woes)
She seemed *Jove* t'accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free
Th'unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
She never more shall cause thy grief, or fear:
His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recover'd her first look;
So fair, so sweet! the hair her skin forsook:
Her horns decrease: large eyes, wide jaws, contract:
Shoulders and hands again become exact:
Her hooves to nails diminish: nothing now,
But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
Then, on her feet her body she erects
Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects;
Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
Her self too low; but softly tries with fear
Now, she, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those
That shine in linen stoles where *Nilus* flowes.
Hence sprung *Jovis Epaphus*, no lesse divine:
Whose Temples next unto his Mothers joyn.
Equal in years, nor equal spirit wants
The Sun-got *Phaeton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this disgrace:
Fool, thou thy Mother trusts in things unknown;
And of a Father boasts that's not thine own.
Vext *Phaeton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:
Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:
And Mother, said he, to your griefs increase,
I, free, and late so lofty, held my peace,

Asham'd:

Asham'd that such a tainture should be lai'd
Upon my blood, that could not be gain-said.
But, if I be descended from above;
Give prove thereof, and this reproach remove.
Then hangs about her neck: by her own head,
By *Merops*, by his Sisters nuptial bed,
Intreats her to produce some certain gage,
That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mov'd with her sons intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
She casts her arms to *Heaven*: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I swear, my son
By yon' fair Taper, that so bright appears
With far-projected beams: who sees, and hears:
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-removed doth his Palace stand;
His first uprise confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.
Hereat, joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew;
Whose towring thoughts no lesse then *Heaven* pursew
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
With burning beams, he climbs the Sun's uprise.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Second Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Phaeton *fires the World. His sisters mourn*
His Tragedie, who into Poplars turn;
Their tears to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Jove, Phœbe-*like*, Calisto *found a Man:*
Her, Juno *made a Bear: She and her son,*
Advanced stars, that still the Ocean shun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flyes* Neptunes *fright.*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Ravens, late so fair,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroe *grows a Mare.*
Phœbus, *a Heard-man:* Mercury, *twice such;*
Who turnes betraying Battus *into Tuch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's spots. Love Jove *converts t'a Bull.*

SOl's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flamelike blaz'd.
The roof of Ivory, divinely deckt:
The two-leav'd silver-doors bright raies project.
The workmanship more admiration crav'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there engrav'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched *Heavens*. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;
Shape-changing *Proteus*. *Triton* shrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægeon* mounted on a Whale.

Gray

Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-fair:
Some ſit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-green hair:
Some ſeem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked fiſhes ride:
Amongſt them all, no two appear the ſame;
Nor differ more then ſiſters well became.
The Earth had ſalvage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs; rural Gods, and chryſtal Floods:
Above all theſe, Heavens radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deckt with ſix refulgent ſignes.
To this, bold *Phaeton* made his aſcent;
And to his doubted Fathers preſence bent;
Yet forſt to ſtand aloof: for, mortal ſight
Could not endure t'approach ſo pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, ſits upon a Throne,
Which clearly with tralucent Emralds ſhone.
With equal-raigning hours, on either hand,
The dayes, the moneths, the years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-ears, the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* blood;
Next hoary-headed Winter quivering ſtood.
Much daunted at theſe ſacred novelties,
The fearful Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
Who ſaid, What hither drew thee *Phaeton*,
Who art, and worthily my deareſt Son?
He thus reply'd. O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World rejoyceſt with thy ſight!
O Father! if allowd to uſe that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her ſhame;
Produce ſome ſigne, that may my birth approve,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched doubts remove.
He, from his Browes, his ſhining rayes diſplaſt;
And, bidding him draw-neer, his neck imbraſt.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he; and *Clymene* was true.
To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wiſh. Beare witneſſe thou dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknowne.
Theſe words no ſooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
The God repents him of the oath he made;
And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid:

Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth unbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe! this requeſt,
I muſt confeſſe, I onely would deny:
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ſtrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortal, doſt no mortal thing deſire;
Through ignorance, affecting more then they
Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
Through each himſelf approve; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules above,
Can drive theſe wheels: and who more great then *Jove*?
Steep is the firſt aſcent; which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day, freſh *H*orſes hardly clime.
At noon, through higheſt skies their courſe they bear:
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
Then down the hill of *Heaven* they ſcour amain
With deſperate ſpeed, and need a ſteady rain;
That *Tethis*, in whoſe wavy bowres I lie,
Each evening dreads my downfal from the skie.
Beſides; the *H*eavens are daily hurried round,
That turn the Stars, to other motions bound.
Againſt this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all ore-bearing courſe.
My Chariot had: can thy frail ſtrength aſcend
The obvious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through ſalvage ſhapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
Which couldſt thou keep, and by no error ſtray,
Between the Buls ſharp horns yet muſt thou go;
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmmian* bowe;
The deathful Scorpions far out-bending clawes;
The ſhorter Crabs; the roaring Lions jawes.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steeds to tame:
Who from their mouthes and noſtrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated Bit.
Then, leſt my bounty, which would ſave, ſhould kill;
Beware: and whilſt thou maiſt, reform thy will,
A ſigne thou crav'ſt, that might confirm thee mine:
I, by dehorting, give a certain ſigne;

Approv'd

Approv'd a Father, by Paternal fear:
Look on my looks, and read my ſorrows, there.
O, would thou couldſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Souls unreſt:
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that *Heaven* enrich, rich Seas infold,
Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remain,
Ask what thou wilt; and no repulſe ſuſtain.
To this alone, I give a forc't conſent:
No honour, but a true-nam'd puniſhment.
Thou, for a bleſſing, beg'ſt the worſt of harms.
Why hangſt thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Diſtruſt not; We have ſworn: but ask, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet, wiſer wiſhes make.
In vain dehorted; he, his promiſe claim'd;
With glory of ſo great a charge inflam'd,
The wilful Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
The Beam and Axaltree of maſſie gold;
On ſilver Spokes the golden fillies rold:
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the *Harneſs* deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beams, with equal light, reflect.
Whilſt this, admiring *Phaeton* ſurvayes,
The wakeful morning from the Eaſt diſplayes
Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,
With plenty of dew-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chace;
And, after all the reſt, reſignes his place.
When *Titon* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſilver horns with-drew:
He bade the light-foot *Hours*, without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obay:
Who, from their lofty Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie *Horſes*, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oyl anointed by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulſe the rage of fire,
He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubted ſighes which following woes fore-ran.
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vain.
Son, ſpare the whip, and ſtrongly uſe the rain.
They, of their own accord, will run too faſt.
Tis hard to moderate a flying haſte.
Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,

Content

Contented with three Zones: which doth avoid
The distant Poles: the track thy wheels will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate warmth may *Heaven* and Earth supply.
A lofty course will *Heaven* with fire infest,
A lowly, earth: the safer Mean is best,
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other side:
Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state.
But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th'*Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's splendor re-inthrones the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the rains, or, while thou mayst, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my counsel use;
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with usual influence chear:
And view that light which is unsafe to bear.
The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
All courage, vaut's into the blazing Throne:
Glad of the rains, nor doubtful of his skil;
And gives his Father thanks against his will.
Mean while, the Suns swift *Horses*, hot *Pyreois*
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with heat;
And, with their thundring hoofs, the barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her Nephews danger knew)
And gave them scope; they mount the ample sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with feet that flie.
Who, rais'd with plumed pinions, leave behinde
The glowing East, and slower Eastern-winde.
But, *Phœbus Horses* could not feel that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
And as unballac't Ships are rockt and tost
With tumbling waves, and in their steerage lost:
So, through the Air the lighter Chariot reels;
And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
And, straggling, out of all subjection run.
He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way;
Or had he known, yet would not they obey.

The cold, now hot, *Tritones* ſought in vain
To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.
The Serpent, next unto the frozen Pole,
Benum'd, and hurtleſſe, now began to rowl
With actual heat; and long forgotten ire
Reſumes, together with ætherial fire.
'Tis ſaid, that thou *Bootes* ranſt away,
Though ſlow, though thee thy heavy Wain did ſtay.
But, when from top of all the arched skie,
Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye:
Pale ſudden fear un-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in ſo great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He wiſht thoſe Steeds unknown; unknown his birth;
His ſuit ungranted: now he covets Earth;
Now ſcorns not to be held of *Merops* blood,
Rapt as a ſhip upon the high-wrought flood;
By ſalvage tempeſts chac't; which in deſpair
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What ſhould he do? much of the heaven behinde;
Much more before: both meaſur'd in his minde.
The never-to-be-entred Weſt ſurvay's;
And then the Eaſt. Loſt in his own amaze,
And ignorance, he cannot hold the raines,
Nor let them go; Nor knows his *Horſes* names:
But ſtares on terror-ſtriking skies (poſſeſt
By Beaſts and Monſters) with a panting breſt.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compaſt claws; who through two ſignes extends,
Whom when the Youth beheld, ſtew'd in black ſweat
Of poyſon, and with turn'd-up tail to threat
A mortal wound; pale fear his ſenſes ſtrook,
And ſlackned rains let's fall, from hands that ſhook.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With un-controwled error ſcour the skie,
Through unknown ayrie Regions; and tread
The way which their diſordered fury led.
Up to the fixed Stars their courſe they take;
And ſtranger Spheres with ſmoking Chariot rake:
Now climb: now, by ſteep Præcipies deſcend:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
To ſee her brother's Steeds beneath her own
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets ſhone.
Invading fire the upper earth aſſay'd;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant juice exhal'd.

Trees feed their ruin: Graſſe, gray-headed turns:
And Corn, by that which did produce it, burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
Realms with their People, funeral fire devoures.
The Mountains blaze: High *Athos*, but too high:
Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then drie;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muſe-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roreth with her doubled fires:
Parnaſſus grones beneath two flaming ſpires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with Snow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucaſus* in froſty *Scythia* burns,
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, waſt;
Pindus, and *Oſſa* once on *Pelion* caſt,
More Great *Olympus* (which before did ſhine)
The ayrie *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every ſide,
The World on fire, nor could ſuch heat abide;
And, at his deadly-dry and gaſping jaws,
The ſcalding Ayr, as from a Furnace, draws;
His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore;
And, being mortal could indure no more
Such clouds of aſhes, and ejected coles.
Muffled in ſmoak which round about him rowls.
He knows not where he is, nor what ſucceeds;
Dragg'd at the pleaſure of his frantick Steeds;
Men ſay, the *Æthiopians* then grew ſwart;
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A ſandy Deſert *Lybia* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirſty flame.
With hair unbound and torn, the Nymphs, diſtraught,
Bewaile their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* ſought;
Argos, *Amymone*, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene miſt: Nor ſtreams ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling chanel fumes;
Tombranian Caicus heat conſumes;
Iſmenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Xanthus*.
Mæander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,

Ganges, *Alpheus*, *Sperchius* flames infold:
And *Tagus* floweth with dissolved gold,
The Swans that ravisht with their melodie
Mæonian banks, now in *Cayster* frie.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet unfound-out head.
Whil'ſt his ſeven duſty chanels ſtreamleſſe lie,
Ismarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie.
Heſperian ſtreams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter-deſtinated *Tyber* glow.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light deſcends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queen offends,
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new diſcover' Rocks, and Mountains ſtand,
That multiply the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
The Fiſhes to the bottom dive: nor dare
The ſportleſſe Dolphins tempt the ſultry Aire.
Long boyl'd alive, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themſelves beneath the ſcalding waves.
Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm upheld
Above the Floods: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.
Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountains now unfound
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing head
(Her parched fore-head ſhadow'd with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhook what-ever on her ſtand:
Where-with, a little ſhrunk into her breſt
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrows thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy will, and I deſerve the ſame,
Thou chief of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengeful flame?
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire muſt frie?
The Author leſſens the calamity.
But, whilſt I ſtrive to utter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with ſmoke!
The ſparkling cinders on my viſage thrown!
Is this my recompence? the favour ſhown
For all my ſervice? for the fruit I have born?
That thus I am with Plow and *Harrows* torn?
Wrought-out through-out the year? that Man and Beaſt
Suſtain with food? and you with incenſe feaſt?

But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)
That Sea should sink, and from thy presence flie?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy *Heaven*. Behold! the Poles above
At either end do fume: and should they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruine turn.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,
And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustain.
If Sea, if Earth, if *Heav'n* shall fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.
O! quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things releeve, before it be too late.
This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brook;
But, down into her-self with-drew her head,
Near to th'infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove cals the Gods to witnesse, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destiny;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the sky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the spaceful Earth:
And give the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vain,
To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him strook he from his seat, breath from his brest,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppresst.
The frighted *Horses*, plunging several wayes,
Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obayes:
The rains, torn beam, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,
Scorcht *Heav'n* was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.
But, soul-lesse *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
Shot head-long through a long descent of Air;
As when a falling star glides through the skie,
Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:
Here Phaeton lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

Phebus with grief with-drew. One day did run
About the World, they say, without the Sun,
Which flamie funerals illuminate
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a grief, half-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fils the Earth she wanders through, with grones.
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in foreign Lands she found the last:
Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.
And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest
The carved Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament, who shed
From drowned eyes vain offerings to the dead:
Who with remorseleſſe hands their bosoms tear,
And wayling, call on him that cannot hear.
With joyned horns four Moons their orbs had fill'd,
Since they their customary plaints upheld:
When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast
Her self on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,
As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.
A third, about t'have torn her scattered hair,
Tore-off the leaves which on her crown she bare.
This, grieveth at her stiff and senseleſſe thighs:
She, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all,
Except their mouthes, which on their mother call.
What should she do? but run to that, to this,
As fury drave, and snatcht a parting kiss?
But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take
Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the bark their lips together drew.
From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They, hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,
Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent.
Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more neer.

He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which cities great and populous contain'd)
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,
The ſedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew ſmall: white plume contends
In whiteneſſe with his hair: his neck aſcends.
Red filmes unite his toes: arms turn to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that ſadly ſings,
Become a Swan, remembring how unjuſt
Joves lightning was, nor *Heaven*, nor him will truſt.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (deteſting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature oppoſite.
The woful Father to dead *Phaeton*,
Him-ſelf neglecting (all his luſtre gon,
As when eclipſt) day, light, his own life hates;
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates.
Refuſing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toyl! born with the birth
Of Time; (as reſtleſſe;) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc'd with his reward:
Some other now may on my Chariot ſit.
If all of you confeſſe your ſelves unfit;
Let *Jove* aſcend: that he (when he ſhall try)
At length may lay his murder thund'ring by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Thoſe fire-hooft Steeds, deſerv'd not to have dy'd.
The Gods ſtand round about him, and requeſt
That endleſſe Night might not the World inveſt.
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Diſpleaſed *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his ſpleen: and, though they run,
He laſhes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of *Heavens* high walls, to ſearch if all were ſound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane induſtries ſurvay'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
There, Springs and ſtreams, that durſt not run, repairs;
The Fields with Graſs, the Trees with Leaves indues,
And withered Woods with vaniſht Shades renew's.
Oft paſſing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beauty, more divine!

Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a Fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mænalus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favorites in favour laſt not long.
The parted Day in equall ballance held,
A wood ſhe entred, as yet never feld.
There from her ſhoulders ſhe her Quiver takes,
Vnbends her Bow; and, tyr'd with hunting makes,
The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver layes her hand.
When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſiture; This ſtealeth, ſaid he,
My Wife ſhall never know: or, ſay ſhee did;
Who, ah, who would not for her ſake be chid,
Diana's ſhape and habit them indew'd,
He ſaid; My *Huntreſſe*, where haſt thou purſew'd
This morning's chace? She, riſing made reply;
Haile Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* ſtood by)
In my eſteeme----. *He* ſmil'd: and gladly heard
Him-ſelf, by her, before him-ſelf preferr'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens doe beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
She did what Woman could to force her Fate;
(Would *Juno* ſaw: it would her ſpleene abate)
Although, as much as Woman could ſhe ſtrove;
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove*!
The Victor hies him to th'æthereall States.
The Woods, as guilty of her wrongs, ſhe hates;
Almoſt forgetting, as from thence ſhe flung,
Her Quiver, and the Bow which by it hung.
High Mænalus Dictynna with her traine
Now entring, pleaſed with the quarry ſlaine,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon, ſhee fled;
And in her ſemblance *Jupiter* doth dread.
But, when ſhe ſaw the attending Nymphs appeare;
Shee troops amongſt them, and diverts her feare.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read:
With eyes ſcarce ever rais'd ſhe hangs the head:

Not

Nor perks ſhe now, as ſhe was wont to doe,
By *Cynthia's* ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crew.
Though mute ſhe be, her violated ſhame
Selfe-guilty bluſhes ſilently proclaime.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had ſoone eſpy'd they ſay, her ſlie Nymphs did.
Nine Creſcents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
Shee takes the ſhades; cloſe by the murmuring
And ſilver current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prays'd the ſtreame as coole as cleere
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, ſaid ſhe, be here:
Here will we our diſrobed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſht: the reſt their fair limbs ſtrip.
And her perforce uncloth'd that ſought delayes;
Who, with her body, her offence diſplayes.
They, all abaſht, yet loth to have it ſpy'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
Avaunt, ſaid *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy limbs: his ſacred Fountain ſtaine:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whoſe thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delay's; for, *Arcas* (which more ſcorne
And grief provok't) was of the Lady borne.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my ſhame,
And propagate the wrong; And muſt he be
A living infamie to *Jove* and me;
I'le not indur't: That ſo ſelfe-pelaſing ſhape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I ſure ſhall ſpoile. This ſaid, her haire ſhe wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pitty heav'd (ſo ſmooth, ſo fair!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black haire.
Her dainty hands (which, ſwift deformity
Converts to pawes) the place of feete ſupply.
The mouth, ſo pray'sd by *Jove* (that late to ſin
Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, leſt ſhe might too powerfully beſeech,
She inſtantly bereft her of her ſpeech:
In ſtead whereof, a noyſe aſcends her hoarſe
And rumbling throate, which terror doth inforce;
Although a Beare, her minde ſhe ſtill poſſeſt,
And with continuall grones her griefe expreſt;

With paws ſtretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft, afraid to keep the Wood's alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her own!
How often, chaced by the following cry,
Th'affrighted Huntreſſe from her *Hounds* did flie!
Oft ſhe (the Wood's wilde foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhe was, her ſelf would hide:
A Bear; yet trembles at the ſight of Bears;
And Wolves (her Father then amongſt them) fears.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-childe thither drew,
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he purſues the chaſe and ſalvage ſpoyles
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeen, ſhe ſtay'd,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhe approached nye.
About to wound her undefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact dereſt,
With them, the crime with-drew, and both convai'd
To heaven; now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Rival ſhine
Amongſt the Stars. She ſtoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac't by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? Another holds my room.
When Nights black Mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
Who would not injurie the Wife of *Jove*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments prove?
How great our Act! how is our power diſplay'd!
Unform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſſe made.
Thus we the glory ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Revenge advance! ſuch, and ſo great our power!
Let him unbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* Daughter wed,
Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my careful Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you near,

Comman-

Command you that the ſeven *Triones* keepe
Their lazie Waine out of your ſacred Deepe.
From thence, thoſe ſtarres, the price of whoredome, drive;
Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.
They both aſſent. Her Peacocks to the skies
Their Goddeſſe draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes,
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to blacke, by well-deſerved Fate.
(The ſpotleſſe ſilver Dove was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running Brooks delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whoſe gagling ſhall
Hereafter free th' attempted Capitall.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undoe:
And what was white, is now of ſable hew.
The Palme, *Coronis* of *Lariſſa*, bare.
From all th' *Æmonian* Dames for matchleſſe faire.
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
As long as chaſte, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoone deſcrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe purſewes
(As talkative as he) to know the newes:
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelf thou doſt ingage
By thankleſſe ſervice: ſlight: not my preſage.
Know what I was, and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiars; privatly inclos'd.
Her *Erichthonius* (whom on Woman bare)
Committed to the cuſtody and care
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did beare:
Nor told what it contayn'd, but charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelves betray.
Theſe from an Elme I (uneſpy'd) eſpy.
Faire *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearefull ſiſters, and unties with-all
The wicker Cabinet; whoſe twigs containe
An infant, rayſed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddeſſe told; and for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerva's* Guard,
The Bird of Night perſerr'd. Beware by me:
Not too officiouſly tell all you ſee.

Truth

Truth is, I never to that place aſpir'd;
She gave it me, unſought-too, undeſir'd:
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
That angry *Pallas* would not this deny,
Me had King *Coronëus*, great in fame.
Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.
Rich ſuiters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore:
My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the ſhore,
As leaſurely as now I uſe to goe,
Cold *Neptune* ſaw me, and with luſt did glow.
The time, his prayr's, and prayſes ſpent in vaine;
What would not yeeld he offers to conſtraine,
And followes me that fled. The harder ſtrand
Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding ſand,
To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid releeves a Maid.
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;
My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my ſhoulders thought to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
With hands to beat my naked breſt, I trie:
But, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I.
Running, in ſand I ſunke not as before;
But, me the ſcarce-toucht Earth, unburden'd bore.
Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre aſcend;
And on *Minerva*, without blame, attend.
But, what was this; when ſhe, whoſe wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our loſt grace ſucceeds;
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* ſpred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the ſight,
The Day, ſhe ſhuns; and masks her ſhame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repayre;
And, with invectives, chace her through the Ayre.
To her, the Raven: Miſchiefe thee ſurpriſe
For ſtaying me. Vaine Omen's I deſpiſe;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of loſt *Coronis*, and th' *Æmonian* youth.
The hard drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurell fell, his chearefull colour fled.
Tranſported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with inevitable arrow ſtrooke
That breſt, which he ſo oft to his had joyn'd:
She ſhreekes; and from the deadly wound doth wind.

The.

The biting ſteele, purſu'd with ſtreames of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimſon Flood:
And ſaid; Though this be due, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might firſt have teem'd: now, two in one muſt die.
She faints: forc't life in her blood's torrent ſwims;
And ſtifning cold benums her ſenſeleſſe lims.
His cruelty, to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and him-ſelf doth hate,
Who lent an eare, whom rage could ſo inceníe:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
He hates his Art, his quiver, and his Bow;
Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth ſhow.
But (ah!) too late to vanquiſh Fate he tries,
And ſurgerie, without ſucceſſe, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funerall pyle
Prepared to devoure ſo deare a ſpoyle;
He deepely grones (ſo no cœleſtiall eye
May ſhed a teare) as when a Cow ſtands by
And lowes alowd to ſee th' advanced mall
Vpon the fore-head of her ſuckling fall,
And now uncar'd for odours powr'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not enduring that his ſeed
(And that by her) the greedy Fire ſhould feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame:
And to the two-ſhap't *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turnes to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the *Halfe-horſe* to be ſo imploy'd;
Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
By the ſwift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art diſclaim'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breſt
Was by the propheſying rage poſſeſt,
And that th' included God inflam'd her minde;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortality ſo much ſhall owe.
Fled Soules thou ſhalt reſtore to their aboads:
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-ſires flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, muſt die.

Thou, of a bloodleſſe corps, a God ſhalt be:
And Nature twice ſhall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternity allow;
Shall wiſh to die, then when your wound ſhall ſmart
With Serpents blood, and ſlight your helpleſſe Art.
Relenting Fates will pitty you with death,
Againſt their Law, and ſtop your groning breath.
Not all yet ſaid, her ſighs in ſtormes ariſe;
And ill-aboding teares burſt from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: lo, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther ſpeech deny.
Alas! theſe Arts not of that value be,
That they ſhould draw the wrath of Heaven on me:
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
My lookes ſeeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on graſſe I long to run
About the ſpacious fields, Woes me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindred's ſhape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe ſo.
The end of her complaint you ſcarce could heare
To underſtand: her words confuſed were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, ſhe expreſt:
Her voice yet more inclining to the beaſt:
Then, neigh'd out-right, within a little ſpace,
Her down-thruſt armes upon the Meddow pace.
Her fingers joyne: one hoofe five nayles unite:
Her head and neck enlarge; not now upright:
Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling haire upon her creſt deſcends:
Her voice and ſhape at once transform'd became:
And to it ſelf the Monſter gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus*, vainly cryes
On thee to change the changeleſſe Deſtinies.
Admit thou could'ſt: thee, from thy ſelfe expeld,
Then *Elis*, and *Meſſenian* paſtures held.
It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou plaid'ſt upon unequall ſeven-fould Reeds:
Whil'ſt thee thy Pipe delights, whil'ſt cares of love
Thy ſoule poſſeſſe, and others cares remove;
Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylos* ſtray:
Obſerved by the crafty ſonne of *May*,
Forthwith he ſecretly conveyes them thence,
In untract Woods concealing his offence.

Now

None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bread;
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.
Him only he misdoubts: then, (ta'ne a-part)
Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art;
If any for this Herd by chance enquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receive, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. He tooke her, and reply'd,
Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be descry'd
By yonder stone, then me, and shew'd a stone.
Jove's sonne departs, and straight returnes unknowne
(A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:
Saw'st thou no Cattle through these fields convay'd;
Detect the theft; in their recovery joyne:
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine,
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: here
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knave, I say,
Me to my self; me to my self betray;
Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd breast;
Whose nature now is in that name expreast.
Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus, springs
Through boundlesse ayre; and viewes, from stretcht-out wings,
Maenychian fields, *Minerva's* loved soyle,
Lycaeum, exercis'd with learned toyle.
By chance, upon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festivall,
In crowned baskets on their shining haire,
The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare:
Returning; these the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedy Kite fresh entrailes spies,
Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,
Strikes circles through the ayre, nor farre removes;
But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves:
So swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towers,
In ayrie windings circularly scowers.
As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Starre;
As silver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; so farre
Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stayne;
The glory of that pomp, and of her trayne.
Love-struck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung,
A bullet by *Balearian* Slinger flung,
Increaseth so in fervor as it flyes;
And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.

From

From *Heaven*, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which, though divine, he ſtrives to grace by Art.
He curles his haire; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becomming garb doth fold;
And his fine feete adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three roomes there were within the faire contect
Of *Cecrop's* houſe, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approaching *Mercury*: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleiones* nephew: *He* am I
Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove*, my Father) flie.
And to be plaine; to *Herſe* faithfull prove:
And be an Aunt unto our fruitfull love.
Thy ſiſter's beauties this repaire inforce:
I pray thee of a Lover take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhe on him, and as much amaz'd;
As when ſhe on *Minerva's* ſecrets gaz'd:
Who askes a maſſe of treaſure for her hire;
And till 'twere payd, conſtrain'd him to retire.
Warres angry Goddeſſe caſt on her a looke
That darted fire; and fetcht a ſigh which ſhooke
Her boſome, with the *Ægis* which ſhee wore:
Who calls to minde, how ſhee, not long afore
Profanely did, againſt her faith, diſcover
The *Lemnian* iſſue, borne without a Mother:
Now to her ſiſter, to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a meanes t'inrich her ſtate.
Forth-with to *Envie's* cave her courſe ſhe bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deepe deſcent
Betweene two hills; where *Phœbus* never ſhowes
His chearefull face; where no winde ever blowes:
Repleat with ſadneſſe, and unactive cold;
Devoid of fire, yet ſtill in ſmoak enrol'd.
Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,
She ſtayd before the houſe (that hatefull frame
She might not enter) and the darke dore ſtroke
With her bright lance; which ſtraight in ſunder broke,
There ſaw ſhe *Envie* lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their fleſh, her vices food:

And,

And, having ſeene her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The Caitiffe ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her halfe-devoured Serpents laid-aſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazie ſtride.
Viewing her forme ſo faire; her arms ſo bright;
She groan'd and ſigh't at ſuch a chearfull ſight.
Her body more then meager; pale her hew;
Her teeth all ruſtie; ſtill ſhe looks askew;
Her breſt with gall, her tongue with poyſon ſweld:
She only laught, when ſhe ſad ſights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleepe:
Who lookes on good ſucceſſe, with eyes that weepe;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
And on her ſelf revengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the *Hag* deteſt;
Yet briefely thus her pleaſure ſhe expreſt:
Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
Doe thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſtie Goddeſſe doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy caſt after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very ſorrow die
That ſuch her power: ſnaggy ſtaffe then tooke
Wreathed with thornes; and her darke Cave forſooke:
Wrapt in black clouds, which way ſo ere ſhe turnes,
The Corne ſhe lodges, flowry paſture burnes,
Crops what growes high; Townes, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue perſecutes to death.
When ſhe the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,
And feaſtfull Peace; to crie ſhe ſcarce forbeares,
In that ſhe ſaw no argument for teares.
When ſhe *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cankred hand upon her breſt ſhe lai'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart convay'd,
And breath'd in bainefull poyſon; which ſhe ſheads
Into her bones, and through her ſpirits ſpreads.
And that her envy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his divineſt forme ſhe drawes,
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy ſiſter, and their nuptiall joyes:
Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excite,
And gnaw her ſoule. She ſighs all day, all night;

And

And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Suns uncertain ray.
Fair *Herſe's* happy ſtate ſuch heart-burn breeds
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire: which without flame conſume,
And ſeem (ſo ſmall their heat) to burn with fume.
Oft ſhe reſolves to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to have both undone.
Now ſits ſhe on the threſhold, to prevent
The Gods acceſſe; who with loft blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhe, forbear,
I cannot be remov'd, if you ſtay here.
I to this bargain, he reply'd, will ſtand:
The figured door then forces with his wand.
Striving to riſe, to ſecond her debate,
Her hips could not remove, preſt with dull waight.
Again ſhe ſtruggl'd to have ſtood on end:
But, thoſe unſupple ſinews would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
And lack of blood her veins blew branches pale's.
And as a Canker, ſlighting helpleſſe Arts,
Creeps from th'infected to the ſounder parts:
So by degrees the Winter of wan Death
Congeales the path of life, and ſtops her breath:
Nor ſtrove ſhe: had ſhe ſtrove to make her mone,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now ſtone.
There ſhe a bloodleſſe Statue ſate, all freckt:
Her ſpotted minde the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.
With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joynes:
Thou, faithful Miniſter to my deſignes,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Air unto that Land,
Whoſe borders North-ward of thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold yon royal Heard: conduct the ſame,
From not far diſtant Mountains, to the ſhore.
This he diſpatcht, with ſpeed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
Love and high Majeſty agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell.

That Power, from whom, what-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſual Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walks upon the tender graſſe
Amongſt the Heard; though he in form ſurpaſſe.
His colour whiter then untroden Snow,
Before ſtill-moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rowls, adorns his neck:
His broad-ſpread breſt, long dangling dew-laps deck
His horns, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, then ſhining gems more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat;
His whole aſpect with ſmiling peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautiful, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed
The Lover joyes: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſſe, he friſks and playes:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he layes.
Her fear ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrokes his profferd breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreſt.
The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the ſea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, bears away the prize.
She ſhreeks, and to the ſhore reverts her eyes:
One hand his horn, the other held behinde;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the winde.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Third Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

ARm'd troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise.
By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon *dies.*
Juno *a Beldame.* Semele *doth frie*
In wisht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Joves *thigh*
Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias *twice*
Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Echo *pines t'a voice:*
Selfe-lov'd Narcissus *to a Daffodill,*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhen's *ship stands still,*
With Ivy mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylers fright:
Who Dolphins turn, and still in ships delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
At sacred *Creet*, resumes his heavenly shape.
The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,
Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,
Except his fortune to his wish succeed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed!
Earth-wandred through (*Joves* thefts who can exquire?)
He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:
With *Phabus* Oracle consults, to know
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
Who, thus: In desert fields observe a Cow,
Yet never yoakt, nor servile to the Plow:
Follow her slow conduct: and where she shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bœtia* call.

Scarce

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Cave deſcended,
When he a *Heifer* ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning ſervitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſu'd.
Cephiſus flood, and *Panope* now paſt,
She made a ſtand; to heaven her forehead caſt,
With lofty horns moſt exquiſitely fair;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
Looks back upon the company ſhe led;
And, kneeling makes the tender graſſe her bed.
Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kiſt the unknown ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heaven's high King,
He ſends for water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;
In it, a Cave, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Rooft with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this *Hold* poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poyſon ſwoln; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatal Well th'unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rais'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And ſuffering ayr with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly folds into a heap;
And fetcht a compaſſe with a mighty leap:
Then, bolt-upright his monſtrous length diſplayes
More then half way, and all the Woods ſurvaies.
Whoſe body, when all ſeen, no leſſe appears,
Then that, which parts the two celeſtial Bears.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through fear could neither trie,
Some craſht he 'twixt his jaws, ſome claſpt to death,
Some kils with poiſon, others with his breath.
And now the Sun the ſhorteſt ſhaddows made,
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſervants ſtai'd,
Their foot-ſteps trac't. A hide the Hero wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtered Lion tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteel-pointed Spear,
And ſuch a minde as could not ſtoop to fear.

Whe

When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the ſlain with blood imbrew'd;
The inſulting Victor quenching his dire thirſt
And their ſuckt wounds; he ſigh't, as heart would burſt:
Then ſaid, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifted up a mighty ſtone,
Which with a more then manly force was thrown.
What would have hatter'd down the ſtrongeſt wall,
And ſhivered towres, doth give no wound at all.
The hardneſſe of his skin, and ſcales that grow
Upon his armed back, repulſe the blow.
And yet that ſtrong defence could not ſo well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repel;
Which through his winding back a paſſage rends,
There ſticks: the ſteel into his guts deſcends.
Rabid with anguiſh, he retorts his look
Upon the wound; and then the javelin took
Between his teeth; it every way doth winde:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behinde.
His rage increaſt with his augmenting pains:
And his thick-panting throat ſwels with full veins.
A cold white froth ſurrounds his poys'nous jaws:
On thundring Earth his trayling ſcales he draws:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eject's
A blaſting breath, which all the ayr infects.
His body now, he circularly bends:
Forth-with into a monſtrous length extends:
Then ruſheth on, like ſhowr-incenſed Floods;
And with his breſt ore-bears the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd th'aſſault; and forc't a quick recoil,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting ſteel.
Th'invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the graſſe into a dusky red:
Yet, ſlight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And ſo, by yeelding, did the force ſubdue.
Till *Agenorides* the ſteel imbrew'd
In his wide throat, and ſtill his thruſt purſu'd;
Until an Oke his back-retrait with-ſtood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burden ſo unknown;
And, laſhed by the Serpents tail, doth grone.

Whil

While he ſurvai'd the greatueſſe of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's ſon, a Serpent thou ſhalt be.
He ſpeechleſſe grew: pale fear repel'd his blood;
And now uncurled hair like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! Mans Fautreſſe, *Pallas* (from the ſky
Deſcending to his needful aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd-up furrows throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeeds of humane birth.
Lo (paſt belief!) the Clods began to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
Then *Helmets* nodding with their plumed Creſts;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breſts;
Hands with offenſive weapons charg'd, inſew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appear;
By little and by little then they rear
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Until their feet upon the Border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt, addreſt him to the fight.
Forbear (a new-born Souldier cry'd) t'ingage
Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew:
At whom a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kill'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mothers bloody-breſt.
But five ſurviv'd: of whom *Echion* one;
His Arms to Earth by *Pallas* counſel thrown,
He craves the love he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His lofty wals; the Oracle fulfil'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And

And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
By ſuch a Wife to have ſo fair a race;
So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
(The pledges of their peaceful beds) inſue;
And they now grown to excellence and power.
But, Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt hour:
Whom truly we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and cloſing Funeral.
In this thy every way ſo proſperous ſtate,
Thy firſt miſ-hap ſprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whoſe browes unnatural branches ill adorn;
By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.
Yet Fortune did offend in him; not he;
For, what offence may in an errour be?
With purple blood, ſlain Dear the *Hils* imbrew:
And now high Noon the ſhades of things withdrew;
While Eaſt and Weſt the equal Sun partake:
Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners ſpake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathleſſe Wood:
My Friends, our nets and javelins reak with blood:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
Her roſie cheeks, we may our ſports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannied Earth: here let our labour end:
Take up your toyles. They gladly condeſcend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypreſſe crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Diana's* love renownd.
A ſhady Cave poſſeſt the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: a native Arch ſhe drew,
With Pumice and light Toſuſſes, that grew.
A bubling Spring, with ſtreams as clear as Glaſſe,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Graſſe,
The weary *Hun*treſſe uſually here laves
Her Virgin limbs, more pure then thoſe pure waves.
And now her Bow, her Jav'ling, and her Quiver;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
Her light impoveriſht Robes another held:
Her buskins two untie. The better skild
Iſmenian Crocale her long hair wound
In pleated-wreathes: yet was her own unbound;
Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Pſecas* (ſtill
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guiſe)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exerciſe,
And wandring through the Woods, approacht this Grove
With fatal ſteps: ſo Deſtiny him drove:
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd:
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their reſounding breaſts, and fill'd the Wood
With ſudden ſhreeks: like Ivory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſſe: but ſhe, far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sun-beams; or the roſie Morns:
Such bluſht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked ta'ne.
And though inviron'd by her Virgin trayn,
She ſide-long turns, looks back, and wiſht her Bow:
Yet, what ſhe had, ſhe in his face did throw.
With vengeful Waters ſprinkled; to her rage
Theſe words ſhe addes, which future Fate preſage:
Now, tell how thou haſt ſeen me diſarray'd;
Tell if thou canſt: I give thee leave. This ſaid,
She to his neck and ears new length imparts;
This Brow th'atlanters of long-living Harts:
His legs and feet with arms and hands ſupply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a ſpotted hide.
To this, fear added. *Autonoeius* flyes,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſſe of his thighes.
But, when his looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd, Woes me! no words inſew'd:
His words were grones. He frets with galling tears,
Cheeks not his own; yet his own minde he bears.
What ſhould he do? Go home or in the Wood
For ever lurk? Fear, this; ſhame that withſtood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Maſter view:
Black-foot, and *Tracer*, opening firſt, perſew:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoſſus*; *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more ſwift then forced Ayre:
Spie, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-winde*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for ſent; for ſpeed, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſerving flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tyger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continue long:
Swift, with his brother *Chorle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*; whose Sable brows a white star crown'd;
Cole, shag-hair'd *Rag*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expresse.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want excesse,
Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way
The well-mouth'd *Hounds* pursue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flies from his family! in thought he cryes;
I am *Actæon*, servants, know your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noyse record.
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-dear*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung,
These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hils. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no room for wounds. Grones speak his pangs,
Though not with humane voice, unlike a *Hart*:
In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,
His silent looks, in stead of armes, he waves.
With usual shouts their Dogs the *Hunters* chear;
And seek, and call *Actæon*. *He* (too near!
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would have been;
Nor would his cruel *Hounds* have felt, but seen.
Their snowts they in his body bathe; and tear
Their Master in the figure of a Dear:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought
The punishment far greater then the fault.
Others so fowre a chastity commend,
As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Jove's Wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;
As she rejoyceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in minde
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kinde.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure move:
For *Semele* was great with childe by *Jove*.

Then, thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titularly great;
If we a Septer sway; if heaven our seat;
If *Jove's* fear'd Wife, and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the injury repent:
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim.
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove,
Which, hardly once, hath happened to our love:
So confident is beauty! Yet shall she
Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,
Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make
A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
She quits her throne, and in a yellow cloud
Approacht the Palace; nor dismist that shroud,
Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feet convay'd
Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weak, and hoarse,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *Joves* name,
She sigh'd, and said; Pray heaven, he prove the same!
Yet much I fear: for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
Though *Jove*; that's not enough. Give he a signe
Of his affection, if be be divine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms
His melting bosom, in high *Juno's* arms;
With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the ensignes of his deity.
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
To whom the God: Choose, and thy choise possesse;
Yet, that thy diffidency may be lesse,
Witnesse that Power, who through obscure aboads
Spreads his dull streams: the fear, and God of Gods
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move!
That now must perish by obsequious love:
Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites
Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with ayr which sentenced her death.

Then fetch't a ſigh, as if his breaſt would tear
(For, ſhe might not unwiſh, nor he un-ſwear)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him took
The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
Low'd thunder, and inevitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriveth to ſubdew:
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:
There is another lightning, far more milde,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſſe flame and ire:
Which, deathleſſe Gods do call the Second fire.
This, to her Fathers houſe, he with him took:
But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook
Æthereal tumults. Her ſucceſſe ſhe mourns;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burns.
Th'unperfect Babe, which in her womb did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His mothers time accompliſhing: Whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his careful Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, given to the *Nyſeides*, and bred
In ſecret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.
While this on Earth befel by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove, waighty cares expelling from his breſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to jeſt
With well-pleas'd *Juno*, ſaid: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleaſure far the Male's exceeds.
This ſhe denies; *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts unbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became:
Seven Autumns paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid: If ſuch your power ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change;
Once more I'le try. Then ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Umpire of this ſportful ſtrife,
Jove's words confirm'd. This vext his froward Wife,
More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her ſpite,
His eyes ſhe muffled in eternal night.
Th'omnipotent (ſince no God may undoe
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſue

Inform'd

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye sight, with his mindes clear eye.
He giving sure replyes to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* Citi's stretcht his fame.
First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding streams: and forc't the chaste,
The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitful prov'd)
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his Youth; He, in obscure presage,
Made this reply: Except himself he know.
Long, they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did the event the prophecy approve,
In his strange ruine, and new kinde of love.
Now, he to fifteen added had a year:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire;
Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The vocal Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy
(She could not proffer speech, nor not reply)
When busie in pursuit of salvage spoyles,
He drave the Deer into his corded toyles.
Ecchо was then a body, not a voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choyce;
But only could reiterate the close
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Jove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove;
Her long discourses made the Goddesse stay,
Until the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd; she said, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use,
Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
Narcissus seen, intending thus the chace;
She forth-with glows, and with a noiseless pace
His steps pursues; the more she did persew,
More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,
Which instantly th'approached flame doth catch.

How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!
But, Nature no such liberty affords:
Begin she could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech she would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, said;
Is any nigh! I, *Echo* answer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,
Why shunst thou me? The self-same voice he heard,
Deceived by the Image of his words;
Then let us joyn, said he: no sound accords
More to her wish: her faculties combine
In dear consent; who answer'd, *Let us joyn*!
Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung;
And would about his strugling neck have hung.
Thrult back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replyes
To that disdaineful Boy, who from her flyes.
Despis'd, the wood her sad retreat receaves:
Who covers her shamed face with leaves:
And sculks in desert caves. Love still possest
Her soule; through griefe of her repulse increast.
Her wretched body pines with sleeplesse care:
Her skinne contracts: her blood converts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes; the other turn to stones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaines born,
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with scorn.
Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd!
When one thus praid, with hands to heav'n upheav'd;
So may he love himselfe, and so despaire!
Rhamnusia condescends to his just pray'r
A Spring there was, whose silver Waters were,
As smooth as any mirror nor lesse cleare:
Which neither Herdsmen, tame, nor salvage Beast,
Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaves molest;
Girt round with grasse, by neighbouring moysture fed,
And Woods, against the Sunnes invasion spred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes upon his face.

Quenching

Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rays'd by the forme which in that glaſſe he ſpyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres invade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelfe, himſelfe diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtarres! his dangling haire
Which with unſhorne *Apollo's* might compare:
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his ſmooth chin!
His Ivory neck! his heavenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roſes with unſullied Lillies mix!
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:
And unconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The prayſes, which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſſe the flattering ſpring!
How oft with downe-thruſt armes ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelf he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fryes:
And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes:
O Foole! that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: Turn aſide, 'twill fade.
Thy formes reflection doth thy ſight delude:
Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes, with thee it ſtaies, and ſo
'Twould goe away, hadſt thou the power to goe.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the lover rayſe:
Who, lay'd along, on that falſe forme doth gaze
With lookes, which looking never could ſuffice,
And ruinates himſelfe with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his head,
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpred,
Was ever ſo unfortunate a Lover!
You know, to many you have beene a cover.
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Have you knowne any, thus to pine away!
I like, and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The lik'r, and ſcene. O Love, with error blind!
What grieves me more; no Sea, no Mountayne ſteep,
No wayes, no walls, our joyes a-ſunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth divide,
And he himſelf deſires to be injoy'd.

As oft as I to kisse the flood decline,
So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
You'ld think we toucht: so small a thing doth part
Our equal loves! Come forth what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
My age nor beauty merit thy disdain:
And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.
Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live;
Still striving to receive the hand I give:
Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a tear let fall,
Thou shedd'st another; and consent'st in all.
And, lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear
To utter words, that come not to our ear.
Ah, he is I! now, now I plainly see:
Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.
Love of my self me burns; (O too too sure!)
I suffer in those flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What shall I crave?
Since what I covet, I already have.
Too much hath made me poor! O, you divine
And favouring Powers, me from my self disjoyn!
Of what I love, I would be dispossest:
This, in a Lover, is a strange request:
Now, strength through grief decayes: short is the time
I have to live; extinguisht in my prime.
Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath;
For grief will finde a perfect cure in death:
Would he I love might longer life injoy!
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, dye.
This said; again upon his Image gaz'd;
Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! stay: nor cruel prove,
In leaving me, who infinitely love.
Yet let me see, what cannot be possest;
And with that empty food, my fury feast.
Complaining thus, himself he disarrays;
And to remorseless hands his breft displayes:
The blows that solid Snow with crimson stripe;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
But in the water when the same appear,
He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat;
Or morning Frost, whereon the Sun beams beat:
So thaws he with the ardor of desire;
And, by degrees consumes in unseen fire.
His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white;
That life; that favour lost, which did delight.
Nor those divine proportions now remain,
So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vain.
Which when she saw: although she angry were,
And still in minde her late repulse did bear;
As often as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd.
And ever when he struck his sounding brest,
Like sounds of mutual sufferance expresst.
His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;
Ah, Boy, belov'd in vain! So *Eccho* said.
Farewel. Farewel, sigh't she. Then down he lyes:
Deaths cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Upon the Waters of infernal *Styx*.
The woful *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt hair upon their brother spred.
The woful *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, sad *Eccho* joynes at every close.
The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.
Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the Button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets frame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* son, who did despise
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tiresias* with his ravisht sight.
He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.
The time shall come (which I presage is neer)
When *Semelean Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her Sisters shall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effused blood;
And throw thy sever'd limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebel:
And then thou't say; The blinde did see too well.

His mouth proud *Pentheus* ſtops. Belief ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds;
Liber is come, the fields with clamour ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
Women with Men, the baſe, and nobler ſort
Together to thoſe unknowne Rites reſort.
You ſonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaſe?
Is Braſſe of ſuch a power, which drunkards beat,
Or ſound of *Hornes*, or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid ſight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright,
Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a luſtfull crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdew?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care ſo farre
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without warre:
Or you, who of my able age appeare;
Whoſe heads ſhould helmets, and not garlands, were!
Not leavy Iavelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly borne,
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlue.
He, in defending of his Fountaine fell:
Doe you th' Invaders of your fame repell.
He ſlew the ſtrong: doe you the weake deſtroy,
And free your Country from foule infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May men, may warlike engins raze her wall:
Let ſword and fire our famiſht lives aſſault:
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but, Fortune blame,
And vent our pittied ſorrowes without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Armes delight,
But haire perfum'd with Myrthe, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
Who ſhall confeſſe (if you your ayd denie)
His forged Father, and falſe Deity.
What? had *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th' Impoſtor, chaced from the *Argive* ſtrand?
And ſhall this vagabond, this forrainer,
Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre?

Goe (ſaid he to his ſervants) goe your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him, *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all diſſwade,
By oppoſition, more intemperate made.
Fury increaſeth, when it is withſtood:
And then good counſell doth more harme then good.
So have I ſeene an unſtopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, ſcarcely heard to chide,
But, when ſalne Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his courſe;
To ſome, and roare with uncontroled force.
All bloody they returne. Where is, ſaid he,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did ſee,
Reply'd they; This his miniſter we found
(Preſenting one with hands behind him bound)
A *Thuſcan* zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* lookes, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his puniſhment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deterre.
Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followeſt this new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency feare ore-came,
Made this reply: *Acetis* is my name:
My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes: borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks: himſelfe was poore.
The tempted Fiſh, with hooke and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught:
And ſaid, My heire, ſucceſſour to my Art,
Receive the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, leſt I ſtill ſhould on thoſe Rocks abide,
To navigation I my time apply'd;
Obſerv'd th' *Olenian* Goate portending raine;
Wet *Hyades*, when ſtooping to the Maine,
Taygeta, and cold *Arctos*; the reſorts
Of ſeverall winds; and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* ſhores:
And, there arrived, with induſtrious Oares.
Leaping a-ſhore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora's* bluſhes fled,
I roſe; and bade my men freſh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

Then, from a *Hill* obſerv'd the windes accord;
My Mates I call'd, and forth-with went aboard.
All here, the Maſter's Mate *Opheltes* cryes:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the ſhore a lovely Boy convay'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and ſleep, he reeled ſo,
That, though ſupported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
I could not think it was a humane Creature.
Fellowes, I doubt what God, but ſure ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deity.
O, be propitious, who-ſo-ere thou art;
Unto our induſtry ſucceſſe impart;
And pardon theſe who have offended thus.
Then, *Dictis* ſaid: Forbear to pray for us:
(Than he, none could the top-ſail-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed; nor thence more nimbly ſlide)
This, *Lybis*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epopeus the Boats-ſwain, ſo all ſay;
Bewitched with the blinde deſire of prey.
This Ship, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate
With ſacriledge of ſo divine a weight;
Wherein I have moſt int'reſt, and command:
And on the *Hatches* their aſcent with-ſtand.
Whereat, the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whil'ſt I alone reſiſt,
He took me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That down I fell; and had faln over-board,
If I (though ſenſeleſſe) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company the fact approve.
Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to move,
As if awaked with the noyſe they made
(His wine-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid.
What clamor's this? What do you? Sailers, whither
Mean you to bear me? Ah, how came I hither!
Fear not, ſaid *Proreus*: name where thou would'ſt be;
And to that *Harbor* we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home; an hoſpitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avayles,
They ſwear they will, and bade me hoyſe-up ſayles.

Which

Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thou Mad-man, Fool? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each fears his loſſe; Some whiſper in mine ear:
Moſt ſay by ſignes, unto the Lar-board ſteer.
Amaz'd: ſome other hold the *Helm*, ſaid I;
I'le not be tainted with your perjury.
All chafe and ſtorme. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him tooke;
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſooke.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th'upper deck the Sea ſurvayed round;
Then, ſeem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd ſhore, the Land ſo wiſht by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my ſpoyle,
If Men a Boy, if many one beguile;
I wept afore: but, they my tears deride;
And with laborious Oars the waves divide:
By him I ſwear (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter, is as true,
As paſt beliefe. The Ship in thoſe profound
And ſpaceful Seas, ſo ſtuck as on dry ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars; the ſayls diſplay'd;
And ſtrive to run her with that added ayd.
When Ivy gave their Oares a forc't reſtraint;
Whoſe creeping bands the ſayles with Betryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtered Vines,
A Javelin ſhook, claſpt with their leavy twines.
Stern Tygers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, over-board now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſſe, or for fear.
Then *Medon* firſt with pyny fins grew black;
His form depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more then ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change!
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide;
His noſe more hookt: ſcales arm his hardned hide.
While *Lybis* tugg'd an Oar that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold:
But, miſt his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a tayl eſt-ſoon
Receives, reverſed like the horned Moon.

They

They leapt aloft, and ſprinkle-up the Flood:
Now chace above; now under water ſcud:
Who like laſcivious Dancers friſk about;
And gulped Seas, from their proud noſtrils, ſpout,
Of twenty Saylers, only I remain'd:
So many men our Complement contain'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate;
Trembling wi h horror of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſſe, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy fear;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* bear.
Arrived I, by his implor'd conſent,
Became his Prieſt; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our ears are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay, appeaſe.
Go, ſervants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Expire in groans: and torture him to death.
In ſolid priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doors flie open wide.
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charms,
The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
But now, not bidding others, *Penthens* flings
To high *Cytheron's* ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhril-voic't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated Feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Stern *Penthens*; and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountain ſtood
A perſpicable Champian, fring'd with wood.
Here, firſt of all his Mother him eſpies,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
She, firſt, upon him frantickly did run:
And firſt her eager Javelin pierc't her ſon.
Come, ſiſters cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in-ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd perſew.
Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelf he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Help Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
O let *Actæons* ghoſt ſoft pitty breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhe lops
His right hand off: the other, *Ino* crops.

The

The wretch now to his Mother would have thrown
His ſuppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloody ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother, ſee! *Agave*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts up her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring hair. In cruel hands ſhe takes
His head, yet gaſping: *Io* ſings, ſaid ſhe,
Io my Mates! this ſpoil belongs to me.
Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumns froſt,
So ſoone are raviſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering windes, as they in peeces tear
His minced limbs. Th'*Iſmenians*, ſtruck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate, his prayſes ſing,
And incenſe to his holy altars bring.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

DErceta, *a Fiſh.* Semiramis *a Dove.*
Transforming Nais *equal Fate doth prove,*
White berryes Lovers blood with black defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence:*
Who, Nectar ſprinkled, ſprouts to Frankincenſe.
Griev'd Clytie, *turn'd t'a Flower, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Load-ſtone.* Curets, *got by ſhowres.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowres.*
In one Hermaphrodite, *two bodies joyn.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made divine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Junos *fact upbray'd,*
Or ſtatues, or Cadmean *Fowles are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus; *worne with woe,*
Prove hurtleſſe Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.
Atlas, *a Mountain.* Gorgon *toucht Sea-weeds*
To Coral change. From Gorgons *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegaſus: Cryſaor *alſo takes*
From thence his birth. Fair hairs convert to Snakes.

BUt yet *Alcithoe Mineides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God diſpleaſe.
Her ſiſters ſhare in that impiety;
Who *Bacchus* for the ſon of *Jove* deny.

And

And now his Prieſt proclaims a ſolemn Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from uſual labour reſt;
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wilde Ivy crown'd,
They leavy Spears aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Matrons and new-married Wives obey:
Their Webs, their un-ſpun Wooll, aſide they lay;
Sweet odours burn; and ſing: *Lyæus Bacchus*,
Nyſæus, *Bromius*, *Evan*, great *Iacchus*:
Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, The twice-born,
Father *Elelius*, *Thyon* never ſhorn,
Lenæus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyctileus: with all names that *Greece* aſſignes
To thee, O *Liber*! Still doſt thou enjoy
Unwaſted youth; eternally a Boy?
Thou'rt ſeen in *Heaven*; whom all perfections grace;
And when unhorn'd, thou haſt a Virgins face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Penthens*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd!) were ſlain:
The *Thuſcans* drencht in Seas. Thou holdſt in awe
The ſpotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'ſt old *Sylenus*, reeling ſtill, doth hallow;
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Aſſe.
What place ſo-e're thou entreſt, ſounding braſſe,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confuſed cryes
Of youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
Thy preſence, we *Himenides*, implore:
Come, O come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet, the *Minæides* at home remain:
And with untimely Art his feaſt prophane:
Who either weave, or at their Diſtaffs ſpin;
And urge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhe the twiſted thread out-drew;
While others ſport, and forged Gods perſew,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our uſeful labour ſeaſon with delight,
And ſtories tell by turns; that what paſt years
Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agree; and bad the eldeſt tell
Her ſtory firſt. She paus'd; not knowing well

Of many which to chooſe T'inſiſt upon
The ſad *Derceto*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Paleſtines* beleeve, did take
A ſcaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
Or of her daughter ſpeake, with wing'd aſcent
High-pearcht on towers: who there her old age ſpent:
Or of that *Nais*; who with charmes moſt ſtrange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane ſhapes did change.
Into mute Fiſhes, till a Fiſh ſhe grew:
Or of the Tree whoſe berryes chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aſperſion, growne:
This pleaſeth beſt, as being moſt unknowne.
Who thus began; and drawes the following woll.
Young *Pyramus* (no Youth ſo beautifull
Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
Might with th' immortall Goddeſſes compare)
Ioyn'd houſes, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her ſtately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred;
That, grew to love; Love ſought a nuptiall bed;
By Parents croſt: yet equall flames their blood
A like incenſt, which could not be withſtood.
Signes only utter their unwitneſt loves:
But hidden fire the violenter proves,
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By ſhrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft:
This for ſo many ages undeſcry'd
(What cannot love find out!) the Lovers ſpy'd.
By which, their whiſpering voices ſoftly trade,
And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie convay'd,
On this ſide and on that, Like Snailes they cleave;
And greedily each others breath receave.
O envious walls (ſaid they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath joyn'd! O, give us way to ſlide
Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer us to kiſſe!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe
To you, who this deare liberty beſtow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th' approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched dew,
They at the uſuall Station meet againe;
And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine.

At

At laſt, reſolve in ſilence of the Night;
To ſteale away, and free themſelves by flight;
And with their houſes, to forſake the Towne.
Yet, leſt they ſo might wander up and downe;
To meete at *Ninus* tomb they both agree,
Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,
Hard by a living Fountaine fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtowes
In reſtfull Seas: from Seas, wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores unbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, unmiſſed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
When (lo!) a Lyoneſſe, ſmear'd with the blood
Of late-ſlaine Beeves, approacht the neighbour flood,
To queuch her thirſt. Far-off by Moon-light ſpy'd,
Swift feare her flight into a Cave doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell:
The fatall Lioneſſe, as from the Well,
Vp to the rocky Mountaine ſhe with-drawes,
Found it, and tore it with her bloody jawes.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoone,
Perceived by the glimpſes of the Moone
The footing of wild Beaſts: his looke grew pale.
But when he ſpy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
One night (ſaid he) two lovers ſhall deſtroy!
Shee longer life deſerved to injoy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore ſoule!) that ſlew thee,
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, O deſcend
From your aboads: a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his ſelfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entralls my opprobrious tomb:
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle he
Carryes along unto th' appointed Tree.
There having kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our blood, ſaid he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his ſword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up-ſpun the blood in ſmoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach breake out,
And hiſſing, through the aery Region ſpout:

The Mulberries their former white forſaks;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her feare remove,
Returnes, for fear to diſappoint her Love.
Her eager ſpirit ſeekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew.
Vncertaine; ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd on Sea ſhe ſhooke;
But, when ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhreeks, beats her ſwolne breſt,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, ſoftly reares
His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Wo's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed Fate hath this diviſion made!
O ſpeake, my *Pyramus*! O looke on me!
Thy deare, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And having ſeene her, ſhuts them up, and dyes.
But when his empty ſcabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from love, from thine own hand proceed:
Nor is my hand too weake for ſuch a deed:
My love as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage give,
To force that life which much diſdaynes to live.
In death I'le follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) ſhall not diſ-unite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus ſevere
To your owne blood!) my laſt Petition heare:
Whom conſtant love, whom death hath joyn'd, interre
Without your envy in one Sepulcher.
And thou, O Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlaine;
Of both our ſlaughters beare the laſting ſtaine:
In funerall habit ever clothe your brood,
A living monument of our mixt blood.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe revers't,
And with a mortall wound her boſome peare't,
The eaſie Gods unto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:

The

The late white Mulberies in black now mourne;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Vrne.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe, her sister silent, said:
This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Love hath tam'd: his loves we now recite,
He first discover'd the adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Ioue's* sonne
Their secret stealths, and where the deede was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine
The worke in hand: Forthwith he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceave,
(Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close,
This, he about the guilty bed bestowes.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Then caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, strugling, in compeld imbracements lay.
The Ivory doores then *Vulcan* doth display;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.
Yet one, a wanton, Wisht to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd,
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to love;
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy piercing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view;
And give to her, what to the World is due.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; even loath to leave the skyes.
And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest houres unto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appeares:
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth move
These pale aspects; this colour springs from love.
She all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare.

For *Rhodos*; *Clytie*, who in love abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,
All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;
Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As she in beauty far surpast all other:
So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid:
Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd,
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,
Where *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tyred with the travells of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœlestiall food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate raigne succeeds:
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approcht the chamber, where his life aboad.
He, spinning by a lamp, *Leucothoe* found,
With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
I have, said he, a secret to impart:
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obay'd.
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said:
The tardie Yeare I measure: I am he.
Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The World's cleere eye: by thy fair self, I sweare,
I love thee above thought. She shooke for feare;
Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell:
And yet that feare became her wondrous well,
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
Though with that unexpected presence strooke;
Yet, vanquished by his beauty, her complaint
She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.
This *Clytie* vext (not lesse affectionate
Before to her) who with a rivalls hate
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact descry.
Who sterne and savage, shuts up all remorse,
From her that su'd subdued, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witnesse calls. *He* his dishonour
Interrs alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes,
Yet could not she advance her heavy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Next

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourne
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burne:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.
But, ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood;
He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend:
Forthwith, her body thawes into a dew:
Which, from the moyſtned earth, an odour threw.
Then throw the hill a ſhrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crown, and tooke his root from thence.
Though love might *Clytien* ſorrow have excus'd;
Sorrow; her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled haire unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upon the ground,
For nine long daies all ſuſtenance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirſt with teares.
Nor roſe; but, rivets on the God her eyes;
And ever turnes her face to him that flyes.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves:
Her wan complexion turnes to blood-leſſe leaves,
Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht limbs beget
A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their eares:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but: *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whiſt, *Alcithoe* call'd upon, doth run
Her ſhuttle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtorall loves, to few unknowne,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her jealouſie: ſuch is a lover's rage:
And *Scython* who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With *Celmis* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little *Iove* might vant;
The ſhorne *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,

I over-passe; and will your eares surprize
With sweet delight of unknowne novelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* in famous grew;
Whose too strong waves all manly strength undoe,
And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:
The cause unknowne; their nature knowne too much.
Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in secure delight,
The sonne of *Hermes*, and faire *Aphrodite*.
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd;
Leaving the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*,
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
Of forrain streames; toyle less'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleere,
That all the glittering bottome did appeare;
Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
But, living Turf upon the border grew;
Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.
Of all the Water Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknowne.
Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!
Upon a Quiver, or a Iavelin seaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
On Quiver, nor on Iavelin, would she seaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
But now in her owne Fountaine bathes her faire
And shapefull limbs, now kembs her golden haire;
Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror dresst;
There taking counsell what became her best:
Her body in transparent Robes array'd.
Now on soft leaves or softer mosse display'd:
Oft gathers flowers, so, when she saw the Boy:
Whom seen, forthwith she covets to injoy;
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;
Her love invelgh'ling lookes set to insnare,
Who merited to be reputed faire.

Swift

Sweet Boy, ſaid ſhe, well worthy the abroad
Of bleſt cœleſtialls! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, whom thy perſon grace!
Thy ſiſter, if thou haſt a ſiſter, bleſt!
Thy Nurſe, much more, who fed thee with her breſt!
But (O!) no leſſe then deifi'd is ſhe,
Whom mariage ſhall incorporate to thee!
If any ſuch; let me this treaſure ſteale:
If not, be't I; and our deare Nuptials ſeale.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace. He bluſht for ſhame;
Not knowing love: whom ſhame fac'tneſſe became.
So Apples ſhew upon the ſunny ſide;
So Ivory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the ſilver Moon doth ſtaine,
When auxil'ary braſſe reſounds in vaine,
She earneſtly intreats a ſiſters kiſſe:
And now, advancing to imbrace her bliſſe,
He, ſtrugling, ſaid; Laſcivious Nymph, forbeare;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Faire Stranger, timerous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith ſtept aſide:
Yet looking back, amongſt the ſhrubby Trees
She cloſely ſculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obſerv'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th' alluring waves his ankles dips.
Caught with the water's flattering temp'rature.
He ſtreight diſrobes his body; O, how pure:
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who with unſatisfied longing gaz'd.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhoot flame through this ſweet error;
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
Now, ſhe impatiently her hope delayes;
Now, burnes t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly ſtayes:
He ſwiftly from the banke on which he ſtood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing armes, ſuppo'rts his limbs:
Which, through the pure waves, gliſter as he ſwims,
Like Ivory ſtatues, which the life ſurpaſſe;
Or like a Lilly, in a cryſtall glaſſe.
He's mine; the Nymph exclaim'd: who all unſtript;
And, as ſhe ſpake, into the water skipt:

Hanging about the neck that d d reſiſt;
And, with a maſtring force, th' unwilling kiſt:
Now, puts her hand beneath his ſcornefull breſt;
Now every way invading the diſtreſt:
And wraps-about the ſubject of her luſt,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tayle about his ſtretcht-out wings.
So claſping Ivy to the Oke doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detaines his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentleſſe coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop't-for joy.
Inveſted with her body: foole, ſaid ſhe,
Struggle thou mai'ſt, but never ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortall thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may ever us divide!
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Even in that ſpace
Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.
As when we two divided ſcions joyne,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict embracement glew'd,
Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelf admires:
Who halfe a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly limbs now ſoftned; and thus prayes,
With ſuch a voice as neither ſex betrayes:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him O heare
Who was your ſonne! who both your names doth beare:
May every man, that in this water ſwims,
Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled limbs.
His gentle parents ſigne to his requeſt;
And with unknowne receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no reſt;
But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrhe, and Saffron all the houſe perfume:
Their webs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loome:
The hanging woolt to greene-leav'd Ivy ſpreads;
Part, into vines: the equall twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaffe ſhoot;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtfull light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines.
Appeare to burne; the roome with flaſhes ſhines;
Fill'd with fantaſticall reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom blood, and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoaky roofe retire;
And, there diſperſt avoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners ſeeke, thin filmes extend
From lightned limbs, with ſmall beams inter-pend.
But how their former ſhapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darkneſſe would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born-up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies, ſmall, and faint:
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceale their ſhame;
And of the loved Evening take their name.
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whoſe wondrous power his boſting Aunt relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No griefe as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God: theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſſe
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Ino* ſtorme; who to her ſelfe thus ſaid;
What? could that Strumpets brat the forme deſeiſe
Of poore *Mæonian* Saylers, drencht, in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her owne ſonne?
And wing the three *Minæides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffice? and is our power no more?
He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* ſhow
More then too-much. Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters lead?
A ſteepe darke Cave, with deadly yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to hells infernall ſeat:
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume;
Amongſt thoſe thorns, ſtiffe Cold, and Paleneſſe dwell:
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* City ſtands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this City guide:
The gates still open stand, on every side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep:
So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of room:
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here shadows wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Ayre,
(Her hate immortal!) thither makes repair.
As soon as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
When they through gloomy darknesse did discloſe
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Titius*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips:
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.
Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
A stone, O *Sisyphus* to fall again.
Ixion turn'd upon a restlesse wheel,
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,
For ever draw the Water which they lose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a look lets fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remains
This brother only in perpetual pains;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Jove*, and me, abides in constant joyes?
Then tels the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Impor

Importunately she soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath,
Incenst *Tisiphone* her tresses shakes;
And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
Thus said: You need not use long ambages;
Suppose all done already, that I pray please:
Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre
To th' upper world's more comfortable ayre.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heaven with-drew:
Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes;
About her head a bloody torch she shooke;
And swiftly those accurs'd abodes forsook.
Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, Trembling, Fear,
And gastly Madnesse, her associates were.
The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson soyles:
The polisht doores: the frighted Sun recoyles;
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread
And monstrous apparitions, sought t'have fled:
But stern *Erinnys* their escape withstands;
And stretching out her viper-grasping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hist:
Some falling on her shoulders, there untwist;
Others, upon her ugly brest descend,
Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew;
And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
These up and down about their bosomes roul;
And with infus'd affection fad the soul.
No wound upon their bodies could be found:
It was the minde that felt the desperate wound.
She brought besides from her abhorred home,
The surfet of *Echidna*, with the some
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Error,
Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Terror,
Distracted Eury, an Affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasse,
And stird with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*,
And *Ino* quake, she powres into their brests
The rageful poyson; which their peace infests.
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circulary fire her conquest crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles;
Io, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;
Here, late a Lyoneſſe by me was ſeene
With her two whelps. With that purſues the Queene,
And from her breaſt *Clearchus* ſnatcht: The child
Stretcht forth his little armes, and on him ſmil'd:
Whom like a ſling about his head he ſwings;
And cruelly againſt the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her griefe diſtraught,
Or that the poyſon on her ſenſes wrought,
Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
And in bare armes her *Melicerta* beares;
Cryes Euohe *Bacchus*: *Iuno* laught, and ſaid;
Thus art thou by thy Foſter-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that over-lookes the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, ſconſt from rayne;
Whoſe craggy brow to vaſter Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding ſtrength) aſcends;
Deſcending head-long, with the load ſhe beares;
And ſtrikes the ſparkling waves, that fall in teares.
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,
Her Vnkle thus intreats: O thou, whoſe State
Is next to *Ioves*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My ſute is bold, yet pitty thou my blood,
Not toſſed in the deepe *Ionian* Seas:
And joyne them to thy watry Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I ſhould obtaine,
That am ingender'd of the foamie Maine:
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a favourable ear;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gave to either a Majeſticke looke;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd:
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her ſteps perſew'd,
Her luſt on the firſt Promontorie view'd.
Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
They beat their breſts; and *Cadmus* Houſe lament.
Of little Iuſtice, and much Cruelty,
All *Iuno* tax. Indure (ſhe ſaid) ſhall I
Such blaſphemies? I'le make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats uſher their events.

When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;
But could not move: her feet faſt fixed ſtood.
Another, who her boſome meant to beat,
Perceiv'd her ſtiffned armes to loſe their heat:
By chance, her hand, This ſtretcheth to the Maine;
Nor could her hand, now ſtone, unſtretch againe.
As She her violated Treſſes tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
Their Statues now thoſe ſeveral geſtures beare
Wherein they formerly ſurpriſed were.
Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmeides*;
Who with their light wings ſweepe thoſe gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſſe States retayn'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall events,
That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaves his Citie; as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coaſt:
Now ſpent wi h griefe and age, whil'ſt they relate
Their former toyles, and Familie's firſt fate:
And was that Serpent ſacred, which I ſlew
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth ſeed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengefull Gods ſo much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wiſh c uld end.
Tough ſcales upon his hardned out-ſide grew:
The black, diſtinguiſhed with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his thighs unite;
And in a ſpiny progreſſe ſtretch out-right.
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he ſpreads:
And teares on cheekes, that yet were humane, ſheds.
Come, O ſad Soule, ſaid he; thy husband touch;
Whil'ſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch.
Shake hands, while yet I have a hand to ſhake.
Before I totally endue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane ſpeech bereft.
He hiſt, when he his ſorrowes ſought to vent,
Then onely Language now which Nature lent,

His Wife her naked bosome beats, and cryes,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put-off these prodigies,
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, brest,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest!
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as he spake;
Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
And yeelding neck, with loving twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the standers-by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
Now are they two: who crept, together chain'd,
Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence fear.
Yet were those sorrows, by their daughters son
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th'*Achaians* Temples consecrate;
Divinely magnifi'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progeny, dissents from these:
Who, from th'*Argonian* City, made him flie;
And manag'd arms against a Deitie.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Jove's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danae* in a showre of gold)
Yet straght repents (so prevalent is truth)
Both to have forc't the God, and sloom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
The other through Ayr's empty Region flyes;
And bears along the memorable spoyl,
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyl.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew;
The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, straight grew
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a Cloud of rain,
Born by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Main;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And over all the ample World doth flie:
Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
And now, not trusting to approached night
Upon th'*Hesperian* Continent doth light:
And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes
Aurora's blush, and she *Apollo's* rayes.

Huge

Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Japetonides*
Here ſway'd the utmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titans* panting Steeds his Chariot ſteep,
And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the Deep.
A thouſand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their tree the ſhining branches ſute;
To them, their leaves; to thoſe, the golden fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may move:
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſon of *Jove*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who reſt, and hoſpitable Rites deſire:
He, mindful of this prophecie, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey ſhall prove,
O *Japhets* ſon, unto the ſon of *Jove*.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſſe oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Forrainers expell'd.
Be gone, ſaid he, for fear thy glories prove,
But counterfeit; and thou no ſon to *Jove*;
Then adds uncivil violence to threats,
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats:
In ſtrength inferior; Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since curteſie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receive thy due reward.
With that, *Medu'ſa's* ugly head he drew,
His own reverſ'd. Forthwith *Atlas* grew,
Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
His hair and beard, to Woods, and Buſhes ran;
His arms and ſhoulders into into ridges ſpread;
And what was his, is now the Mountains head:
Bones turn to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleaſure of the ever-bleſt)
Whereon the heavens, with all their tapers reſt.
Hippodates in hollow Rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe
And rous'd-up Labour. *Perſeus*, having ty'd
His wings t'his feet, his fauchion to his ſide,
Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land

Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephen* fields ſurvay'd;
There, where the innocently wretched Maid
Was for her Mothers proud impiety,
By unjuſt *Ammon* ſentenced to die.
Whom when the Heroe ſaw to hard Rocks chain'd,
But that warm tears from charged eye-ſprings drain'd,
And light windes gently fann'd her fluent hair,
He would have thought her Marble: Ere aware
He fire attracteth, and, aſtoniſht by
Her beauty, had almoſt forgot to fly.
Who lighting ſaid; O faireſt of thy kinde
(More worthy of thoſe bands which Lovers binde,
Then theſe rude gyves) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth, declare, and why thus bound.
At firſt the ſilent Virgin was afraid
To ſpeak t'a Man, and modeſty had made
A Viſard of her hands, but, they were ty'd:
Yet what ſhe could, her tears their fountains hide.
Still urg'd, leſt he ſhould wrong her innocence,
As if aſham'd to utter her offence
Her Country ſhe diſcovers, her own name,
Her beautious Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to rore:
Th'apparent Monſter (haſt'ning to the ſhore)
Before his breaſt, the broad-ſpread Sea up-bears:
The Virgin ſhreeks: Her Parents ſee their fears.
Both mourn, both wretched (but, ſhe juſtly ſo:)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of woe,
With tears that ſuit the time: Who take the leave
They loathe to take, and to her body cleave.
You for your grief may have, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: ſhort is the hour of aid.
If freed by me, *Jove's* ſon, in fruitful gold
Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen *Hold*,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnaky hair;
And boldly glide through un-incloſed air:
If for your ſon you then will me prefer;
Adde to this worth, That in delivering her,
I'le try (ſo favour me the Powers divine)
That ſhe, ſav'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdom proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow:

Eve

Even ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breſt,
The foaming flood; and to the neer Rock preſt:
Not farther diſtant, then a Man might fling
A way-inforcing Bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthful iſſue of rich ſhowres,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blew sky towres.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chace
His ſhadow, gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.
And as *Jove's* Bird, when ſhe from high ſurvays
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
Deſcends unſeen, and through his necks blew ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging ayr: then on his back doth ſeaze;
And near his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Up to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the ayr, now dives below
The troubled waves; now turn's upon his foe:
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager *Hounds*
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy jaws avoids;
Now, with his Fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the tail
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t'aſſail.
A ſtream mixt with his blood the Monſter flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a Rock hard by,
Whoſe top above the quiet Waters ſtood,
But underneath the winde-incenſed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the Rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhore rings with th'applauſe that fils the sky.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſſiope*, with joy,
Salute him for their ſon: whom now they call
The Saviour of their houſe, and of them all.
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
The cauſe, and recompenſe of all his pains.
Mean-while he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waves. And leſt the Beachy Sands
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground he ſtrew,
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew:
Whereon, *Meduſa's* ugly face he layes.
The green, yet juicy, and attractive ſprayes.

From

From the toucht Monſter ſtiffning hardneſſe took,
And their own native pliancy forſook.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
On other ſprigs, and in the iſſue joy:
Who ſowe again their Seeds upon the Deep.
The Coral now that property doth keep,
Receiving hardneſſe from felt ayr alone,
Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a ſtone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes Jove*, and her who war affects:
Minerva's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie's*: *Joves* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercury*, a Calf they ſacrifice;
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great worth; with Dow'r of leſſe regard.
Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed:
The ſacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The houſe hung round with Garlands; every where
Melodious Harps, and Songs ſalute the ear;
Of jocund mirth the free and happy ſignes:
With Dores diſplay'd, the golden Palace ſhines:
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each ſtranger Gueſt,
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt;
The Banquet done, with generous Wines they chear
Their hightned ſpirits: *Perſeus* longs to hear
Their faſhions, manners, and original;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he ſaid: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force, or ſleight,
You got this purchaſe of the ſnaky haires.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How under froſty *Atlas* cliffy ſide
There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortifi'd:
In whoſe acceſſe the *Phorcides* did lye;
Two ſiſters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
As they from one another it conveyd.
Then through blind waſtes, and rocky forreſts came,
To *Gorgon's* houſe: the way unto the ſame.
Beſet with formes of men, and beaſts, alone
By ſeeing of *Meduſa* turn'd to ſtone:
Whoſe horrid ſhape ſecurely he did eye,
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.

And how her head he from her ſhoulders tooke;
Ere heavy ſleepe her ſnakes, and her forſooke.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new-ſlaughtred mother.
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeats, what ſoyles, his eyes below ſurvay;
And to what ſtarres his lofty pitch aſcends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents only on her head did grow.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require,
Deſerves the knowledge, take what you deſire:
Her paſſing beauty was the onely ſcope
Of mens affections, and their envied hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeene her) then her haire.
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerva's* Fane compreſt.
Inve's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt.
Hid her chaſte bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.
Who now to make her enemies affraid,
Beares in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe Gorgon *ſeen,* Cepheni *Statues grow:*
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perſeus *prayſe. The fountain* Hippocrene
By Horſe-hooſ rays'd. The Muſes, into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Pierides, *to Pyes.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chac't, themſelves diſguiſe,*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountain flowes.*
To'ill-murtur'd Boy a ſpotted Stellion growes.
Lov'd Arethuſa *thawes into a Spring.*
Aſcalaphus *an Owle. Light feathers wing*
The ſweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourn.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turn.*

WHil'ſt the *Danaedan* Hero this relates,
Amidſt th'aſſembly of the *Cepheu* States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a mariage ſing;
But ſuch as menace war. The Nuptial Feaſt,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peaceful Sea, whoſe brow no frown deformes,
Straight ruffled into billows by rude ſtorms.
Firſt *Phineus*, the raſh Author of this war,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
Lo, I the Man, that will upon thy life
Revenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my Wife.

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
Work thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do!
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foul a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? For her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th'incens't *Nereides*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of ſeas
(That Orke that ſought my bowels to devour.)
Hath ſnatcht her from thee; raviſht in the hour
Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't it not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That thou, her Uncle, and her *Husband*, brought
Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that another's aid thou muſt envy,
And claim the Trophyes of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd
T'have fore't them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chain'd.
Let him, who did enjoy them: nor exact
What is his due by merit, and compact.
Nor think, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhor'd a ſepulcher.
He without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-aimed Launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behinde an Altar ſtept;
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in *Rhætus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteel out of his ſcull they pluck:
Who ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blood.
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Lances fling: and ſome there be who cry,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſon-in-law, ſhould die.
But *Cephus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
Who faith, and juſtice doth to record call,
With all the hoſpitable Gods; that he
Was from this execrable uproar free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

Young

Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
In her cleare Waves: his beauty excellent,
Which care, and coſtly ornaments augment:
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteene Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His haire with Rib and bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes:
And through his fleſh the ſhivered bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formeleſſe looks, with blood imbrew'd:
To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedy bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his ſoule exhal'd:
He tooke the Bow, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boye's ſad fate,
Which ſtaines thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew,
Acriſioniades upon him preſt;
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night; and on his boſom lyes:
Then chearefully expires his parting breath;
Rejoycing to be joyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syenit*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Lybian Amphimedon*;
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the blood
That drencht the pavement, fell: his ſword with-ſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
Yet *Perſeus* would not venture to invade
The *Halbertere Eritheus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboſt,
And maſſie, tooke; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crowne.

Then

Then *Polydæmon* (ſprung from Goddeſſe-born
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the unſhorne
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* bliſſe)
Fell by his hand: whoſe feet in triumph tread
Vpon the ſlaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far-off a dart doth throw:
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you, me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his ſide;
With loſſe of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clyments* ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord.
Hypſæus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypſæus. Old *Emathion* fell with theſe;
Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelf doth interpoſe,
And deepely execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar; lopt
His ſhaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whoſe half-dead tongue yet curſes; and expires
His righteous ſoule amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* ſlew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of ſwords. Neere theſe *Alphytus* fell,
The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit
Deteſting diſcord, in ſoft peace more fit
To ſing unto thy tuneſull Lire; now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feaſt:
When *Pettalus*, at him, who ſtood far off,
With his defenſeleſſe Harp; ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Goe ſing the reſt unto the Ghoſts below:
And pierc't his Temples with a deadly blow:
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.

This, unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brooke;
But from the door's right side a Leaver tooke,
And nim betweene the head, and shoulders knocks:
Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Oxe.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seaze
Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nail'd to the doore-post with a Speare:
Whose side sterne *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall but, giving up the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* party fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
In *Nasæmona* none, then he more great
For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The steele stuck in his groine, which death pursew'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roule
His turn'd-up eyes, and sighed out his soule:
For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
Receive thy length, and left his bloodlesse corse.
The Speare, revengefull *Abanti'des* drew
From his warme wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which doth his nostrills in the midst divide;
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crownd him; *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighes a ready dart he cast;
An other 'twixt the jawes of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His father doubtfull, gotten on a *Iew*:
Echion, late well seene in things to come,
Now over-taken by an unknowne doome:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes* that foule parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainely-pious Father sides with th' other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
Who fill the court with out-cryes, by the sound
Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrew's
With streames of blood, and horrid warre renewes,

Falſe

False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Heroe: who their Launces fling
As thick as Winters hail, that blinde his sight,
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
The right, *Nabatbean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tyger, pincht with famine, hears
Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,
Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perseus*, which to strike uncertain proves,
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes,
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumspectly stroke,
And his keen sword against the pillar broke.
The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,
And in his throat th'unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,
Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skein.
But, when he saw his valour overswey'd
By multitude: I must said he, seek ayd
(Since you your selves compell me) from my foe,
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth showe.
Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
With this thy Monster, and with all his might
A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown:
But in that posture became a stone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,
And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* brest:
When in the passe, his fingers stupid grow,
Nor had the power of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold *Nile*,
And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,
Distinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
To ever-silent shadowes bear a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a brave, and high-born enemie.

His

His utterance faultred in the latter clauſe:
The yet-unfiniſht ſound ſtuck in his jawes;
Who gaping ſtood as he would ſomthing ſay:
And ſo had done, if words had found a way.
Theſe *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint ſoules that dead
Your powers, ſaid he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
Ruſh on with me, and proſtrate with deepe wounds
This youth, who thus with Magick armes confounds.
Then ruſhing on, the ground his foot-ſteps ſtay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
Theſe ſuffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perſeus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the ſight
Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive marble grew.
On whom *Aſtyages* in fury flew,
As if alive, with his two handed blade:
Which ſhrilly twang'd; but no inciſion made:
Who, whil'ſt he wonders, the ſame nature tooke;
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who periſht, of the vulgar ſort.
Two hundred ſcap't the furie of the fight:
Two hundred turne to ſtone at *Gorgon's* ſight:
Now *Phineus* his unjuſt commotion rewes:
What ſhould he doe? the ſenſeleſſe ſhapes he viewes
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their ſeverall ayd implore.
And yet not truſting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be ſtone.
Then turnes aſide: and now, a penitent,
With ſuppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
O *Perſeus*, thine, ſaid he, thine is the day!
Remove this Monſter. Hence, O hence convay
Meduſa's ugly looks, or what more ſtrange,
Which humane bodies into marble change:
Not hate, not thirſt of rule begot this ſtrife:
I onely fought to re-obtaine my wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confeſſe my crime.
For life (O chiefe of men) I onely ſue:
Afford me that: the reſt I yeeld to you.
Thus he; not daring to revert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to ſuch a fearfull Lord)

Take

Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelfe I will:
No wounding ſword thy blood ſhould ever ſpill.
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt mayſt ſtill be ſeene;
And with her Spouſe's image cheare our Queene.
Then, on that ſide *Phorcynis* head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have throwne,
His neck grew ſtiffe: his teares congeale to ſtone.
With fearefull ſuppliant looks, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
T'his native Citie, with the reſcu'd prize:
There, vengeanee takes on *Proteus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſſe implor'd.
For *Proteus* had by force of Armes expeld
His brother; and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Armes, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſters grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toyle, nor ſorrowes under-gone;
With thee, O *Polydectes*, king of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevaile at all.
Endleſſe thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detructing; and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death The moved Youth replyes:
The truth your ſelfe ſhall ſee; Friends, ſhut your eyes.
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloodleſſe Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toyling Seas, her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd:
And thus unto the learned Siſters ſaid.
The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſæan* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood,
Who ſaw him iſſue from his Mothers blood.
Goddeſſe, *Vrania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion drawes,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountaine grew.

Take

Then

Then *Pallas* to the ſacred Spring convay'd,
She admires the waters by the horſe-hoofe made;
Survay's their high grown groves, coole caves, freſh bowrs,
And meadowes painted with all ſorts of flowers:
Then happy ſtiles ſhe the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and ſuch aboads as theſe.
O heavenly Virgin one of them reply'd,
Moſt worthy our ſociety to guide,
If ſo your active vertue did not move
To greater deeds: deſerv'dly you approve
Our ſtudies, pleaſant ſeat, and happy ſtate.
Were we ſecure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire *Pyrenæus* ſtill invades my ſight:
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Armes; there unjuſtly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnaſſus* Temple, us he ſpies;
And with falſe zeale adores our Deities.
Mæonides ſaith he, (he knew us well)
While ſad ſtarres governe, and ſhowrs fall (then fell
By chance a mighty ſhower) vouch ſafe I pray
Beneath the ſhelter of my roofe to ſtay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe,
We to his importunity aſſent;
And yet no father then the Lobby went.
It now held up: the vanquiſht South-winds flie
Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.
Preſt to depart: he ſhuts the doores; prepares
To offer force: with wings we ſcape his ſnares.
He preſently the higheſt tower aſcends;
And, as he would have flowne, his body bends:
The way you goe, ſaid he, will I purſew,
And from the battlements himſelfe he threw:
Who falling, ſtrikes the earth with daſht out-braines
Which with his wicked blood, he dying ſtaines.
The Muſe yet ſpake, when, wings were heard to clatter
And from high trees ſaluting voices chatter.
Iove's daughter wonders, and enquires from whence
Thoſe voices came, including humane ſenſe.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewailing their deſerved deſtinies.

The

The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse said:
They, foyl'd by us, by us were thus repai'd.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
These on *Pæonian Evippe* got.
Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd alowd:
The foolish sisters, of their number prowd,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.
Thespiades, th'unlearned multitude
No more with your vain harmony delude:
But cope with us (if hope excite your will)
As many; yet unmatcht, for voice, or skill.
Surrender you to us, if we excell,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well:
Th'*Ematian* Woods to snowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our judges be:
A shame it was to strive: more shame it were
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear:
And sit on benches made of living stone.
Then, un-elected rudely steps forth one;
Who sung the Giants warre: their fayned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
Now *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrailes rais'd,
Struck all their powr's with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* scorched soyle the weary hides;
And weal hy *Nile*, who in seven channels glides.
That thither Earth-borne *Typhon* them pursu'd:
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.
Iove turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram:
From whence the hornes of *Lybian Hammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Iove's* wife a Cow of snow:
Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And still her voice unto her Harpe apply'd.
Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to heare.
Nor leasure serves you, nor is't worth your eare.
Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd for Verse, and takes a shady seat.
Then she; On one we did the taske impose:
Calliope, with ivy crown'd, up rose;
Who with her thumb first tun'd the quavering strings,
And then this Dity to the musique sings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;
First gave us corne, a better nourishment,

First

Firſt Lawes perſcrib'd: all from her bounty ſprung.
By me, the Goddeſſe *Ceres* ſhall be ſung.
Would We could Verſes, worthy her, reherſe:
For ſhe is more then worthy of our Verſe.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
Who underneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
That durſt affect the Empire of the ſkies:
Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to riſe.
Auſonian Pelorus his right hand
Downe waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth ſtand;
His legs are under *Lilybæus* ſpred;
And *Ætna's* baſes charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jawes expire
Thick clouds of duſt, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he ſtruggles with his load below:
And Townes, and Mountaines labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of ſhadowes dreads,
For feare the ground ſhould ſplit above their heads,
And let-in Day, t'affright the trembling Ghoſts.
For this, he from his ſilent Empire poſts,
Drawne by black horſes; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount ſurvay'd
(Now fearleſſe) and, her ſonne imbracing, ſaid.
My Armes, my ſtrength, my glory; for my ſake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, even *Jove* himſelfe; the God of waves:
And who illuſtrates earth have beene thy ſlaves.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th' infernall Powr's obay.
Yet we (ſuch is our patience!) are deſpis'd
In our owne heaven; and all our force unpriz'd.
Seeſt thou not *Pallas* and the Queene of Night,
Far darting *Diana*; how my worth they ſlight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for ſhe affects their pride.
But, if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,
Thy Vnkle to the Virgin-Goddeſſe tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth uncloſe;
And one, out of a thouſand arrowes, choſe
At her arbitrement: a ſharper head
None had; more ready, or that ſurer ſped.

The

Then bends his bow: the ſtring t'his eare arrives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Not farre remov'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
A Lake there is which men *Perguſa* call.
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters beare
Far fewer ſinging Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leavy veils, which *Phœbus* beams keep-out.
The trees creat freſh ayre, th' Earth various flowers:
Where heat nor cold th' eternall Spring devoures.
Whil'ſt in this grove *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all ſorts;
And while ſhe ſtrove with childiſh care, and ſpeed,
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carried her away,
Almoſt at once. Love could not brooke delay,
The ſad-fac't Goddeſſe cryes (with feare appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as ſhe tore th' adornment of her hair,
Downe fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhe bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicity,
That their loſſe alſo made the Virgin crie.
The Raviſher flies on ſwift wheeles; his horſes
Excites by name, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured raines
Vpon their cole-black necks, and ſhaggy maines
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A ſulph'rous breath; through earth ingendring fire,
They paſſe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
Hi City built betweene unequall Seas.
The Land t'wixt *Arethuſa* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out hornes begirts th' included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpeciall fame,
Her head advanc't: who did the Goddeſſe know;
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall not farther goe;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* ſon:
What you compell, perſwaſion ſhould have won,
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht armes his farther paſſage ſtaid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtraine;
But gives his terror-ſtriking Steeds the raine;

And with his Regal Mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaves the ſolid ground;
The breach t'infernal *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe dark jaws the Chariot deſcends.
But *Cyane* the Goddeſſe Rape laments;
And her own injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhe bears
Her ſilent ſorrow: now, reſolves to tears;
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
Whereof th'immortal Deity but late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a dew,
Her nails leſſe hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlender'ſt parts firſt melt away: her hair
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that ſoon impair,
And drop to ſtreams: then, arms, back, ſhoulders, ſide,
And boſome, into little Currents glide.
Water, inſtead of blood, fils her pale veins:
And nothing now, that may be graſpt, remains.
Mean-while, through all the Earth, and all the Main
The fearful Mother ſought her childe in vain.
Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when ſhe roſe,
Nor *Heſperus* could witneſſe her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And reſt leſſe, carries them through freezing Nights:
Again, when Day the vanquiſht Stars ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeeks from Eaſt to Weſt.
Thirſty with travel, and no Fountain nye,
A Cottage thatcht with Straw invites her eye.
At th'humble gate ſhe knocks: An old Wife ſhewes
Her ſelf thereat; and ſeeing her, beſtowes
The water ſo deſir'd; which ſhe before
Had boyl'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd ſhe threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His arms convert to legs; a tail withal
Spines from his changed ſhape: of body ſmall,
Leſt he might prove too great a foe to life:
Though leſſe, yet like a Lizard, th'aged Wife
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) ſhuns,
And preſently into a creviſe runs.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtars all-over ſpeckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddeſſe wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To *Sicil* ſhe returns: where ere ſhe goes,
Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
She, had ſhe not been changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet, to the Mother, of her Daughter gave
A certain ſigne: who bore upon a wave
Perſephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When, through the ſacred Spring, ſhe ſunk to *Hell*.
This ſeen, and known; as but then loſt, ſhe tare,
Without ſelf-pity, her diſ-ſheveld hair;
And with redoubled blows her breſt invades:
Nor knows what Land t'accuſe, yet all upbraids;
Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the ſteps ſhe found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhe brake
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner ſtrake
Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,
So celebrated for fertility,
Now barren grew: corn in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoyes; now, lodging ſhowres:
Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy Fowl devoures
The new-ſown grain: Kintare, and Darnel tire
The fetter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waves *Alphæus* Love appear'd;
And from her dropping hair her fore-head clear'd:
O Mother of that far-ſought Maid, thou friend
To life, ſaid ſhe; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithful Land;
That blameleſſe is, nor could her Rape with-ſtand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Countrey plead:
My Country *Piſa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Countrey pleaſeth me ſo well.
I, *Arethuſa*, now theſe Springs poſſeſſe:
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſſe bleſſe.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas; I ſhall impart the ſame
To your deſire; when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.
Earth gives me way, through whoſe dark caverns roll'd
I here aſcend; and long-miſt ſtars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd;
Full ſad ſhe was: even then you might have ſeene
Feare in her face: and yet ſhe is a Queene;
And yet ſhe in that gloomy Empire ſwayes;
And yet her will th' infernall King obayes.
Stone-like ſtood *Ceres* at this heavy newes;
And, ſtaring, long continued in a muſe.
When griefe had quickned her ſtupidity,
She tooke her Chariot, and aſcends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with ſcattered haire,
She kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r;
Both for my blood and thine, O *Iove*, I ſue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the leſſe, becauſe ſhe ſprung from me.
Lo, ſhe at length is found, long ſought through all
The ſpacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the loſſe aſſures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I have found her ſo.
And yet I would the injury remit,
So he the ſtolne reſtore: 'Twere moſt unfit
That holy *Hymen* ſhould thy daughter joyne
Vnto a Thiefe; although ſhe were not mine.
Then *Iove*: the pledge is mutuall, and theſe cares
To either equall: Yet this deed declares
Much love, miſ-called wrong: nor ſhould we ſhame,
Of ſuch a ſonne, could you but think the ſame.
All wants ſuppoſe, can he be leſſe then great,
And be *Iove's* brother? What when all compleat?
I, but perferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endleſſe ſpleene; Let *Proſerpine* returne:
On this condition, That ſhe yet have ta'ne
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordaine.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* poſts in haſte:
But, Fates with-ſtood: the Maid had broke her faſt.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard ſimply ſhe
Pluckt a Pomegrannat from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence tooke ſeven graines, and eats them one by one:
Obſerved by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caves: a Dame of ſpeciall note
Amongſt th' *Avernall* Nymphs. This utter'd, ſtayd
The ſighing Queene of *Erebus*, who made

The

The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles; plume appeares thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o're-ſizd, his long nailes talons prove;
His winged armes for lazineſſe ſcarce move:
A filthy, ever ill-preſaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owle.
Yet was the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes diſgrace
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſſe Powers
Were with the Goddeſſe when ſhe gathered flowrs?
Whom when through all the Earth you ſought in vaine,
You wiſht for wings to fly upon the Maine,
That pathleſſe Seas might teſtifie your care:
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your Backs appeare:
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profan'd;
Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remayn'd.
But *Iove*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to cheare,
Betweene her, and his Brother parts the yeare.
The goddeſſe now in either Empire ſwayes:
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtayes.
Proſerpina then chang'd her minde, and looke,
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well?
Th' obſequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddeſſe then above the Chryſtall Spring
Her head advanc't; and, wringing her greene haires,
She thus *Alphæus* ancient love declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The Chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beauty though I never ſought for fame:
Though maſculine; of faire I bare the name.
Nor tooke I pleaſure in my prayſed face,
Which others value as their only grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too-well.

As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increaſt the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd; a ſilent ſtream I found,
All eddileſſe, perſpicuous to the ground:
Through which you every pebble might have ſeen;
And ran, as if it had no River been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordring ſtreams, their grateful ſhadow ſpred.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt;
Then knee-deep wade: nor ſo content, unſtript
My ſelf forth-with; upon a Sallow ſtud
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
Where, while I ſwim, and labour to and fro
A thouſand wayes, with arms that ſwiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;
And frighted, to the hither margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, O *Arethuſa*! twice
Out-cry'd *Alphæus*, with a hollow voice.
Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear
(For, on the other ſide my garments were)
The faſter followed he, the more did burn;
Who naked, ſeem the readier for his turn.
As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eſchew;
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves purſew;
I fled, *He* followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Mænalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintained; nor could he come ny:
But, far unable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong.
And yet o're Plains, o're woody hils I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.
The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
I ſaw his ſhadow; or my fear did ſee't.
How-ere his ſounding ſteps, and thick drawn breath
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
Stark tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (O forlorn!)
Diana help thy Squire, who oft have born
Thy Bow and Quiver! Mov'd at my requeſt,
With muffling clouds ſhe cover'd the diſtreſt.
The River ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow cloud:
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he *Io Arethuſa* cry'd.

The

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo fears
When howling Wolves about the Fold ſhe hears:
So heartleſs *Hare*, when traylíng *Hounds* draw nye
Her ſented Form; nor dares to move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps: but guards the cloud, and place.
Cold ſweats my then-befieged limbs poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-ere I ſtep, ſtreams run; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and, ſooner then I tell
My deſtiny, into a Flood I grew.
The River his beloved waters knew;
And, putting off th'aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his own; and in my Current ran.
Chaſte *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caves,
To lov'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waves;
Affected for her name: where firſt I take
Review of day. This, *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertil Goddeſſe to her Chariot chains
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn rains:
Her courſe, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhe gave, ſhe bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ſoyl convay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turns; where *Lyncus* ſwayd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cauſe of coming, Country, and his name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowned *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over land came I; but through the ayre.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which ſown in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields.
The barbarous King envies it: and, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be,
Gives entertainment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heavy eyes, with ſteel attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turns t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* drive her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chief concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, give us the Bayes.
The vanquiſht rail. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteem it nothing to deſerve the due

To your contention, but muſt adde foul words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience room: we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Pæons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcold, and with diſgraceful noyſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nailes, and clothe their arms throughout:
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new Birds, into the Foreſt flie.
Theſe ſylvan Scoulds, as they their arms prepare
To beat their boſomes; mount, and hang in ayr.
Who yet retain their ancient eloquence;
Full of haſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Sixth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

PAllas *an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rodophe; *who Mountains grow.*
The Pigmy *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Stork. A ſtatue Cyneras *intombs:*
His impious Daughters, ſtones. In various ſhapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drownes*
Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clownes
Are curſt to Frogs. From tears clear Marſyas *ſtowes.*
His Ivory ſhoulder new-made Pelops *ſhowes.*
Progne, *a Swallow*; *ſign'd with murders ſtains.*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret night complains.*
Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odriſian *King.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feathers wing.*

T'Ritonia to the Muſe attention lends:
Who both her Verſe, and juſt revenge commends.
Then ſaid t'her ſelf: To praiſe is of no worth:
Let our revengeful Power our praiſe ſet forth.
Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, ſhe heard,
Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.
Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damſel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmonids* ſide;
Who thirſty Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.

Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was also mean, and equal to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spred;
Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsook;
The sleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their streams; to look
On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
The done (done with such grace) then when adoing.
Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wooll;
Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;
Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet such a Mistresse her proud thoughts disclaim:
Let her with me contend; if foyl'd, no shame
(Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas, forth-with, an old-wives shape indues:
Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,
A staff supports: who thus began to speak.
Old-Age hath something which we need not shun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.
Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.
With eyes confessing rage, and ey-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)
She, masked *Pallas* with these words provokes.
Old Fool, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curse: thy Daughter, or Sons Wife,
(If thou hast either) taught be they by this:
My wisdom, for my self, sufficient is.
And lest thy counsel should an int'rest clame
In my diversion, I abide the same.
Why comes she not? why tryal thus delayes?
She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore;
Only the Maid her self undaunted bore:
And yet she blusht; against her will the red
Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.
Even so the purple Morning paints the skies:
And so they whiten at the Suns uprise.
Who now, as desperately obstinate,
Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

No

No more *Joves* daughter labours to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayd.
But ſettle to their tasks apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beams: a reed the thred divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Between the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woof:
Strife leſs'ning toyl. With skirts tuckt to their waſte,
Both move their cunning arms with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon dyde in *Tyrian* braſſe they weave:
The ſcarce diſtinguiſht ſhadows ſight deceave.
So watry clouds, gilt by *Apollo*, ſhow;
The vaſt ſky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeveral colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
The next, the ſame ſo clearly repreſents;
As by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.
Through-out imbeliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marſe's* Rock doth frame:
And that old ſtrife about the Cities name.
Twice ſix Cœleſtials ſit inthron'd on high,
Repleat with awe-infuſing gravity:
Jove in the midſt. The ſuted figures took
Their lively forms: *Jove* had a royal look.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake:
Whereon he grounds his claim With ſpear and ſhield
Her ſelf ſhe arms: her head a murrion ſtield:
Her breſt her *Ægis* guards. Her I aunce the ground
Appears to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary Olive, charg'd with fruit aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhow the Rival of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſayes,
Add's four contentions in the utmoſt bounds
Of every angle, wrought in little Rounds.
One, *Thracian*, *Rhodope* and *Hamus* ſhowes,
Now Mountains, topt with never melting ſnowes,
Once humane bodies: who durſt emulate
The bleſt Celeſtials, both in ſtile, and ſtate.
The next contains the miſerable doom,
Of that *Pygmean* matron, over-come

By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'r to jar
With her own nation in perpetual war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*.
Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire,
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.
Turn'd to a Storke, who, with white pinions rais'd
Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
Who charg'd with grief, the Temples stairs imbrac't;
(Of late his Daughters by their pride o're-thrown)
Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.
The web a wreathe of peaceful Olive bounds:
And her own tree her work both ends and crownes.
Arachne weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*:
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;
To her distracted Damsels seems to cry:
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a strugling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreds his wings o're *Leda's* brest,
Jove. Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whose fruitful womb with double issue swels:
Amphytrio for *Alcmena's* love became:
A showre for *Danae*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes
A shepherds form; for *Deois* a Snakes.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful Steere,
She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear:
And get th' *Alvides* in *Enipe's* shape:
Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning seed,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Sreed,
Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melanthe* findes
A Delphin. She to every form assignes
Like-equal looks; to every place the same.
A spect. A herdsman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lyon now; now Falcons wings displayes:
Macarean Issa shepherd-like betrayes.
Liber, a Grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturn*, horse-like *Chiron* gets, half-beast.
About her web a curious trail designes:
Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

Not

Not *Pallas* this, not Envy this reproves:
Her fair ſucceſſe the vext Virago moves;
Who tears the web, with crimes celeſtial fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cytoriax* Mountainss brought,
Arachne thrice upon the fore-head ſmote.
Her great heart brooks it not. About her throte
A halter knits. Remorſefull *Pallas* ſtayd
Her falling waight; Live wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leaſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure.
Sprinkled with *Hecat's* baneful weeds, her hair
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and ears impair;
Her head growes little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtorms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had known; when ſhe a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwells.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* town,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crown.
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelf in all
As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light; had not her ſelf ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skill'd,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fill'd
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare:
To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your browes with Laurel bind!
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commanded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queen in hight of ſtate appears:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, ſhe wears:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, fair.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſheveled hair,
The godly troop with haughty eyes ſurvayes.
What madneſſe is it unſeen Gods (ſhe ſayes)
Before the ſeen Celeſtials to prefer?
Or while I Altars want, to worſhipher?

Me

Me *Tantalus* (alone allowd to feast
In heaven) begot; my mother not the leaſt
Pleias; greateſt *Atlas* ſire to thoſe,
On whoſe high ſhoulders all the ſtars repoſe.
Iove is my mothers Grandfather; and he
My father in law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls we joyntly ſway.
Through out my Court behold in every place.
Infinite riches! adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddeſſe. Then, to crowne my joyes,
Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:
All theſe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reaſon for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cœus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little ſpot
The ample Earth deny'd t'unlade her wombe?
Heaven, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddeſſe roome:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave,
Thou wandreſt on the land, I on the wave,
It ſaid; and graunted an unſtable place.
She brought forth two; the ſeventh part of my race.
I happy am: who doubts? So will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortifi'd.
My ſtate too great for fortune to bereave:
Though much ſhe raviſh, ſhe much more muſt leave.
My bleſſings are above low fear. Suppoſe
Some of my hopefull ſons this people loſe,
They cannot be reduced to ſo few.
Off with your bayes; theſe idle Rites eſchew.
They put them off; the ſacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* ſilently adore.
As much as free from barrenneſſe, ſo much
Diſdaine and griefe th' inraged Goddeſſe touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
To vent her paſſion to her ſacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Except ing *Iuno*, ſecond unto none)
Am queſtion'd if a Goddeſſe, and muſt loſe,
If you aſſiſt not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all; that curſt *Tantalian* Seede
Adds foule reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childleſſe; may it light on her!

Whoſe

Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delayes
Conceiv'd revenge; the same vext *Phœbe* sayes.
Then swiftly through the yeelding ayre they glide,
To *Cadmus* towres; in clouds their glories hide.
A spacious plaine before the city lyes,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
Of trampling hooves; by strifefull Chariots trackt
Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt
High-bounding steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.
Ismenus, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his somy jawes; ay me! out eryes;
While through his groaning breast an arrow flyes:
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, *Sipylus* from clashing quiver flies
With slackned raines: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storme; and, lest the gentle gaile
Should scape besides him, claps on all his saile.
His haste th' unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow strook,
Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighes
Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
Now *Phædimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire
T'his Grand-sires name; that labour done, prepare
To wrastle. Whilst with oyled limbs they prest
Each others power, close grasping brest to brest;
A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
Them, in that sad Conjunction joyntly slew.
Both grone at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:
Their rowling eyes together set in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)
And rais'd their heatlesse coarses in his armes:
But in that pious dutie fell. The threds
Of life, his heart-strings wrathfull *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But unshorne *Damasichthon* slaughtred lies
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighes

Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty joint,
Striving from thence to tug the fatall point.
Another at his neck the bow directs
Thick-guſhing blood the piercing ſhaft ejects;
Which ſpinning upward cleft the paſſive ayre.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſleſſe prayer,
His hands up-heaves: You Gods in generall
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pity me! The Archer had remorce;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow ſcratcht,
Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her houſholds teares
Preſent their ruine to their mothers eares:
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durſt touch;
And ſwels with anger that their powre was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breſt,
Had now his ſorrow, with his ſoule releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe* from that:
Who great *Latona's* Rites ſuppreſt of late,
And proudly pac't the ſtreets; envi'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pittied by her foes:
Frantick ſhe doth on their cold corſes fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all,
From whom, to heaven erecting her bruiz'd armes:
Cruell *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harmes:
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſaid, thy ſalvage ſtomack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our ſorrow joy:
Seaven times, upon ſeaven Herſes borne, I dye.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious? hapleſſe I have not ſo few:
Who, after all theſe funeralls, ſubdew:
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terror chils
All hearts ſave *Niobes*; obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long mourning robes array'd,
About their herſes ſtood, with haire diſplay'd.
One drawes an arrow from her brothers ſide;
And joying her pale lips to his, ſo dide.
Another ſtriving to aſſwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forth-with ſpeechleſſe growes,
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth. the ſoule already fled,
This, flying falls: that, her dead ſiſter makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her ſelfe: that quakes.

Six

Six ſlain by ſundry wounds; to ſhield the laſt,
Her Mother, over her, her body caſt,
This one, ſhe cryes, and that the leaſt, O ſave!
The leaſt of many, and but one, I crave!
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd-for *Delia* hits.
She, by her husband, ſons, and daughters, ſits
A childleſſe Widow; waxing ſtiff with woes.
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Roſe
Forſakes her cheek: in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue and pallat rob'd of inward heat
At once congeale: her pulſe forbears to beat:
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
Nor arms to move: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retains her tears.
Whom ſtraight a whirle-winde to her countrey bears;
And fixes on the ſummit of a *Hill*.
Now from that mourning Marble tears diſtill.
Th'exemplary revenge ſtruck all with fear:
Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befals,
By preſent accidents the paſt recals.
In fruitful *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of Peſants, who her vengeance felt,
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe:
Yet wonderful. I ſaw the pool, and place,
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill-brooking travel, ſent
Me thither for choice Steers: and for my Guide
A native gave. Thoſe paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac't
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhivering reeds imbrac't.
O favour me! he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O favour me! I, ſoftly murmuring prai'd:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faun, therein reſide,
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd.
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Jove's* Wife of old,
Earth interdicted: ſcarce that floting Ile,
Wave-wandring *Delos* finiſht her exile.
Where, coucht on Palms and Olive; ſhe in ſpight
Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence alſo, frighted from her painful bed,
With her two infant Deities ſhe fled.

Now

Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beames) and with long travell tyr'd,
Heat raiſing thirſt the Goddeſſe ſore oppreſt,
By their exhauſting of her milke increaſt.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of ſhallow water ſhe deſcries:
Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
With ſhrubby Oſiers, and plaſh-loving reeds.
Approacht; *Titania* kneeles upon the brinke.
And of the cooling liquor ſtoops to drinke.
The Clownes with-ſtood. Why hinder you, ſaid ſhe,
The uſe of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I clame.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirſt to quench.
My tongue wants moiſture, and my jawes are drie:
Scarce is there way for ſpeech. For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favour: life with water give.
Pity theſe babes: for pity they advance
Their little armes! their armes they ſtretcht by chance.
With whom would not ſuch gentle words prevaile;
But they, perſiſting to prohibit, raile,
The place with threats command her to forſake.
Then with their hands, and feet diſturbe the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, move
The troubled mud; which riſing, flotes above.
Rage quencht her thirſt: no more *Latona* ſues
To ſuch baſe ſlaves: but Goddeſſe-like doth uſe
Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for ever in this lake reſide!
Her wiſh ſucceds. In loved lakes they ſtrive,
Now ſprawle above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the banke, as oft againe
Back to the water: nor can yet reſtraine
Their brawling tongues; but ſetting ſhame aſide,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voyces ſtill are hoarſe: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throates; their jawes with railing ſtretch
Their heads their ſhoulders touch; no neck betweene,
As intercepted. All the back is greene:
Their bellies (every part o're-ſizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in ſlimy pooles delight.

Thus much, I know not by what *Theban*, ſaid:
An other mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritonia's* reede, o're-come:
Who for preſuming felt a heavy doome.
Me from my ſelfe, ah why doe you diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deſerves not ſuch a vengeance! Whilſt he cry'd;
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streames from all parts: his ſinewes naked lay
His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fivers in his breſt have told.
For him the Faunes, that in the forreſts keepe;
For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres weepe:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes:
With all the ſhepheards of thoſe hills, and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their teares;
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe beares;
Till big with waters: then diſcharg'd her fraught.
This pureſt *Phrygian* Streame a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toyling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, returne
Vnto the preſent: for *Amphion* mourne,
And his loſt iſſue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his ſiſters fate.
While with torne garments he preſents his woes,
The ivory peece on his left ſhoulder ſhowes.
This once was fleſh, and coloured like the right.
Slaine by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite:
His ſcattered parts all found; ſave that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder bone.
They then with ivory ſupply'd th' unfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighbouring princes met: the Cities neare
Intreat their kings the deſolate to cheare.
Renown'd *Mycenæ Sparta* th' *Argive* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate;
Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſſe; *Meſſene*, never tam'd;
Cleonæ; *Patræ*; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne;
And *Trœzen*, not as then *Pittheus* towne;
With all that two-ſea'd, *Iſthmos* Streights include:
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* view'd.

Athens

Athens alone (who would beleev't?) with-held:
Thee, from that civil office, war compel'd.
Th'inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous hoast:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerful in wealth, and people; from the loynes
Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion Progne* joynes
To him in marriage. This, nor *Juno* blest,
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac't that feast.
The snake-hair'd furies held the sputtering light
From funerals snatch, and made the bed that Night,
Th'ill boading Owl upon the roof was set,
Progne and *Tereus* with these omens met:
Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoyce;
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They consecrate to universal mirth.
So lyes the good unseen. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run:
When flartering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my sister see:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me,
Promise my father that with swiftest speed
She shall return. If this attempt succeed,
The sum of all my wishes I obtain.
He bids them lanch his ships into the main:
Then makes th'*Athenian* port with sails and oares,
And lands upon the wisht *Piræan* showres.
Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute,
The King with bad presage begins his sute.
For lo, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick return his promise plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they use to say
The stately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* go
In Sylvan shades; were they apparel'd so.
This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,
As when we fire a heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust
Inrag'd his blood; to which those Climes are prone:
Stung by his countries fury, and his own.

He ſtreight intends her women to intice.
And bribe her Nurſe to proſecute his vice,
Her ſelfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to ſpend:
Or raviſh, and by warre his rape defend.
What dares he not, thruſt on by wilde deſire?
Nor can his breſt containe ſo great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* ſure renewes:
And for himſelfe, that but pretended ſues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would ſay. Thus charged ſhe.
And moving teares (as ſhe had ſent them) ſheds:
You Gods: how dark a blindneſſe over-ſpreds
The ſoules of men! whilſt to his ſin he climes,
They thinke him good; and praiſe him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wiſht the ſame! now ſhe
Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her ſafety preſt:
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-poſſeſt,
Her kiſſes and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire, and fury food.
And wiſht, as oft as ſhe her Sire imbrac't,
Him-ſelf her Sire: nor would have been more chaſt,
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She over-joy'd her father thanks: and thought
Her ſelf, and Siſter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now near an end,
From ſteep *Olympus Phœbus* ſteeds deſcend.
The boards are Princely ſerv'd: *Lyæus* flowes
In burniſht gold. Then take their ſoft repoſe.
And yet th'*Odryſian* King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces ever in his eyes.
Who parts unſeen unto his fancy fains;
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
Day roſe: *Pandion* his departing ſon
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.
Dear Son, ſince Piety this due requires;
With her, receive both your, and their deſires;
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a fathers love:
And ſuddenly ſend back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages only ſtay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy ſiſter's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.

As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all:
And drops of teares at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands,
To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
My love remember, and salute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage
His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.
As soone as shipt; as soone as active oares
Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shores:
She's ours! with me my wish I beare! he cryes.
Exults; and barbarous, scare defers his joyes:
His eyes fast fixt. As when *Joves* eagle beares
A Hare t'her Ayery, trufs't in rapefull feares:
And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way
For hoped flight; but still beholds her prey.
The voyage made; on his owne land he treads:
And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;
And for her sister asking now with teares.
There mues her up; his foule intent makes knowne:
Inforc't her; a weake virgin, and but one.
Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse,
She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.
She trembles like a lambe, snatcht from the phangs
Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a dove, who on her feathers beares
Her bloods fresh staines, and late-felt tallons feares
Restor'd unto her minde, her rufled haire,
As at a wofull funerall she tare;
Her armes with her owne fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said.
O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust?
Treacherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,
Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters love;
My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could move!
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
I, an adultresse to my sisters bed:
Thou, husband to us both; my onely hate;
And to expect a miserable fate.
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost:
Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.

Yet, if the Gods have eyes; if their Powers be
Not meerely names; nor all decay with me;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclame
To men, if free; if not, my voice ſhall breake
Through theſe thick walls, and reach the woods to ſpeake:
Hard rockes reſolve to ruth. Let heaven this heare;
And Heaven-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!
Theſe words the ſalvage Tyrant moves to wrath:
Nor leſſe his feare: alike provok't by both.
Who drawes his ſword: his cruell hands he winds
In her loſe haire: her armes behind her binds.
Her throate glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiving hope of death from his drawne blade,
Whilſt ſhe reviles, invokes her father; ſought
To vent her ſpleene; her tongue in pincers caught,
His ſword divideth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
And as a ſerpents taile, diſſever'd, leaps:
Even ſo her tongue: and dying ſought her ſteps.
After this fact (if we may rumor truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet to his wife, even after this, retires,
Who for her ſiſter haſtily inquires,
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe,
And by inſtructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments rejects,
And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,
To her imagin'd Ghoſt oblations burnes,
Her ſiſters fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mournes.
Now through twelve Signes the ſun had borne his light,
What ſhould ſad *Philomela* doe? her flight
A barbarous guard reſtrain'd, the walls were ſtrong,
Her mouth had loſt the Index of her wrong.
The wit that miſery begets is great,
Great ſorrow adds a quickneſſe to conceit.
A woofe upon a *Thracian* loome ſhe ſpreds,
And inter-weaves the white with crimſon threds,
That character her wrong. The cloſely wrought,
Gave to a ſervant, by her lookes beſought
To beare it to her Miſtreſſe; who preſents
The Queene therewith, not knowing the contents.
The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a wofull verſe her ſtate beholds.

She held her peace: 'twas ſtrange: griefe ſtruck her mute,
No language could with ſuch a paſſion ſute.
Nor had ſhe time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her ſoule on vengeance fixt
It was that time; when, in a wild diſguiſe,
Sithonian matrons uſe to ſolemniſe
Lyæus three-yeares Feaſt. Night ſpreds her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th' impatient Queene a javelin takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forſakes:
Vines ſhade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
Shogs at her ſide: her ſhoulder bare a ſpeare.
Hurried though woods, with her attendant froes,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy farre more ſober fury, *Bacchus* ſtrives
To counterfeit. Now at the lodge arrives:
Howles; *Evohe*, cries: breakes ope the doores, and tooke
Her ſiſters thence: with ivy hides her looke:
In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd:
And to her City the amaz'd convay'd.
That hated roofe when *Philomela* knew,
The poor ſoul ſhooke; her viſage bloodleſſe grew.
Progne with-drawes; the ſacred weeds unlos'd;
Her wofull ſiſters baſhfull face diſclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durſt not raiſe
Her downe-caſt eyes: her ſiſters wrong ſurvayes
In her diſhonour. As ſhe ſtrove t'have ſworne
With up-rais'd lookes; and call the Gods t'have borne
Her pure thoughts witneſſe, how ſhe was compeld
To that loth'd fact; ſhe hands, for ſpeech, upheld.
Sterne *Progne* broiles; her boſome hardly beares
So vaſt a rage: who chides her ſiſters teares.
No teares, ſaid ſhe, our loſt condition needs:
But ſteele; or if thou haſt what ſteele exceeds.
I, for all horrid practiſes, am fit.
To wrap this roofe in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirp: or with a thouſand wounds, divorce
His guilty ſoule. The deede I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in and taught her what to doe.
Behold with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view;
In thee, ſaid ſhe, thy father! then intends
Her tragick Scene: Rage in her looks aſcends.

But when her ſon ſaluted her, and clung
Unto her neck, mixt kiſſes, as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high wrought blood
Began to calm, and rage diſtracted ſtood.
Tears trickl'd from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint,
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pity; her ſad ſiſter views,
And ſaid, while both, her eyes by turns peruſe.
Why flatters he? why tongueleſſe weeps the other?
Why Siſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls Mother?
Degenerate! think whoſe Daughter; to whom wed:
All piety is ſin to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trails: as when by *Ganges* floods
A Tigreſſe drags a Fawne through ſilent woods.
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred roome:
While he, with hands up-heav'd, fore-ſees his doome.
Clings to her boſome; mother! mother: cry'd;
She ſtabs him: nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick limbs, ere all his ſoul could paſſe,
She peece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow braſſe.
Some hiſſe on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with blood:
Progne invites her husband to this food
And faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſires throne,
With his ſons carved entrailes ſtuffes his owne:
And bids her (ſo Soule-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruell joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He looks about: asks where. And while againe
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the ſlaine,
Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
And at her face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more then now, deſir'd a tongue;
T'expreſſe the joy of her revenged wrong.
He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now teares his breſt, and ſtrives from thence in vaine
To pull th' abhorred food: now weepes amaine.
And calls himſelfe his ſonnes unhappy tombe.
Then drawes his ſword; and through the guilty room

Purſues the ſiſters; who appear with wings
To cut the air: and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods; the other near the houſe remains:
And on her breſt yet bears her murders ſtains.
He, ſwift with grief and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tufs of feathers grace
His ſhining crown; his Sword a Bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing news, e're half his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th'infernal Shadows ſent.
Erichtheus his throne and ſcepter held:
Who, both in juſtice, and bold arms excell'd.
To him his Wife, four ſons, all hopeful bare:
As many daughters: two ſurpaſſing fair.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptial ſtayd.
The God belov'd *Orithya* wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to uſe his tongue.
His ſute rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that wind.)
I juſtly ſuffer this indignity:
For why, ſaid he, have I my arms laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats.
'Tis my diſhonour to have us'd intreats:
Force me beſits. With this, thick clouds I drive;
Toſſe the blew billows, knotty Oaks up-rive;
Congeal ſoft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.
When I my bretheren in the air aſſail,
(For that's our field) we meet with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
And clowd-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When throug the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I have woo'd; with theſe my match have made
Erichtheus ſhould have beene compeld, not pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or no leſſe ſtorming, ſhooke
His horrid wings whoſe ayery motion ſtrooke
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean rore.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the flore,
He hid himſelf in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belov'd *Orythia*, with her fear diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his ayrie race the rains ſuppreſt.

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th'eſpous'd *Athonian* Dame
Gave to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings, and Mothers ſhape.
Yet not ſo born. Before their faces bare
The manly enſignes of their yellow hair.
Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But as the down did on their chins appear;
So, foul-like, from their ſides ſoft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the firſt veſſel, with the flowre of *Greece*,
Through uuknown ſeas, they ſought the Golden Fleece.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Seventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEn, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yean
By odors caſt. A ſeir branch Olives bears.
Drops ſprout to flowers. Old Æſon young became.
So Libers *Nurſes. An old Sheep a Lambe.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a ſnake-like ſtone.*
An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks unknown.*
Horns front the Coan *Dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Dove-turn'd Maid. The hard to pleaſe
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie *weeps*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keeps*
Her ſon-ſought life. A King, and Queen eſtrang'd
To flight-ful Foul. Cephiſus *Nephew chang'd*
Into a Seal. Eumelus *daughter flies,*
Through traceleſſe regions. Men from Muſhruns riſe.
Phineus *and* Periphas *light wings aſſume.*
So Polyphemons *Neece. From* Cerberus *ſpume*
Springs Aconite. Juſt Earth a grave denies
To Scyrons *bones; which now in Rocks ariſe.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are born*
Of toyling Ants. The late rejected Morn
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog, that did purſue,*
And Beaſt purſu'd; two Marble Statues grew.

WIth *Pegaſæan* keel the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waves: and *Phineus* ſee, who now
In endleſſe night his needy Age conſumes.
The youthfull ſons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,

Theſe

Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,
Far-off from his polluted table chace.
They, under *Jaſon*, having ſuffered much;
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask:
And from the King receive a dreadful task.
Mean while *Æetias* fries in ſecret fires:
Who ſtrugling long with over ſtrong deſires,
When reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtrain;
She ſaid: *Medea*, thou reſiſts in vain.
Some God, unknown, with-ſtands, What will this prove!
Or is it ſuch as others fancy, love?
Why ſeem the Kings commands ſo too ſevere?
And ſo, in truth they be. Why ſhould I fear
A Strangers ruine, never ſeen before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? Why fear I more and more?
Theſe furies from thy virgin-breſt repel
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriving powres invades:
Affection this, Diſcretion that, perſwades.
I ſee the better, I approve it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhouldſt thou purſue
A husband of another world; that art
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate,
Or live, or die; 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live! I ſuch a ſute might move
To equal Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Jaſon* done? his hopeful youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valour. Set all theſe apart;
His perſon would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or, aſſaults of death
Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hoſtil womb:
Or elſe the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt a heart of ſtone;
Born of a Tygreſſe, and more ſalvage grown.
Yet why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlain?
And ſo my acceſſary eyes profane?
Adde fury to the Bulls? to th'Earth-born ire?
And ſleepleſſe Dragon with more ſpleen inſpire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather help, then pray.
My Fathers kingdom ſhall I then betray?

And ſave this ſtranger, whom I hardly know,
That ſav'd by me, he ſhould without me goe,
Marry another, and leave me behind
To puniſhment? could he prove ſo unkinde,
Or for another my deſerts neglect;
Then ſhould he dye. Such is not his aſpect;
The cleareneſſe of his minde, his every grace;
That I ſhould fraud ſuſpect, or thinke him baſe.
Beſides, before hand he ſhall plight his troth.
And bind the contract by a ſolemne oath.
What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
Obliged *Iaſon* will be ever thine.
Hymen ſhall crown, and mothers celebrate
Their ſonnes Protectreſſe through th' *Achaian* State.
My ſiſter, brother, father, country Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknowne abodes;
Fierce is my father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child, my ſiſters wiſhes ſtand
With my deſires; the greateſt God of all
My breſt inſhrines. What I forſake, is ſmall;
Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace
For *Argo's* ſafety know a better place,
And Cities, which, in theſe far-diſtant parts,
Are famous; with civilitie, and arts:
And *Æſons* ſonne, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
In him moſt happy and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crowne ſhall reach the ſky.
They tell of Rocks that juſtle in the maine:
Charybdis, that ſucks in, and caſts againe
The wrackfull waves how in *Sicilian* ſtraights,
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waites,
My love poſſeſt; in *Iaſons* boſome laid;
Let ſeas ſwell high: I cannot be diſmaid,
While I infold my husband in my armes.
Or ſhould I feare; I ſhould but feare his harmes.
Call'ſt thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varniſh with an honeſt name?
Conſider well what thou intend'ſt to doe:
And, while thou maiſt: ſo foule a crime eſchue.
Thus ſhe. When Honour, Piety, and Right.
Before her ſtood and *Cupid* put to flight.
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar ſtood;
O're-ſhadowed by a darke and ſecret wood.

Her broken ardor ſhe had now reclaim'd :
Which *Iaſons* preſence forth-with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh fire : her face with fervor flaſhes.
And as a dying cinder, rak't in aſhes,
Fed by reviving windes, augmenting, glowes ;
And toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury growes :
So ſickly Love, which late appear'd to dye ;
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whoſe lookes by chance more beauty now diſcover
Then heretofore : you might forgive the lover.
Her eager eyes ſhe rivets on his face ;
And, frantick, thinkes him of no humane race :
Nor could divert her lookes. As he his tongue
Began t'unlooſe, her faire hand ſoftly wrung,
Implor'd her ayde, and promis'd her his bed :
She anſwer made, with teares profuſely ſhed.
I ſee to what events m'intentions move :
Nor ignorance deceives me thus ; but love.
I by my cuning will preſerve your life :
But ſweare, that done, to take me to your wife.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,
The groves which that great Deity imbowre.
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,
His owne ſucceſſe, and ſo great danger, ſweares
Beleev'd : from her th' inchanted hearbs receives ;
With them, their uſe : and his Protectreſſe leaves.
The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtarres defac't :
When all in *Marſe's* field aſſemble ; plac't :
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
The ivory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils braſ-hoov'd bulls now caſt
Fierce *Vulcan*, and the graſſe with vapors blaſt.
And as full forges, blowne by art, reſound,
As lime of flints, infurneſt under ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceive : ſo they
Pent flames, involv'd in noyſefull breſts, diſplay ;
So rore their ſcorched throates. Yet *Æſons* Haire
Came bravely on : on whom they turne, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects ; his ruine threat
With ſteele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooves beat
The thundring ground ; whence clouds of duſt ariſe ;
And with their ſmoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minyæ* feare congeales, but he remaines
Vntoucht : ſuch vertue Sorcery containes.

Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes.
Inforc't to draw the plough with unknowne yokes.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his thoughts on fire.
Then, in his caske, the Vipers teeth aſſumes:
Thoſe in the turn'd-up furrowes he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the poys'nous ſeeds, which ſpring;
And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd,
Aſſumes the form of man; within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breath in ayre, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange; with them, their armes aſcend
Who at th' *Æmonian* Youth their launces bend.
When this th' *Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Even ſhe, who had ſecur'd him was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checks her blood; death lookes leſſe pale.
And leſt the hearbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to faile,
Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:
And calls th' aſſiſtance of her ſecret Arts.
He hurles a maſſie ſtone among her foes,
Who on themſelves convert their deadly blowes.
The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds deſtroy,
And civill war The *Grecians* skip for joy,
And throng t'imbrace the Victor. *Her* the ſame
Affection ſpurd, but was with-held by ſhame.
Yet that too weake if none had lookt upon her:
Not virtue checkt her, but the wrack of honour.
Now, in conceit, ſhe hugs him in her armes:
And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charmes.
To make the Dragon ſleepe that never ſlept,
Remaines; whoſe care the golden purchaſe kept.
Bright creſted, triple tongu'd; his cruell jawes
Arm'd with ſharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice; which ſleepe produce,
Calme the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand;
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleepes unknowne command.
The Heroe of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the ſpoyle, with her whoſe favour bleſt

His

His enterprize, another Spoyle now bore
To ſea, and lands on ſafe *Ioleian* ſhore.
Æmonian parents, for their ſonnes returne,
Bring gratefull gifts, congeſted incenſe burne;
And chearefully with horne-gilt offrings pay
Religious vowes. But *Æſon* was away;
Oppreſt with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
When thus *Æſonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chief,
From thy deſerts, which far ſurpaſſe belief;
If magick can (what canno magick doe;)
Take yeares from me; and his with mine renue.
Then wept. His pietie her paſſion ſtirs:
Who ſighs to thinke how ſhe had uſed hers:
Yet this concealing, anſwers: What a crime
Ha h ſlipt thy tongue? thinkſt thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, anothers life inveſt?
Hecat' fore-fend! nor is't a juſt requeſt.
Yet *Iaſon*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy father, by our art renew'd ſhall live,
With-out thy loſſe; if ſo the triple Powre
Aſſiſt me with her preſence in that howre.
Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could joyne
Her growing hornes. When with repleniſht ſhine
She view'd the earth, the Court ſhe leaves; her haire
Vntreſt, her garments looſe, her ankles bare.
And wanders through the dead of drowſie Night
With unſeene ſteps. Men, beaſts, and birds of flight,
Deepe Reſt had bound in humid gives; ſhe crept
So ſilently, as if her ſelfe had ſlept.
No Aſpen wags, moyſt ayre no ſound receives;
Starres only twinkle: who to thoſe up-heaves
Her armes: thrice turnes about, thrice wets her crowne
With gathered dew, thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe:
O *Night* thou friend to Secrets, you cleare fires,
That with the Moone, ſucceed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'ſt, and aid imparts
To our deſignes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds
Thy powerfull ſimples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields,
Soft murmuring ſprings, ſtill lakes, and rivers cleare:
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appeare:
By you, at will, I make ſwift ſtreames retire
To their firſt fountaines, whilſt their bankes admire,

Seas tosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme:
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.
With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers jaw,
Cleave solid rocks, oakes from their seasures draw,
Whole woods remove, the ayrie mountaines shake;
Earth force to grone, and ghosts from graves awake.
And thee, *Tirania*, from thy sphear I hale:
Though brasse resounding, thy extreames availe.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,
That blushing Goddesse which the night succeeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their stubborne necks, unto the servile plow;
The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtred lyes;
Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes;
At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of Greece.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue,
Which you shall give. Nor blaze these starres in vaine:
Nor Dragons vainely through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests.
Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;
And shakes the raines. Rapt up, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her snakes apt lies
To parts remote. The hearbs that *Ossa* beare
Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; ever cleare
Olympus, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee smooth *Babes* with sharpe rushes crown'd;
And ravisht from *Eubœan Anthedon*,
That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknowne.
By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
About she romes; and every field survayes.
Return'd her Snakes, that did but only smell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
Her feet to enter her owne roofe refuse
Roofe by the sky: she touch of man eschues.
Two Altars builds of living turfe: the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, to pits
She forthwith digs: and sacrificing slits

The throats of black-fleec't Rams. With reaking blood
The ditches fils; and powers thereon a flood
Of honey, and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,
His ravisht Queen invokes, and powres beneath,
Not to prevent her by old *Æsons* death.
They with long murmurings and prayers appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleep-producing charm his spirits deads:
Who on the grasse his senseleesse body spreads.
Charg'd *Jason* and the rest, far-off with-drew:
Un-hallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th'infected wood:
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
Mean while in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles,
And swelling high, in somy bubbles toyles.
There seeths she what th'*Æmonian* vales produce;
Roots, juyces, flowres, and seeds of soveraigne use.
Addes stones from Oriental rocks bereft:
And others by the ebbing Ocean left.
The dew collected ere the Dawning springs:
A Screech-Owls flesh with her ill-boading wings.
The entrails of ambiguous Wolves; that can
Take, and forsake the figure of a Man.
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The scaly skins of small *Cinyphean* snakes.
A Crows old head, and pointed beak, was cast
Among the rest; which had nine ages past,
These, and a thousand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,
For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receaves
First virdure; and a little after, leaves;
Forth-with, with over-burd'ning Olives deckt.
The skipping froth with under flames eject,
Upon the ground descended in a dew:
Whence vernal flowres, and springing pasture grew.
This seen, she cuts the old mans throat; out-scrus'd
His scarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)

His

His mouth or wound ſuckt in. His beard and head
Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphue, meager looks remove:
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmooth.
His limbs wax ſtrong and luſty. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelf remembers ſuch
Twice twenty Summers paſt. With all, indu'd
A youthful minde: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gift his Nurſes dates renews.
Leſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe, with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His daughters (for ſad Age the King arreſts)
Her entertain. Who ſoon with fly proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick belief.
Her many merits mentions, but in chief
Of *Æſons* cure; inſiſting on that part.
This hope engenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their Father's vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeems to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none living knew.
Now, at his riveled throat, out-lancing life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtain her Knife)
His carkaſſe ſhe into a Caldron throws:
With it, her Drugs. Each limb more ſlender grows:
He caſts his horns, and with his horns, his years:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their ears.
While they admire, out skips a friſking Lamb;
That ſports, and ſeeks the Udder of his Dam.
Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok't his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtarrs: when falſe *Medea* tooke,
With uſeleſſe hearbs, meere water of the brooke.
On *Pelias*, and his drowſie Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleepe with her inchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the ſo-inſtructed Siſters led
Into his chamber; and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, O ſlow to good?
Unſheath your ſwords, and ſhed his aged blood;
That I his veins with ſprightly juice may fill:
His life and youth depend upon your will.
If you have any vertue, not purſue
Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.
With Steel yonr fathers age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her ſpeeches urge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became:
And, by avoiding, perpetrate the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with averted looks, blind wounds beſtow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc't:
Half-mangled ſtrove to riſe. Who now intranc't
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his arms up-held;
And, Daughters cry'd, what do you! what compel'd
Thoſe cruel hands t'invade your fathers life!
Down ſunk their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
His following ſpeech' and throat aſunder cut:
And his hackt limbs in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies,
O're ſhady *Pelion* God-like *Chirons* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hils renown'd by men
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who by aid
Of favouring Nymphs, relief-ful wings diſplai'd;
While ſwallowing waves the weighty earth confound:
And ſwoln *Deucalions* ſurges ſcap't undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves
That Marble which the Serpents ſhape receaves;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloak his ſons fly theft) into a Deer;
The ſand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:
Eurypilus town, where horns the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes, *Ialyſian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Joves* vengeance in his brothers ſeas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
By *Cæa's* old *Carthæian* turrets flyes.
Where fates *Acidamus* with wonder move,
To think his daughter could become a Dove.

Then *Hyries* lake *Cycneian Tempe* view'd.
Grac't by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boyes command,
Wild birds, and ſalvage Lyons, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
Yet at ſo ſterne a love not ſeldome ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchaſe to the Boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wiſh yo' had giv'n him me, he cry'd;
And jumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him ſlaine;
When ſpredding wings a ſilver Swan ſuſtaine.
His mother (ignorant thereof) bec me
A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
With trembling wings, her life purſuing ſonnes:
Then neere *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd,
Cyllene on the right hand (where that beaſt
Menephron would his mother have compreſt)
Cephiſus ſpies (who for his nephew mourn'd;
Into a Sea-calfe by *Apollo* turn'd.)
Eumelus Court, whoſe daughter ſads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,
To *Piren Ephyr*: men, if Fame ſay true,
Here at the firſt from ſhower-rays'd muſhrums grew,
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
When impious ſteele her childrens blood had ſhed
The ill-reveng'd from *Iaſons* fury fled.
Whom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Thoſe thee, juſt *Phineus*, ſaw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings ſupply.
Ægæus entertaines her (of his life
The orely ſtaine) and tooke her for his wife.
And now arriv es unknowne *Ægæus* ſeede:
Who great in name had two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* freed.
Whoſe undeſerved ruin *Phaſtas* ſought
By mortall Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire eſſence drawes.
There is a blind ſteepe cave with foggy jawes,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Heroe ſtraind,
Drag'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and ſcouling, lookt askew
On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:

Thrice:

Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
And on the graſſe his ſomy poyſon ſheds.
This ſprung; attracting from the fruitfull ſoyle
Dire nourillhment, and power of deathfull ſpoyle.
The rurall Swaines, becauſe it takes delight
In barren rocks, ſurnam'd it Aconite.
Ægæus, by her ſly perſwaſions wonne;
As to a foe, preſents it to his ſonne.
He tooke the cup; when by his ivory hilt,
He both his ſonne diſcovered, and her guilt;
And ſtruck the potion from his lips. With charmes
Ingendring clouds, ſhe ſcapes his lengthleſſe armes.
Though glad of his ſonnes ſafety, a chill feare
Shooke all his powers, that danger was ſo neere.
With fire he feed's the Altars, richly feaſts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beaſts
(Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbrew the ground.
No day, they ſay, was ever ſo renoun'd
Amongſt th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Feſtivall.
Thus ſinging, when full bowles their ſpirits raiſe:
Great *Theſeus*, *Marathon* reſounds thy praiſe
For ſlaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live, who *Cremyons* waſted fields manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Salvage *Procrustes* death *Cephiſia* view'd:
Elæſis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indu'd
With ſtrength ſo much abuſ'd; who beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies twixt their branches rent,
Thou ſlew'ſt. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
Is now ſecure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his ſcatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which toſſed to and fro, in time became
A ſolid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy yeares ſhould number with thy acts:
Thy yeares would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great ſoule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the peoples praiſes rings,
And ſacred Ioy in every boſome ſprings.
Ægæus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Griefe twines with joy.) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit

Reapes:

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war:
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harms
In ſlaine *Androgeus*, ſcourgeth with juſt armes.
Yet wiſely firſt endeavours forraine aid:
And all the Ilands of that Sea ſurvaid.
Who *Anaphe* and *Aſtipalea* gaind;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtraind:
Low *Myconе*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metalls yeelds,
Champian *Seriphos*, *Paros* far diſplayd
With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betrayd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didymæ*, the ſea-loved ſoyle,
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſailes apply'd
Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd.
But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth,
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royall race,
Make haſt to meete him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cauſe
Of his repaire. When after ſome ſhort pauſe,
With ſighs, which his imboſom'd griefe diſplaid;
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid.
Aſſiſt our armes, borne for my murdred ſon;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd:
In vaine you aske what needs muſt be deny'd.
No City is in ſtricter league then ours
Conjoynd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powers.
He, parting, ſaid: Your league ſhall coſt you deare.
And held it better far to threat, then beare
An accidentall warre; whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* under ſaile
From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ſhip attain'd their friendly ſhore:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embaſſage, bore.

Th' *Æacides*

Th' *Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Vnſeene) imbrace, and to the Court convay.
The goodly Prince, who yet th' impreſſion held
Of thoſe perfections, which in youth excel'd,
Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him ſtand
Clytus and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loyns of high-born *Pallas* ſprung.
Firſt *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which ſhew'd his meſſage, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, and ancient loves to minde recals;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their fals:
With eloquence inforc't his embaſſie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply
(His royal ſcepter ſhining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not ſuccour, but command:
This Ilands forces yours vouchſafe to call;
For in your aid I will adventure all.
Souldiers I have enough, at once t'oppoſe
My enemies, and to repel your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Bear no excuſes. May your City ſtill
Increaſe with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet ſo many youths of equal years,
So freſh and luſty. Yet not one appears
Of thoſe who heretofore your town poſſeſt;
When firſt you entertain'd me for a Gueſt.
Then, *Æacus*, (in ſighs his words aſcend)
A ſad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
Their bones, and aſhes, ſilent graves incloſe.
And what a treaſure periſhed with thoſe!
By *Juno's* wrath, a dreadful peſtilence
Devour'd our lives: who took unjuſt offence,
In that this Ile her Rivals name profeſt.
While it ſeem'd humane, and the cauſe ungeſt;
So long we death-repelling Phyſick try'd:
But thoſe diſeaſes vanquiſht art deride.
Heaven firſt, the earth with thickned vapours ſhrouds;
And lazie heat involves in ſullen clouds.
Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
And had as oft with-drawn their feeble light:

Yet

Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew,
Sunk Springs, and ſtanding Lakes infected grew:
Serpents in untild fields by millions creep;
And in the ſtreams their tainting poyſons ſteep.
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and ſalvage beaſts firſt die:
Nor birds can from the ſwift infection flye.
Sad Swains, amazed, ſee their Oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows ſink.
The fleecy flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat;
Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horſe, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Unmindful of the glory of his prize;
Grones at his manger, and there deedleſſe dyes.
The Bore forgets his rage: ſwift feet now fail
The Hart: nor Bears the horned *Heard* aſſail.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fill'd with carkaſſes, that ſtench the air.
Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowle (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
Falling conſume: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now raves among the wretched countrey Swains:
Now in our large and populous City raigns.
At firſt, their bowels broyl, with fervor ſtretcht:
The ſymptomes, redneſſe, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their fur'd tongues ſwell; ther dry jaws gaſp for breath;
And with the air inhale a ſwifter death.
Nore could indure or coverture, or bed:
But on the ſtones their panting bodies ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath thoſe burning burdens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſtern diſeaſe invades
The heartleſſe Leech; nor art her author aids.
The neer ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attends,
Sicken themſelves, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But only in approaching funeral:
All their deſires obey: for help none care:
Help was there none. In ſhameleſſe throngs repair
To Springs and Wells: there cleave in bitter ſtrife
T'extinguiſh thirſt; but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th'o're-charg'd ariſe; but dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters, others drink.

The

The wretches loath their tedious beds; thence breake
With giddy ſteps. Or, if now growne too weake,
Roule on the floore: their quitted houſes hate,
As guilty of their miſerable fate;
And, ignorant of the cauſe, the place accuſe:
Halfe-Ghoſts, they walke, while they their legs could uſe.
You might ſee others on the earth ly mourning;
Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning:
Stretching their armes to heaven, where ever death
Surpriſ'd them, parting with their ſigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wiſht with them a grave.
Which way ſoever I convert my eye,
The breathleſſe multitude diſperſed lye.
Like periſht apples, dropping with the ſtrokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad oakes.
See you yon' Temple, mounted on high ſtaires?
'Tis *Iupiters*. Who hath not offerd prayers,
And ſlighted incenſe there! husbands for wives;
Fathers for ſons: and while they pray, their lives
Before th' inexorable Altars vent;
With incenſe in their hands, halfe yet unſpent!
How oft the oxe, unto the temple brought,
While yet the Prieſt the angry Powers beſought,
And powr'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
To *Iupiter* about to ſacrifice,
For me, my country, ſons; with horrid noyſe
Th'unwounded Offring fell; and now the wound
Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards loſt their ſignes of heavens preſage,
Out-razed by the ſterne Diſeaſes rage.
The dead before the ſacred doores were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t'upbraid.
Some choke themſelves with cords: by death eſchue
The feare of death; and inſtant Fates purſue:
Dead coarſes without *Dues* of funerall
They weakly beare: the Ports are now too ſmall.
Or un-interrd they lye: or elſe are throwne
On wealthleſſe pyles. Reſpect theſe give to none.
For Pyles they ſtrive: on thoſe their kinsfolke burne,
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
Ghoſts wander undeplor'd by ſonns or ſires:
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.

Aſtoniſh

Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:
O *Iove*, said I, if they be more then dreames
That laid thee by *Ægyna*; nor thy ire
Incensed be, that I should call thee sire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave!
With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gave,
I take it, said I; let this Omen be,
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oake, by fortune, stood,
Sacred to *Iove*; of *Dodoneian* wood:
Graine-gathering Ants there, in long siles I saw,
Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine,
While I admire their number: O divine,
And ever helpfull! give to me, said I,
As many men; who may the dead supply.
The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth, and oake I kisses spend.
I durst not seeme to hope, yet hope I did:
And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies cheard:
Before my eyes the selfe-same Oake appeard;
So many branches, as before, there were;
So many busie Ants those branches beare;
So shooke the Oake, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the graine supporting crue.
Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight:
To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour lankneſse leave:
And instantly a humane shape receive.
Now sleepe with-drew. My dreame I waking blame:
And on the small performing Gods exclaime:
Yet heard a mighty noyse; and seem'd t'have heard
Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feard
That this a dreame was also. Where upon,
The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*:
Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
My dreame presented: such in every state
I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Iove prais'd. a party to the towne I bring;

Leave

Leave to the reſt the empty fields: and call
Them *Mermydons* of their originall.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly. A people given to ſpare,
Patient of labour; what they get, preſerve,
They, like in years and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your avail
Convert it ſelf into a Southern gale,
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with feaſts
They crown the Evening: Sleep the Night poſſeſt.
The Morning Sun projects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure ſtayes.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* ſons, to Court
With early viſits: (ſleep the King inchains)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Phocus mean while into an inward room,
Of fair receipt, th'*Athenians* led: with whom
They ſeated firſt, he ſits: His fancy fed
Upon the Javelin with the golden head
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant; ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid:
I haunt the deſart woods; delight in blood
Of ſalvage Beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your Dart conſiſts: For if of Aſh it were
'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
More knotty: on what tree ſo e're it grew,
Mine eyes ſo fair a Dart did never view.
One of th'*Acteon* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelf returns with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know,
From whence it came; and who did it beſtow.
He yeelds to his requeſt, yet things well known,
Reſtraind by modeſty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddeſs-born, provokes theſe tears:
And ever would, if endleſſe were my years.

This

This me, in my unhappy Wife destroy'd:
This gift I would I never had injoy'd!
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet she (should you their mindes, and forms confer)
More worth the rape. *Erichtheus*, me to her,
And love, unite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet have been. But O, the Gods envy!
Two months were now consum'd in chast delight:
When gray *Aurora*, having vanquisht night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,
Of steep *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink: my *Procris* all possest:
My heart was hers; my tongue her praise profest,
I told her of her holy nuptial ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted joyes.
Fire-red she said, thy harsh complaints forbear:
Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so fair, so dear:
Thou'lt wish th'hadst never known her, if I know
Insuing fate: and angry lets me go.
Her words I pondred as I went along:
Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.
I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend
To this suspition; and my form translates.
Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my own. The house from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
View'd with astonishment I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbear
Due kisses; scarce not what I was appear.
She still was sad: yet lovelier none then she,
Even in that sadnesse: sorrowful for me.
How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What

What need I tell how often I aſſaild
Her vexed chaſtity! how often faild!
How often ſaid ſhe! One I only ſerve:
For him, where ever, I my bed preſerve.
What mad man would ſuch faith have farther preſt.
But I? induſtrious to my own unreſt.
With fervent vowes, and gifts ſtill multiply'd,
At length ſhe wavers. Falſe of faith I cry'd,
Thou art diſclos'd: I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd ſpouſe: nor can this triall erre.
She made no anſwer, preſt with ſilent ſhame.
Th'unhappy houſe, and me, far more in blame,
Forſaking; mankind for my ſake eſchewes:
And *Dian*-like the mountain chaſe purſues.
Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incenſe.
I pardon beg'd, confeſſing my offence:
And ſaid, *Aurora* might have me ſubdu'd
With ſuch enticements, had but ſhe ſo woo'd.
My fault confeſt; her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Beſides her ſelfe, as though that gift were ſmall,
A Dog ſhe gave: which *Cynthia* giving; All,
Said ſhe, ſurpaſſe in ſwiftneſſe: and this Spear
You ſo commend, which in my hand I bear.
Doe you the fortune of the firſt inquire?
Receive a wonder: and the fact admire.
Darke propheſies, not underſtood of old,
The *Naiades* with ſearching wits unfold.
When ſacred *Themis*, in that ſo obſcure,
Neglected grew. Nor could ſhe this indure.
A cruel Beaſt infeſts th' *Aonian* plaines;
To many fatal: feard by country Swaines,
Both for their cattle, and themſelves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beſet.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines:
And mounting over, fruſtrates our deſignes.
The dogs uncouple, from them all he ſprings,
With no leſſe ſpeed, then if ſupply'd by wings,
All bid me let my *Lælaps* ſlip (for ſo
My dog was call'd) who ſtruggling long agoe.
Halfe-throtled, ſtraind the leaſh. No ſooner gone,
Then out of ſight, his foot-ſteps left upon
The burning ſand: who vaniſht from our eyes
As ſwiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flyes;

What

Or

Or as a ſinging pellet from a ſling.
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* ſtring.
I mount a hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beaſt now pincht appeares, now ſhuns by flight
His catching jawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor truſts his heels: with nimble turnings ſhunning
His urgent foe, caſt back by over running.
Who preſt what only might in ſpeed compare.
Appears to catch th' uncaught, and mouthes the aire.
My dart I take to aid: which while I ſhook,
And on the thong direct my haſty looke,
To fit my fingers: looking up again,
I ſaw two marble ſtatues on the plaine.
Had you theſe ſeene, you could not chooſe but ſay,
That this appeared to run, and that to bay.
That neither ſhould each other over-go
The Gods decreed: if Gods deſcend ſo low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray unfold
Your Darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy grief fore-runs: that joy we firſt recite.
For O, thoſe times I mention with delight,
When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She in her Husband bleſt, I in my Wife.
In both one care, and one affection moves.
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Ioves*,
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my deſire:
Our boſomes flam'd with ſuch an equall fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beames above the floods,
My cuſtome was to trace the leavy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I ſolitary went.
Without horſe, huntſmen, toyles, or dogs, of ſent,
Much kild, I to the cooler ſhades repaire:
And where the valley breaths a freſher aire.
Cool air I ſeek, while all with fervour gloes:
Cool air expect, the cauſe of my repoſe.
Come air, I uſe to ſing, relieve th'oppreſt,
Come, O moſt welcome, glide into my breſt:
Now quench, as erſt, in me this ſcalding heat.
By chance I other blandiſhments repeat,
(So Fates inforce) as, O my ſoules delight!
By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy ſweets excite
My affections to theſe woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and ſo preſerve from death!

A buſie

A buſie ear theſe doubtful ſpeeches caught:
Who oft-nam'd air ſome much-lov'd *Dryad* thought:
And told to *Procris* with a leuder tongue,
His falſe ſurmiſes; with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With grief ſhe faints;
And ſcarce reviling, burſts into complaints:
My ſpotleſſe faith with fury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cryes, produc't to cruel fates!
Tranſported with imaginary blame,
What is not, fears: an unſubſtantial name.
Yet grieves (poor ſoul!) as if in truth abus'd:
Yet often doubts; and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will truſt other witneſſe then her eye,
Aurora re-inthron'd th'inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeed. As on the graſſe I lay,
Come Air, ſaid I, my tyred ſpirits chear.
At this an unknown ſigh invades my ear.
Yet I; O come, before all joyes preferr'd.
I then among the leaves a ruſtling heard,
And threw my dart; ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt:
But O, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the breſt,
She ſhreekt, ay me! Her voice too well I knew
And thither, with my grief diſtracted flew.
Half dead, all blood imbru'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my own more dear:
To bind her wounds my lighter garment tear;
And ſtrive to ſtench the blood. O pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoul forſake!
She, weak, and now a dying, thus replies
(Her laſt of ſpeech) by all our nuptial ties;
By heav'en-imbowred Gods, by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernal monarchy I go:
By that, if ever I deſerved well;
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retain;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaſter bed prophane,
This ſaid; I ſhow'd, and ſhe perceived how
That error grew: but what avail'd it now?
She ſinkes; her blood along her ſpirits tooke:
Who lookes on me as long as ſhe could looke.
My lips her foule receive, with her laſt breath;
Who, now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

The weeping Heroe told this Tragedy
To thoſe that wept as faſt. The King drew nye,
And his two ſons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* preſents.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

HArmonious walls. Lewd Scylla *now deſpairs;*
With Niſus, *chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares.*
Ariadnes *Crown a Conſtellation made.*
Th'inventive youth a Partridge; ſtill afraid
Of mounting. Meleagers *Siſters mourn*
His Tragedie: to Fowle, ſo named, turn.
Five water Nymphs the five Echinades
Demonſtrate. Perimele, *neer to theſe,*
Becomes an Iland. Jove *and* Hermes *take*
The formes of men. A City turn'd t'a Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to ſacred Trees. In various ſhapes
Blew Proteus *ſports. Oft ſelf-chang'd* Metra *ſcapes*
Scorn'd ſervitude. The Stream of Calydon
Forſakes his own, and other ſhapes puts on.

NOw *Luciſer* exalts the Day: to *Hell*
Old *Night* deſcends. The Eaſtern winds now fell;
Moyſt clouds aroſe: when gentle Southern gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full ſailes
Wing his ſucceſſeful courſe: who long before
All expectation, toucht the wiſhed ſhore.

Meta-

Meane-while juſt *Minos* waſtes *Lelegia's* coaſt,
And girts *Alcathoes* Citie with his Hoaſt.
This *Niſus* held; whoſe head a purple haire,
'Mong thoſe of honourable ſilver, bare:
His Kingdomes ſtrength. Six aged Moones grew young:
Yet warres ſucceſſe in equall ballance hung:
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
With doubtfull wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royall Tower, with ſounding walls, there ſtands;
Erected by *Apollo's* ſacred hands:
Whereon, they ſay, he lai'd his golden Lyre;
Whoſe ſtrings the ſtones with harmony inſpire.
This, *Niſus* daughter oft aſcends alone;
And drops ſmall pebbles on the warbling ſtone;
In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of ſterne *Mars* beheld.
By this delay, the Princes names ſhe knowes;
Their armes, horſe, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes;
Europa's Sonne, the Generall, yet knew,
More then the reſt, more then 'twas fit to doe.
For when he wore his fairely plumed caſk;
She thought him lovely in that warlike maſk:
Or when his braſſe-refulgent ſhield he rais'd;
His gracefull geſture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practiſ'd arme let flie a dart;
But ſtraight ſh'extolls his ſtrength, informd by art.
If he an arrow drew; ſh' would ſweare that ſo
Apollo ſtood, when he diſchargd his bow.
But when, his helmet off, he ſhewd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high bounding Courſer ſits:
O then ſhe ſcarce was miſtris of her wits!
Happy ſhe calls the launce his hand ſuſtaines:
Happy ſhe calls his hand-ſuſtained raines.
And had ſhe power, ſhe would have madly paſt
Through all the hoſtile ranks; her ſelfe have caſt
Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or ope the braſſe rib'd gates to *Minos* power:
Or what he elſe could wiſh. She then ſurvay'd
The *Gnoſsian* Kings white Tent; and ſoftly ſaid:
Whether I ſhould for this ſo ſad a warre
Or joy or grieve; within my ſelfe I jarre.
Alas, that he I love ſhould be my foe!
I had not knowne him, had it not beene ſo.

Yet me in hoſtage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his ſpouſe; and bloody broyles ſurceaſe.
No marvell though a God her beauty took:
If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a looke.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay; and fly to *Minos* tent.
My ſelfe I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name.
But to betray theſe towers: dye, dye, deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath avail'd, t'have beene o're-come.
Iuſt warre he wageth for his Sonnes ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong; ſtrong armes his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate;
Why ſhould his power inthrone him in this State,
And not my love? better, without delay,
His ſouldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
For il-preſaging feares my reſt confound,
Leſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound:
For no heart is ſo hard, that did but know,
And would a launce againſt his boſome throw.
Then thus: with me, my country I intend
To render up; and give theſe warres an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My father keepes the keyes, and ſees them bard.
'Tis he deferres my joyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tuſh, we are our owne Gods. They thrive, that dare,
And Fortune is a foe to ſlothfull pray'r.
Long ſince, another, ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
By death had forc't a way to her deſire.
And why ſhould any more adventurous prove?
I dare through ſword, and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no uſe of fire, nor ſword;
But of my fathers haire. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt:
Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid; Night, nurſe of cares, her curtaines drew:
When in the darke ſhe more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleepe all infolds; ſhe ſilently repaires
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatall haire.

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on her wicked prey; with her ſhe bore
The guilty ſpoyle; unlocks a Poſterne doore:
Then paſt the foe (bold by her merit made)
Vnto the King not un-aſtoniſht, ſaid.
Inforc't by Love I *Scylla*, *Niſus* Seed,
Yeeld up my Country, and my Gods: no meed,
But thee, I crave. This purple haire receive,
My loves rich pledge: nor thinke a haire I give,
But my old fathers head. And therewith ſhe
Preſents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her proffer: and much terrifi'd
With horror of ſo foule a deed, reply'd:
The Gods exile thee (O thou moſt abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land, nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Joves Creet*, the world wherein I raigne,
Shall ſuch a monſter never entertaine.
This ſaid: the moſt juſt victor doth impoſe
Lawes, no leſſe juſt, upon his vanquiſht foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith oares conveigh
Aboard the braſſe-beakt ſhips, and anchors weigh.
When *Scylla* ſaw the *Gnoſſian* navy ſwim,
And that her treaſon was abhorr'd by him,
To violent anger ſhe converts her prayers,
And Furie-like, with ſtretcht armes, and ſpred haires;
Cry'd; Whither fly'ſt thou? leaving me, whoſe love
With conqueſt crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
My country: Father! 'twas not thou didſt win;
But I that gave: my merit, and my ſinne.
Not this; not ſuch affection, could perſwade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
For whither ſhould I goe, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throwne,
Wer't not; my treaſon doomes me to exile.
Or to my father; given unto thy ſpoyle?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours feare th' example in their State.
I, out of all the world my ſelfe have throne,
To purchaſe an acceſſe to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd and left to ſuch deſpaire;
Europa never one ſo thankeleſſe bare:
But ſwallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaft with wind,
Or ſome fell Tygres, of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not thy father; nor with forged ſhape
Of Bull beguiled, thy mother ſuffer'd rape,

That ſtory of thy glorious race is fain'd:
For ſhe a wild, and loveleſſe Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge behold!
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold!
Death, I confeſſe, I merit. Yet would I
Might, by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſuddue
By my offending, my offence purſue?
My Country, and my father felt this ſinne:
Which unto thee hath meritorious beene.
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bulls hot luſt, within a Cow of wood:
Whoſe ſhameleſſe womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah! doe my ſorrowes to thy eares repaire?
Or are my fruitleſſe words borne by that wind
That beares thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind?
No marvel though *Paſiphae* prefer'd
A Bull, thou far more ſalvage then the Heard.
Woe's me! make haſte I muſt: the waves with oares
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vaine! I'le follow thee ungratefull King:
And while I to thy crooked veſſell cling,
Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
Attempts the waves, by *Cupids* ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves t'his ſhip. Her father, now high-flowne
Strikes airy rings (a red-maild Hobby growne)
And ſtoopes to cuffe her with his golden ſeares.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her feares.
While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t'her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all:
This, of that raviſht haire, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vowes to conqueſt-giving *love* he payd:
And all his palace with the ſpoyle arrayd.
And now his families reproach increaſt.
That uncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beaſt,
The mothers foule adultery deſcry'd.
Minos reſolves his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of roomes, perplext, and blind.
The worke t'excelling *Dædalus* aſſign'd.
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and error leads a maze
Through ſubtill ambages of ſundry wayes.

As

As *Phrygian Mæander* ſports about
The flowry vales; now winding in, now out;
Himſelf incounters, ſees what follows, guides
His ſtreams unto their ſprings; and, doubling, ſlides
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-wayes, which beguil'd
The troubled ſenſe; that he who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: ſo intricate the frame.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
This double form, of man and beaſt compos'd;
The Monſter with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
His own, the third Lot, in the ninth year, ſhed.
Then by a Clew reguided to the door
(A Virgins couuſel) never found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident, and ſleep-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be;
Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
It up to *Heaven*: through thinner air it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace
Convert to fires; faſt fixed in one place;
Th'old form retaining. They their ſtation take,
'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impris'ned *Dædalus*, mean-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries love, and place of birth;
Thus ſaid: Though *Minos* bar both ſea, and earth;
Yet heaven is free. That courſe attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
This ſaid; to arts unknown he bends his wits,
And alters nature. Quils in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt: the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.
Their rural Pipes, the Shepherds, long ago
(Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived ſo.
With threds the midſt, with wax he joynes the ends:
And theſe, as natural wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he play'd; and ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wand'ring ayre:
Now chafes the yellow wax with buſie care,

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect: with new wings he fand
The air that bare him. Then inſtructs his ſon:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly fly:
The Sun will burn them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
Nor *Helice*, nor ſtern *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe;
And unknown feathers to his ſhoulders tyes.
Amid his work and words the ſalt tears brake
From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt him, never to be kiſſed more:
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies, before;
His fear behind: as birds through boundleſſe ſky
From ayrie neſts produce their young to fly;
Exhorts to follow; taught his baneful skill;
Waves his own wings, his ſons obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a Cane;
Or Shepherd leaning on his ſtaff; or Swain;
With wonder views: he thinks them Gods that glide
Through ayrie regions. Now on his left ſide
Leaves *Juno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſook:
And raviſht with deſire of heaven, aloft
Aſcends. The odor-yeelding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Suns vicinity then grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd, he ſhakes his arms, which now were bare,
And wanted wherewithal to gather ayre.
Then falling, Help O father, cryes: the blew
Seas ſtops his breath; from whom their name they drew.
His father, now no father, left alone,
Cry'd *Icarus*! where art thou? which way flown?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Main.
He curſt his arts; inters the corps, that gave
The land a name, which gave his ſon a grave.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvay'd;
As in a tomb his wretched ſon he layd;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T'expreſſe his joy: as then an only bird.

So

So made of late (unknowne in former time)
O *Dædalus* by thy eternall crime.
To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;
Who little of his destinie fore-thought:
The Boy then twelve yeares aged; of a minde
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclind,
He Sawes invented, by the bones that grow
In fishes backs; the steele indenting so.
And two shankt Compasses with rivet bound;
Th'one to stand still, the other turning round
In equall distance. *Dædalus* this stung:
Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung
The envi'd head-long; and his falling faines.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, sustaines:
Who straight the figure of a foule assumes;
Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late swift wit, now came
Into his feete, and wings: he keepes his name.
They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth.
And lay their eggs in tufts. In minde they beare
Their ancient fall, and lofty places feare.
Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whose defence hospitious *Coc'lus* fights.
Now *Athens* by *Ægæus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Iove*,
Invoke; with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honour, with the large expence
Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spred
His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities entreat,
And *Calydon* (though *Meleagers* seat)
His aid implores. A Bore by *Dian* sent,
As her revenge, and, horrid instrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne addrest,
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powers divine
Reape from the rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Vnpunisht beare: nor unreveng'd, said She,

Though un-adored, ſhall they vaunt we be.
With that ſhe ſent into *Oeneian* fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graſt *Epirus* yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed.
But thoſe are leſſe which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire: his ſtiffe neck beares
Horrible briſtles, like a grove of ſpeares.
A boyling ſome upon his ſhoulders flowes
From grinding jawes: his tuſhes equall thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth caſts
Swift lightning; and his breath the paſtures blaſts.
Now tramples downe the corne, when in the blade;
The husbandmans ripe vowes now fruſtrate made,
And reaps the waighty eares. Their uſuall graine
The Barnes, and threſhing floores expect in vaine.
Broad-ſpreading vines he with their burden, ſhears:
And boughs from ever-leavy olives teares.
Then falls on beaſts: the Heardſmen, now unfeard;
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Heard.
The people fly; ſecurity ſcarce finde
In walled townes: till *Meleager* joyn'd
With youths of choyceſt worth, inflam'd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For Whorl-bats; *Iaſon*, who the firſt ſhip fr.m'd;
Theſeus wi'h his *Pirithous*, a paire
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;
The two *Theſtiadæ*, *Leucippus*, crown'd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*, *Cæneus*, not a woman then;
Hippothous Dryas; *Phœnix* (beſt of men,)
Amyntors ſon; th' alike *Actorides*,
And *Phyleas* ſent from *Elis*, came with theſe:
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* ſonne,
Hyantian Iolaus, the well-grac'd
Eurytius, and *Echion*, who ſurpaſt
In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,
With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippaſan*,
Now youthfull *Neſtor*: ſonnes to that intent
Hippocoon from old *Amyclis* ſent:
Penelopes father in law, *Parraſia*-bred
Ancæus, wiſe *Ampycides* well read
In fates, *Oiclides*, not as yet betray'd

B'his wife, *Tegæan Atalant'*, a maid
Of passing beauty, sprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A polisht Zone her upper garment bound;
And in one knot her artlesse hair was wound:
Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left shoulder; and a Bow well strung
Her left hand held. Her looks a wench display'd
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maid.
The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld
And wisht at once: his wishes fate repel'd.
Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joyes invest!
But time, and modesty his courtship stay,
By a more pressing action call'd away.
A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never feld,
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld,
The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend,
Some hounds uncoupled; some the tract of feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the rain-rais'd flood
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood:
Repleat with plyant willows, marish weeds,
Sharp rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.
The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht
Through justling clouds, among the hunters rusht:
Bears down the obvious trees; the crashing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-rais'd shoots inflame: who keep their stands:
And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatning hands.
The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose
His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.
Echion first his javelin vainly cast,
Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had past,
But that with too much strength it over-flew:
The weapon *Pagasæan Jason* threw.
O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I
Have honour'd, and do honour thee, apply
Thy succour in successe of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gave no wound, although the Bore it strook:
The beast like lightning burns, this chast with ire:

His grim eyes ſhine, his breaſt breathes flames of fire.
And as a ſtone which ſome huge engine throwes
Againſt a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes:
The deadly Bore with ſuch ſure violence
Aſſaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Epalamon, and *Telagonus*, caſt
On founding earth: drawn off with timely haſt.
Enæſimus, great *Hippocoons* ſon,
Could not ſo well his ſlaughtering tuſhes ſhun:
Which cut the ſhrinking ſinews in his thigh.
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
And *Neſtor* long had periſhed, perchance,
Before *Troyes* war; but, vaulting on a lance,
He took a tree' which there his branches ſpred:
And ſafely ſaw the foe from whom he fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengeful tuſhes whets
Upon a Oak, and dire deſtruction threats:
When, truſting to his new edg'd arms, the Bore
The manly thigh of great *Orithyus* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celeſtial ſtars;
Conſpicuous both, both terrible in wars;
Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering ſpears, which trembled in the ayre:
And both had ſped; but that the ſwine with-drew
Where neither horſe nor javelin could purſue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
And ſtumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as ſwift as ſight:
Below his ear the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtain'd his briſtles with a little blood.
The Virgin leſſe rejoyced in the blow
Then *Meleager*: who firſt ſaw it flow;
Firſt ſhew'd his mates the blood: O moſt renown'd;
Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame; each other chear;
And high-rais'd ſouls, with clamors higher rear:
Their ſpears in cluſters fling; which make no breach
Through idle ſtore: and throws their throws impeach.
Beh ld, *Ancæus* with a polax, ſtern
To his own fate; who ſaid, By me O learn
You youths, how much a mans ſharp ſteel exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* ſhould take arms, and in his ſtrife

Protect

Protect her beast, she should not save his life.
Thus glorioufly he boasts; in both his hands
Advanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.
Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine
Prevents; and sheathes his tushes in his groyne.
Downe fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels gusht,
All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht.
Ixions son *Pirithous* forward prest:
And with an able arme his lance addrest.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more deare
Then my owne life! my better halfe; forbeare.
The wife in valour should aloft contend:
Foole-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This said, his heavy cornell, with a head
Of brasse, he hurles: which sure had struck him dead
(It was delivered with so true an aime)
But that a tall beech interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling lance;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog betweene his baying jawes: the wound
Rusht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand discharg'd two speares:
The earth the one, the beast the other beares.
While now he raves, grunts, turnes his body round,
Casts blood and some; the author of his wound
Rusht in; provokes his greater wrath; and where
His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly speare.
They all with chearfull shouts their joyes unfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the beast behold
With wonder, whose huge bulke possest so much:
And hardly thinke it safe the slaine to touch:
Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He lay'd
His foot upon his horrid head; and said:
My right receive beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever share with thine.
Then gave the bristled spoyle, and gastly head
With monstrous tushes arm'd, which terror bred:
She in the Gift, and giver pleasure tooke.
All murmur, with prepostrous envy strooke.
On whom the violent *Thestiada* frowne;
And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes; Lay downe
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave,
Lest thee thy beauties confidence deceive;
He no fit judge, whom love hath reft of sight:

And

And ſnatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides ſwels; his looks with anger ſtern:
You raviſhers of others honours, learn
(Said he) the diſtance between words and deeds:
With impious ſteel ſecure *Plexippus* bleeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his blood,
Or ſhun his brothers fortune, wavering ſtood;
He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſons victory; and *Pæans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtered brothers brought:
At that ſad object ſhreecht; and grief-diſtraught,
The City fils with out-cryes: off ſhe tears
Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mourns:
Rage dries her eyes; her tears to vengeance turns.
The triple Siſters earſt a brand convai'd
Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatal twine:
O lately born, one period we aſſigne
To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
Into his fate; and then the chamber leave.
His mother ſnatcht it with a haſty hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the fragrant brand.
This in an inward cloſſet cloſely layes:
And by preſerving it, preſerves his dayes.
Which now produc't; a pyle of wood ſhe rais'd,
That by the hoſtile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Four times ſhe proffers to the greedy flame
The fatal brand: as oft with-drew the ſame.
A mother, and a ſiſter, now contend:
And two-contending names, one boſom rend.
Oft fear of future crimes a paleneſſe bred:
Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.
Now ſeems to threaten with a cruel look:
And now appears like one that pity took.
Her tears the fervor of her anger dryes:
Yet found ſhe tears again to drown her eyes.
Even as a ſhip, when winde and tyde contends,
Feels both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Theſtias*, whom unſteddy paſſion drives,
By changes, calmes her rage, and rage revives.
A ſiſters love at length ſubdues a Mothers:

That

That blood may calme the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.
Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
As she before the funerall altar stood:
You triple Powers, who guilty Soules pursue;
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death atton'd. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funeralls.
This cursed house by throngs of mischiefe falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.
Looke up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late
Dislodged soules; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernall sacrifize,
Which cost me deare: my wombs accursed prize.
Ay me! O whether am I rapt! excuse
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me thinkes he should not dye.
Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast
In proud successe; of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorne?
I'le not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne,
To our immortall ruine. Ruinate,
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!
Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
Thy life, I gave; by thine owne merit dye:
A just reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-given life resigne; first by my womb,
Last by this ravisht braud; or me intomb
With my poore brothers. Faine I would pursue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I doe!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the sad image of so foul a deed.
Now pity, and a mothers name controule
My sterne intention. O distracted soule!
You have won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand
The brand appears to figh, or fighes expires :
Wrapt in the imbracements of unwilling fires.
Unknowing *Meleager*, abſent broyles
Even in thoſe flames : his blood thick-panting, boyles
In unſeen fire. Who ſuch tormenting pains
With more then manly fortitude ſuſtains.
Yet grieves, that by a ſlothful death he fals
Without a wound : *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, ſiſters, wife,
Now groaning names, with his laſt words of life :
Perhaps his mother. Flames, and pains increaſe ;
Again they languiſh ; and together ceaſe.
To liquid air his vaniſht ſpirits turn :
The ſable coals in ſhrouds of aſhes mourn.
Low lyes high *Calydon* : the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold.
The *Calydonian* matrons cut their hair ;
Deflower their beauties : cry, woe and deſpair !
His hoary head with duſt his father hides ;
Lyes groveling on the ground ; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt purſu'd,
Revenging ſteel in her own breſt imbru'd :
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full invention flow,
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breſt ;
His ſiſters ſorrows could not be expreſt.
Themſelves forgetting decency, deface :
While he retains a body, that imbrace ;
Kiſſe his pale lips : when turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſoms lay :
Fall on his tomb ; his name, that there appears
Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
But when *Diana's* wrath was ſatisfide
With *Oenius* miſery : they all (beſide
Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power aſpire ;
With long extended wings, and beaks of horn :
Who through the air in varied ſhapes are born.
Mean while to *Pallas* towres *Ægides* hyes
(His part perform'd in that joynt enterprize)
Whoſe haſt rain-raiſed *Achelous* ſtaid.
Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roof ; nor to the impetuous flood

Com-

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And Broken rocks, downe-tumble, lowdly rore.
Heards with their ſtalls not ſeldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
To keepe his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſſe ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountaines pour'd,
Their violent whirlepits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay untill the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon:
'Twere folly, if not madneſſe to refuſe
Thy houſe, and counſell: both I meane to uſe.
Then enters his large cave, where Nature playd
The Artiſan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid moſſe:
The roofe pure white, and purple ſhels imboſſe.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day:
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
Of *Træzen*, now appearing gray; ſat downe:
And whom the River, glad of ſuch a gueſt,
Preferd unto the honour of his feaſt.
Forth-with barefooted Nymphs bring in the meat:
That t'ane away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turnd his face
To under ſeas; and pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that ſtands a lone;
And yet me thinks it ſhould be more then one.
It is not one the courteous Flood replyes;
But five; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
The leſſe t'admire *Diana*, late deſpiſ'd,
Five Nymphs they were: who having ſacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtivall
The rurall Gods; my ſelfe forgot by all.
At this I ſwell: and never greater, roule
With ſtreames as much inraged as my ſoule.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the deepe: whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſſe of earth diſ-joyne
Into as many peeces, as in ſeas
Are of the flood-imbrac't *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far, O far off remov'd!
Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belov'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke:
But cast her from a rock into the deepe.
Whom, while my loving streames from sinking keepe;
I said; O *Neptune*, thou that do'st command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land;
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend
Whom I support: O kind and equall prove!
Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,
Or had he not beene so inhumane; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he cast his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my streames imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward shooke:
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.
The Nymph yet swims; although with feare oppresst.
I laid my hand upon her panting brest:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her stifning Body cleave.
Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,
An Iland rose from her transformed lims.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; thou tel'st us lyes,
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.
His saying all amaz'd and none approv'd:
Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdome, mov'd.
Heavens power, immense and endlesse, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe is done,
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes
An Oake by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;
By *Pittheus* sent: where erst his father swaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Cootes, and fishing Cormorants abound.
Iove, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*,
(His heeles unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,
A thousand shut their doores, One onely gave.
A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife

Old

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they ſpent:
In this, grew old: rich only in content.
Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd:
And made it eaſie with a cheerful minde.
None maſter, nor none ſervant, could you call,
They who command, obey, for two were all.
Jove hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And ſtooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit down, and take your eaſe, *Philemon* ſaid.
While buſie *Baucis* ſtraw-ſtuft cuſhions laid:
Who ſtird abroad the glowing coals, that lay
In ſmothering aſhes, rack't up yeſter-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaves, thereon ſhe throwes:
Whoſe feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then ſlender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And over all a little Kettle ſets.
Her husband with the cool-flowers, cuts their leaves,
Which from his grateful Garden he receives:
Took down a flitch of Bacon with a Prung,
That long had in the ſmokie chimny hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This ſeething, they the time beguile with ſpeech:
Unſenſible of ſtay. A bowl of Beech,
There, by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fils he with warm water, and therein
Waſhes their feet. A moſſe-ſtuft bed and pillow,
Lay on a homely bed-ſteed made of willow:
A coverlet us'd but at feaſts they ſpred:
Though courſe, and old, yet fit for ſuch a bed.
Down lye the Gods. The palſie-ſhaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,
And ſhorter then the reſt, a pot ſhare rears:
This, now made level, with green Mint ſhe clears,
Whereon they party-colour'd Olives ſet,
Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
Cool Endiff, Radiſh, neew Egs roſted rear,
And late-preſt Cheeſe, which earthen diſhes bear.
A Goblet, of the ſelf-ſame filver wrought,
And bowles of Beech, with wax well varniſht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith ſent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
This ta'ne away, the ſecond courſe now comes!

Philberts,

Philberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,
Sweet-ſmelling Apples, diſht in Oſier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I'th'midſt, a honey comb. Above all theſe;
A chearful look, and ready will to pleaſe.
Mean-while, the maple cup it ſelf doth fill:
And oft exhauſted, is repleniſht ſtill.
Aſtoniſht at the miracle; with fear
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, rear
Their trembling hands in pray'r: and pardon crave,
For that poor entertainment which they gave.
One Gooſe they had, their cottages chief guard;
Which they to hoſpitable Gods award:
Who long their ſlow purſuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter*; ſo ſav'd from ſacrifice.
W'are Gods, ſaid they; Revenge ſhall all deſtroy:
You in this ruine ſhall your lives enjoy.
Together leave your houſe; and to yon'hill
Follow our ſteps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both aſcend;
Their ſtaves, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-ſhot from the top, review they take;
And ſee all ſwallowed by a mighty lake:
Their houſe excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and deſire
To ſee their cottage, which doth only keep
Its place; while for the places fate they weep;
That humble ſhed, too little even for two,
Become a Fane. Two columns crotches grew
The thatch and roof ſhine with bright gold; the doors
Divinely carv'd; the pavement Marble floors.
While fearful *Bauis* and *Philemon* pray'd,
Saturnius with a chearful count'nance ſaid:
Thou juſt old man; and thou good woman, who
Deſerv'ſt ſo juſt a husband: what do you
In chief deſire? They talk awhile alone;
Then thus to *Jove* their common wiſh make known,
We crave to be your Prieſts, this Fane to guard.
And ſince in all our lives we never jarr'd,
Let one hour both diſſolve: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor ſhe intomb'd by me.
Their ſuit is ſign'd. The Temple they poſſeſt,
As long as life. With time and age oppreſt,
As now they ſtood before the ſacred gate,

And

And call to memory that places fate,
Philemon ſaw old *Baucis* freſhly ſprout:
And *Baucis* ſaw *Philemon* leaves thruſt out.
Now on their heads aſpiring branches grew,
While they could ſpeak, they ſpake: at once adieu
They joyntly ſaid: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd, at once their ſhapes reſigne.
They of *Tyana* to this preſent ſhow
Theſe neighbour trees that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lye, nor vain of tongue,
This told. I ſaw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging freſher, ſaid, Who Gods before
Receiv'd, be ſuch: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller, wonder, and belief,
Provokt in all, but *Theſeus* mov'd in chief.
Who covetous to hear ſuch deeds as theſe:
The *Calydonian* River, preſt to pleaſe,
In this ſort, leaning on his elbow, ſpake.
There be, who ever keep the form they take:
Others have power themſelves, at will, to change,
As thou blew *Proteus*, that in ſeas do'ſt range.
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appears,
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents ſhape now bears.
A Bull, with threatning horns, now ſeem'ſt to be:
Now, like a Stone, now, like a ſpreading Tree.
And ſometimes like a gentle River flowes:
Sometimes like Fire, averſe to Water, ſhowes.
Autolicus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Eriſichthon*, things as ſtrange could do.
He was her father, who the Gods deſpis'd:
Nor ever on their Altars ſacrific'd.
Who *Ceres* groves with ſteel profan'd: where ſtood
An old huge Oak, even of it ſelf a Wood.
Wreaths, ribands, grateful tables, deckt his boughs,
And ſacred ſtem, the Dues of powerful Vowes.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
Danc't in his ſhade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Five cubits three times told,
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whoſe ſtature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees ſurmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke:
Who bids his ſervants fell the ſacred Oake.
And ſnatches, while they paus'd, an Ax from one:

Thus

Thus ſtorming: Not the Goddeſſe-lov'd alone,
But though this were the Goddeſſe, ſhe ſhould down,
And ſweep the earth with her aſpiring crown.
As he advanc't his arms to ſtrike; the Oake
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke.
His leaves and Acorns, pale together grew:
And colour changing branches ſweat cold dew.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Guſht from th'inciſion in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty Ox, that fals before
The ſacred altar; ſpouting ſtreams of gore.
On all amazement ſeiz'd: when One of all
The crime deters; nor would his Ax let fall,
Contracting his ſtern browes; Receive, ſaid he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The ſtroke converting, lops his head, then ſtrake
The Oak again: from whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inſhrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of minde,
Vengeance is near thee. With my parting breath
I propheſie: a comfort to my death.
He ſtill his guilt purſues: who overthrowes
With cables, and innumerable blowes,
The ſturdy Oak: which, nodding long, down ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellows cruſht.
Their ſiſter, and their grove, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in ſable vales, to *Ceres* went;
On *Eriſichthon* juſt revenge require:
Who readily conſents to their deſire.
The fair-brow'd Goddeſſe ſhakes her ſhining hairs:
With that, the fields ſhook all their golden ears.
Who to a mercileſſe revenge proceeds
(Had he deſerved mercy by his deeds)
By ſtarving. But, ſince not by fatal doom,
Ceres, and *Famine* might together come;
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
Diſpatcheth thither, with ſuch words as theſe.
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne,
And barren; bearing neither fruit, nor corn.
Numb Cold, pale Hew, chil Ague, there abide;
And meager *Famine*, Bid that Fury glide
Into his curſed entrailes, and devoure
All plenty: let her rage ſubdue my power.
But leſt long wayes they journey tedious make:

My

My chariot, and my yoked dragons take.
Taking her chariot, through the empty skies
To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* ſhe flies.
There, in a ſtony field, ſad *Famine* found,
Tearing with teeth, and nailes the foodleſſe ground:
With ſnarled haire, ſunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,
Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt ore-ſpred.
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appeare,
Her huckle-bones ſtuck up, a valley where
Her belly ſhould aſcend, her dry breaſts hung
So lanke, as if they to her back had clung:
By falling fleſh the riſing joynts augment,
Round knees and ankles leanely eminent.
Eſpi'd far off (ſhe durſt not be ſo bold
To come too neere) the Nymph her meſſage told.
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Farre off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt. Who wheeles about her Snakes,
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obayes the Goddeſſes command,
Though their endeavours ſtill oppoſed ſtand.
Who, by a tempeſt hurried through the skyes,
Enters the wretches roofe: beſides him lyes,
Then faſt aſleepe: (for now Nights heavy charmes
All eyes had clos'd) imbrac't him in her armes,
Her ſelfe infus'd, breathes on his face and breaſt:
And emptie veines with hungers rage poſſeſt.
This thus perform'd, forſakes the fruitfull earth:
And back returnes to her abodes of dearth.
Sound Sleepe as yet with pleaſurable wings
On *Eriſichthon* gentle ſlumber flings.
Who dreames of feaſts, extends his idle jawes,
With labouring teeth fantaſtically chewes.
Deludes his throat by ſwallowing empty fare:
And for affected food devoures the ayre.
Awak't; hot famine raves through all his veines:
And in his guts, and greedy pallat raignes.
Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
Acquites: complaines of ſtarving at full bords.
In banquets, banquets ſeekes. What might alone
Have Townes and Nations fed, ſuffice not one.
Hunger increaſeth with increaſt repaſt.
And as all rivers to the Ocean haſt,
Who thirſty ſtill, drinks up the ſtranger floods:

My

As

As ravenous fires refuſe no profferd foods,
Huge pyles receive, the more they have, the more
By much deſire, made hungry with their ſtore.
So *Eriſichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full diſhes empties, and demands againe.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,
Who ever empty, ſtill prepares to eat.
His bellies gulfe his patrimony waſts:
Conſuming famine yet unleſned laſts,
And his inſatiable throates extent.
Now all his wealth, into his bowels ſent:
A daughter left, unworthy ſuch a Sire,
The begger ſold to feed his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts baſe ſervitude diſdaine:
Who now her hands extending to the Maine,
O thou that hadſt my maiden-head, ſaid ſhe,
Thy raviſht ſpoyle from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this: who to her prayer conſents.
And, though then by her maſter ſeene, prevents
His following ſearch: transforming of his Rape
Into a man, maskt in a fiſhers ſhape.
Angler, her maſter ſaid, that with thy bait
Conceal'ſt thy hooke, ſo proſper thy deceit,
So reſt the ſea compoſ'd, ſo may the fiſh
Be credulous, and taken at thy wiſh;
As thou reveal'ſt her, who in garments poore,
And ruſled haire, late ſtood upon this ſhore.
For here, but very now, I ſaw her ſtand:
Nor father trace her foot-ſteps in the ſand.
She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her ſelfe, thus ſaid.
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes
Have beene attentive on this exerciſe.
To win beliefe, ſo may the God of Seas,
Aſſiſt my cunning in ſuch arts as theſe:
As late nor man nor maid I ſaw before
Your ſelfe, my ſelfe excepted, on this ſhore.
He credits, and beguil'd, the ſhore forſook:
When ſhe againe her former figure took.
Her father, ſeeing ſhe could change her ſhape,
Oft ſold her; who as often made eſcape.
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchaſt fare.
But when his maladie all meanes had ſpent;

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devour his proper fleſh proceeds,
And by diminiſhing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on forrain facts? even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeem I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Buls horn'd figure take.
But while I horns aſſum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a ſigh, he ſpoke.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Ninth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent Achelous: now a Bull:
His severed Horn with plenty ever full.
Licas *a Rock.* Alcides *sunk in flame,*
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, *flying last, becomes*
A Tree: the like sad Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young agen.*
Calliirrho'es *Infants suddenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountain.* Iphis, *now*
A Boy, to Isis *payes his Mayden Vow.*

HE, who his high descent from *Neptune* draws,
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;
His dangling curles impal'd with quivering reeds.
A heavy task you impose: his own disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth by foyl defend.
Have you not heard of fair-cheekt *Deianire*?
The envi'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.
Parthaons son, make me thy son in law;
I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.

He, with his father *Iove*, his Labours fame,
And Step-dames vanquiſht tasks, inforc't his clame.
'Twere ſhame, ſaid I, that deathleſſe Gods, to men
Who dye, ſhould ſtoope. (A God he was not then.)
Theſe ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endleſſe currents through thy land,
Thy Son no ſtranger is, if I be He:
But of thy country and a friend to thee:
And be't no prejudice; that *Iuno's* hate,
Nor puniſhing imployments preſſe my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your being drew:
Iove's your falſe father, or the crime is true.
You ſeeke a Father in a mothers ſhame,
Or be not *Iove's*, or take a baſtards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that ſparkle fire,
Vpon me frown'd: and weakly rules his ire.
Then onely ſaid; My hand my tongue exceeds:
Winne thou with words, ſo I ſubdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To ſpeake ſo big, and ſhrink,
I ſhame: and let my wave-greene Mantle ſink;
My armes oppoſe, my hands for ſeaſure preſt:
And every fitted part for fight addreſt.
He throwes duſt on me with his hollow hand:
And I againe beſprinkle him with ſand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes,
Or proffer makes: and every lim applies.
But me my waight defends; in vaine he ſtrives.
Much like as when a roring billow drives
Againſt a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his owne poiſure firmely fortifi'd.
Both for a while with-drew: againe we meete,
And ſtrongly keepe our ſtands; feete joyne to feete.
With that I ruſht upon him with my breſt.
My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head preſt.
So have I ſeene two Buls with horrid might
Together cloſe; the motive of their fight
The faireſt Cow in all thoſe fields: the Heard
With feare expecting which ſhould be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(As oft in vaine) to free his breſt from mine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace unbound:
And from my graſping armes his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Vpon my back with all his burden hung.

If I have faith (this ly can find no way
To praiſe) on me, me thought a mountaine lay.
Scarce could I claſp my armes, all froth'd with ſweat:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get:
Still preſſing on, he gives not time to breathe,
Nor gather ſtrength: my powers my truſt deceave.
At laſt, his yoking armes my neck command:
When, puld upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
My native flight my weaker force ſupply'd:
I from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward ſprung:
Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents was my cradles ſport.
Though other Dragons to thy conqueſt bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitfull: from each ſever'd head;
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More ſtrong by twining haires. Theſe thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to ſcape?
That fight'ſt with other armes; and begſt thy ſhape.
This ſaid; my neck his graſping fingers clincht;
And ſcruz'd my throate; as if with pincers wrincht:
While from his gripes I ſtrove my jawes to pull,
Twice over-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſaults oppoſe.
His armes about my ſwelling cheſt he throwes,
And following, hales: my horne (my head turn'd round)
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not ſufficing) diſadornes:
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:
Wherein aboundant plenty riots ſtill.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-faire,
Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
Came in; and brought the wealthy *Horne* repleat
With Autumnes ſtore, and fruit ſerv'd after meat.
Day ſprung; and mountaine ſhone with early beames,
His Gueſts depart: nor ſtay till peacefull ſtreames
Glide gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
Sad *Achelous* now his ruſtick face,
And maymed head within the current ſhrowds.
This blemiſh much his former beauty clouds:

All elſe compleat. The damage of his browes
He ſhades with flaggy wreathes, and ſallow boughes.
But *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Joves ſon, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing; came t'*Euenus* rapid fourſe.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams increaſt with winters rain,
And whirling round, their paſſage now reſtrain.
For her he fears: fear for himſelf abhorr'd,
When ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Mean-while ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lions skin
(His club and bow before thrown over) in
The Heros leaps, and ſaid, How'ever vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeeks the ſmoothеſt wayes:
Nor by declining entertains delayes.
Now over; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His wives ſhrill ſhreeks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
What hope, ſaid he, can thy vain ſpeed confer?
Holla, thou half a beaſt; withhold thy flight;
I wiſh thee hear; nor intercept my right:
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Yet, let thy Fathers wheele reſtraine thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape revenge; how ever fleet,
Wounds ſhall o're-take thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt, his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breaſt. Tug'd out, a crimſon flood
Spouts both wayes; mixt with *Hydras* poys'nous blood,
This *Neſſus* took; and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged dye.
And gave his rape'a robe, dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Junos* hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Jove*:
Fames bablings *Deianira's* ears ſurpriſe
(Who falſehood addes to truth, and growes by lies)

How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*
With love inthrall'd. Stung with this ſtrong diſeaſe
The troubled lover credits what ſhe fears.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her grief with tears:
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſaid; But why
Weep we? the Strumpet in theſe tears will joy.
Since ſhe will come, ſome change attempt I muſt;
Before my bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complain? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſchief do?
What injur'd woman; what the ſpleenful woe
Of jealouſie; by harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toyl'd with change, now fixed ſtood
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* blood;
To quicken fainting love. The preſent ſhe
To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)
And her own ſorrow. Who with good intent,
And kinde reſpects, the robe t'her husband ſent.
Which now the unſuſpecting Heroe wore:
Wrapt in the poyſon of *Echidna's* gore.
Who praying, new-born flames with incenſe fed:
And Bowls of wine on Marble Altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſchief works: with heat diſſolv'd,
The manly limbs of *Hercules* involv'd.
Who, whilſt he could, with uſual fortitude
His grones ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdu'd
With ſuch extreams; the Altar down he flings:
And ſhady *Oeta* with his clamour rings.
Forth-with, to tear the torture off, he ſtrives.
The riven robe, his skin that lines it, rives;
Or to his limbs unſeparably cleaves;
Or his huge bones and ſinews naked leaves.
As fire-red ſteel in water drencht; ſo toyles
His hiſſing blood, and with hot poyſon boyles.
No mean! the greedy flames his intrals eat;
And all his body flowes with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinews crack, his marrow fries.
Then to the Stars his hands advancing, cries.
Feaſt, *Juno* on our harms. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruel ſtomack cloy.
If foes may pity purchaſe (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments vext; long ſought by thee;

And born to toyl, receive. For death would prove
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dames love
May ſuch a bleſſing give. Have I this gain'd,
For ſlain *Buſiris*; who *Joves* temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers blood? That from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? Whom *Geryons* triple head,
Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obay;
Your labours, *Elis*; ſmooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confeſſe with praiſes; and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
And Apples from the ſleepleſſe Dragon won.
Nor cloud-born *Centaures*, nor th'*Arcadian* Bore,
Could me reſiſt: nor *Hydra* with her ſtore
Of frightful heads; which by their loſſe increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian Horſes* feaſt
With humane fleſh, their mangers over-threw:
And with his Steeds, their wicked Maſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Nemean* Lion chokt: theſe quell'd
Huge *Cacus*, and theſe ſhoulders heaven up-held.
Joves cruel wife grew weary to impoſe:
I never to perform. But O, theſe woes,
This new-found plague, no vertue can repel;
Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoot through my veins; and on my liver prey.
Euryſtheus yet triumphs: and ſome will ſay
That there be Gods! Here his complaint he ends;
And high rais'd ſteps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that bears
A wounding javelin; whom the wonder fears.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft groan, oft ſtriving
To tear his garments; ſolid trees up-riving,
Inraged with the mountains, and then rears
His ſcorched armes unto his fathers ſphears.
Hid in a hollow Rock, he *Lycas* ſpies:
When torture had poſſeſt his faculties.
With all her furies. *Lycas* didſt thou give
This horrid gift ſaid he? Think'ſt thou to live;
I dying by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Looks ghaſtly pale, unheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice ſwung,
Him into deep *Euboan* ſurges threw;
(As engines ſtones) who hardned as he flew.

As falling ſhowers congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rouling round in ſolid haile deſcends:
So while the aire his forced body rends,
Bloodleſſe with terror, all his moiſture gone;
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deepes:
A ſmall rocke lies, which mans proportion keepes:
Whereon the mariners forbeare to fall,
As if t'had ſenſe: and this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Ioves* God-like ſon (a Pyle with ſtore
Of trees advanc't, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lye
Thoſe arrowes, that againe muſt viſit Troy)
Bequeath'ſt to *Peans* Heire: who catching fire
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lyons ſpoyle didſt ſpread:
And layſt thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemners patient limmes invade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender tooke:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a cheerefull looke:
This griefe, you Gods, is our delight: withall
Our ſoule we joy, that ſuch a people call
Vs King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny expreſſe ſuch care:
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vaine terrors touch
Your loyall hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquered all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mothers part ſubdue:
For that's immortall which from us he drew;
And can nor taſte of death, nor ſtoope to fire:
Which, freed from earth, ſhall to our joyes aſpire!
This all your Deities I thinke will pleaſe.
If any grudge ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honour; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirme our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſſent. And *Iuno's* ſelfe accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Iupiters* laſt words
Vnſmooth her forehead with obſerv'd diſtaſte.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſte.

And

And *Hercules*, not known by face, remains;
Who nothing of his mothers form retains:
Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Caſt with his skin, and ſprightly young appears
With glittering ſcales: ſo, the *Tirynthian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
Shines in his better part, and ſeems more great:
With awe-infuſing majeſty repleat,
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the ſtars above.
Preſt *Atlas* feels his waight. *Eurisſtheus* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire,
Purſues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care;
Had Iole, to whom ſhe might declare
Her old wives plaints, her ſons hard labours (known
Through broad-ſpred Earth) his fortunes, and her own.
Her *Hyllas*, by *Alcides* teſtament,
Took to his bed, with loves unforc't conſent;
And fill'd her womb with generous ſeed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithyia*, whom ſad mothers fear:
To me made difficult by *Junos* ſpight.
For ten accompliſht ſignes, did now excite
My travel to *Alcides* birth; whoſe waight
My belly ſtretcht: which bare ſo great a fraight,
That you might ſwear it was begot by *Jove*,
When with intolerable pains I ſtrove.
Now alſo, ſpeaking, horror chils my heart:
And griefs remembred addes to grief a part.
Seven nights, ſeven dayes, thus rackt; with anguiſh tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I deſir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to unty,
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Joves wife, to execute her deadly hate,
Hearing my grones, ſhe ſat before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee upholds
Her croſſe left ham; whoſe fingers knit in folds
Delay'd delivery: and with mutter'd ſpels
Of ſecret power, the preſſing birth repels.
I ſtrive: and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,
Deſire to die; and breath complaints might move
Relentleſſe flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my deſpair.

As falling ſhowers congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rouling round in ſolid haile deſcends:
So while the aire his forced body rends,
Bloodleſſe with terror, all his moiſture gone;
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deepes:
A ſmall rocke lies, which mans proportion keepes:
Whereon the mariners forbeare to fall,
As if t'had ſenſe: and this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Ioves* God-like ſon (a Pyle with ſtore
Of trees advanc't, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lye
Thoſe arrowes, that againe muſt viſit Troy)
Bequeath'ſt to *Peans* Heire: who catching fire
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lyons ſpoyle didſt ſpread:
And layſt thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemners patient limmes invade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender tooke:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a cheerefull looke:
This griefe, you Gods, is our delight: withall
Our ſoule we joy, that ſuch a people call
Vs King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny expreſſe ſuch care:
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vaine terrors touch
Your loyall hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquered all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mothers part ſubdue:
For that's immortall which from us he drew;
And can nor taſte of death, nor ſtoope to fire:
Which, freed from earth, ſhall to our joyes aſpire!
This all your Deities I thinke will pleaſe.
If any grudge ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honour; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirme our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſſent. And *Iuno's* ſelfe accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Iupiters* laſt words
Vnſmooth her forehead with obſerv'd diſtaſte.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſte.

And

And *Hercules*, not known by face, remains;
Who nothing of his mothers form retains:
Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Cast with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so, the *Tirynthian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great:
With awe-infusing majesty repleat,
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the stars above.
Prest *Atlas* feels his waight. *Euristhews* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire,
Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care;
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
Her old wives plaints, her sons hard labours (known
Through broad-spred Earth) his fortunes, and her own.
Her *Hyllas*, by *Alcides* testament,
Took to his bed, with loves unforc't consent;
And fill'd her womb with generous seed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithyia*, whom sad mothers fear:
To me made difficult by *Junos* spight.
For ten accomplisht signes, did now excite
My travel to *Alcides* birth; whose waight
My belly stretcht: which bare so great a fraight,
That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*,
When with intolerable pains I strove.
Now also, speaking, horror chils my heart:
And griefs remembred addes to grief a part.
Seven nights, seven dayes, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to unty,
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Joves wife, to execute her deadly hate,
Hearing my grones, she sat before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee upholds
Her crosse left ham; whose fingers knit in folds
Delay'd delivery: and with mutter'd spels
Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.
I strive: and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,
Desire to die; and breath complaints might move
Relentlesse flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of meane descent;
In all employments stoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty; doth misdoubt
Malitious *Iuno*. Passing in and out,
She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit:
Her armes about her knees her fingers knit.
What ere you be, rejoyce with us, she said;
Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddesse, ruling child-birth, starting, rose:
And parting her linckt fingers, eas'd my Throwes.
They say *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom straight the flouted Goddesse, in a fret,
Drags by the haire; nor suffers her to rise:
Forth-with her armes convert to leggs and thighes:
Agility and colour still abide:
Her shape transform'd. In that her mouth supply'd
Helpe to that child-birth, at her mouth she beares.
Nor now our still frequented houses teares.
This said, she sighes for her old servants sake:
To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poore sister? Teares, and sorrow seaze
My troubled speech Of all th' *Oechalides*
For forme few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flower
Being gathered by that over-mastring power,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andræmon weds her: happy in his Bride,
A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,
Much like a shore, with fragrant myrtles crownd.
Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more
Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her armes, her child, a pleasing burden, hold;
Who suckt her brests; not yet a twelve-month old:
Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berryes) of a crimson hew.
Thence pulling flowers, she gave them to her son
To play withall; so was I like t'have done:
For I was there. I saw the blood descend
From dropping twigs: the boughes with horror bend,
And heard, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From lustfull *Priapus* to quit her dread,

Aſſum'd this ſhape, the name of *Lotus* kept.
My Siſter, this not knowing backward ſtept;
And would depart, as ſoone as ſhe had pray'd,
But rootes her feete, for all her ſtrugling, ſtay'd.
Who only moves above. The bark increaſt,
Aſcending from the bottome to her breſt.
This ſeene, ſhe thought t'have torn her hair, but teares
Leaves from their twigs, her head greene branches beares.
The child *Amphiſus* (for his grand-father
Ewytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers breſts both ſtiffe and dry.
I, a ſpectator of thy tragedy,
Deare ſiſter, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunck I ſtaid,
Clung to thy ſpreading boughs; and wiſht that I
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus ly.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes; with him, her Sire;
(Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus ſhow'd.
They kiſſes on the yet warme wood beſtow'd:
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, deare Siſter, but thy face
Th'incroaching habit of a tree receives.
With teares ſhe bathes her new created leaves.
Who, while ſhe might, while yet a way remain'd,
For ſpeaking paſſion; in this ſort complain'd.
If Credit to the wretched may be given;
I ſweare by all the Powers inbowr'd in Heaven,
I never this deſerv'd. Without a ſin
I ſuffer: innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd.
This Infant, from his dying mother beare
To ſome kind Nurſe: and often let him here
Be fed with milke; oft in my ſhaddow play.
Let him ſalute my tree; and ſadly ſay,
(When he can ſpeake) This Lotus doth containe
My deareſt mother. Let him yet refraine
All lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:
But thinke that every tree inſhrines a Power.
Deare Husband, Siſter, Father, all farewell.
If in your gentle hearts compaſſion dwell,
Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel brouſe.

And ſince I cannot unto you decline,
Aſcend to me; and joyne your lips to mine,
My little ſon, while I can kiſſe, advance,
But fate cuts off my failing utterance,
For now the ſofter rine my neck aſcends,
And round about my leavy top extends.
Remove your hands, without the helpe of thoſe;
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will cloſe.
So left to ſpeake, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a ſeat.
While *Iole* this ſtory told; her eyes,
Fill'd with her teares, the kind *Alcmena* dryes,
And weeps her ſelfe. Behold, a better change
With joy defers this ſorrow, nor leſſe ſtrange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
Faire *Hebe*, at her Husbands ſute, on thee
This gift beſtow'd. About to ſweare that ſhe
Would never give the like; wiſe *Themis* ſaid,
Forbeare; Warre raves in *Thebes* by diſcord ſwayd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Iove* alone
Can be ſubdu'd. The brothers then ſhall grone
With mutuall wounds. The facred Prophet, loſt
In ſwallowing earth, alive ſhall ſee his Ghoſt.
His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,
T'appeaſe his Sire; a juſt yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and ſenſes, with th'affright
Of ſtaring furies, and his mothers Sprite,
Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands:
Her husband murder'd by *Thegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirhoa*
Shall *Iove* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to men: and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of thoſe who ſlew their ſire;
Her prayrs ſhall win conſent from *Iove*: who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture ſung,
Among the Gods a grudging murmure ſprung,
Why ſhe this gift ſhould not to others give.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieve;
Ceres complaines of *Iaſius* hoary haire;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repaire;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,
That her *Anchiſes* might wax young againe.

All

All sue for some: seditious favour strove
In height of tumult; thus suppreſt by *Jove*.
What mutter you? Or where is your reſpect?
Think you, you can the power of Fate subject?
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Calliirhoe's* babes shall be indew'd
With youth: not by ambition, nor by warre.
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
Pre-crib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time suppreſſe our God-like *Æacus*:
Eternal youth should *Radamanthus* crown:
Nor should our *Minos* loſe his old renown;
Deſpiſed now through age: who heretofore,
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
These words of *Jove's* the yeelding Gods asswage;
Sith *Rhadamanth'* and *Æacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos* whoſe youths active flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
But now in minde and body Impotent,
Teleides Miletus fear'd ascent
T'his throne suſpects; adorn'd with youth, and stile
Of *Phœbus* son: nor durſt his fears exile.
But thou *Miletus*, of thy own accord
Forsook'ſt thy native home: and now abord,
Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* came:
Erecting there a city of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee* (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went
Along his winding banks, compreſt her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawleſſe love reports:
Byblis Apollinean Caunus loves,
Nor as a ſiſter should a brother doe:
Nor at the firſt her own affections knew.
Nor thought it sin so eagerly to kiſſe:
Nor by imbracing to have done amiſſe.
Whom shadow of falſe piety beguiles;
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dreſſe, and smiles,
She frames t'attract; to seem too fair deſires:
And envies whomſoever he admires.
Yet knows not her diſeaſe: no wiſhes riſe
In sighs as yet; and yet within she fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood diſclaim'd:
Who would by *Byblis*, and not ſiſter nam'd.

All

Nor

Nor waking durſt ſhe harbour in her breſt
A wanton hope: but in diſſolving reſt
Her lover oft enjoyes; her ſenſes keep
A feſtival; yet bluſhes in her ſleep.
Sleep fled; long mute; her dream again renues
By repetition: which ſhe thus putſues.
Woe's me! what boad theſe fantaſies of night?
If true, how wretched! why ſhould ſuch delight?
His heavenly form by envie is approv'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd;
And merits my affections (O too well))
If I were not his ſiſter: there's my hell!
While waking, I endeavour no ſuch ill,
May theſe bewitching dreams inchant me ſtill!
No Spy could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleaſure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all diſſov'd in delight!
With how much joy remembred! ſhort thoſe joyes;
And haſty Night our happineſſe envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intreſt in his blood reſigne!
How well, O *Canace*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy ſelf, or me!
O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
Who then (O faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other!
Still muſt thou be my brother: what I hate
I only have. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extreams,
Can dreams avail? or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their ſiſters wed.
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Jove*
Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
Gods have peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t'another law?
Die, die, forbidden flames, or let me die.
Then may my brother kiſſe me when I lie
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the joynt conſent
This craves of two. Say it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet *Æolides*
Imbraced his. Whence ſprung ſuch proofs as theſe!

O whether rapt! you wicked flames, remove:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, love.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His love might cheriſh, and affect agen.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reject,
Sue firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſſe,
Yet letters may my hidden flames confeſſe.
This pleas'd her, and a little ſatisfide
Her doubtful minde. When rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick love diſplay.
O, whither ſlide I! O what flames excite
Theſe thoughts? then fits her trembling hands to write:
One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approves,
Throwes all aſide, reſumes what ſhe removes,
Her will ſhe knowes not, no compoſure brooks:
Soft ſhame, and impudence ſtrive in her looks.
She had writ Siſter: that, as moſt unfit,
Defacing, took the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Love that Lover ſends,
Whoſe health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute, without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
Until my hopes be to aſſurance grown.
Pale colour, leanneſſe, ruthful looks, wet eyes,
Long ſighs, which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerved) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſſe: theſe expreſt
The deep diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoul the wound ſuſtain'd,
Although in me a firy fury raign'd,
Heavens witneſſe, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmoſt, ſtriving to repell
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and far more
Then you would think a woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlave:
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preſerve, you only can undoe:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you.

But

But who, too neere ally'd, would neerer joyne :
And in a ſtrickter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill :
And to their froſty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not we
Intangling lawes : let us thinke all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor feare, can us with-draw :
Alone all diffidencie lay aſide.
Our eaſie ſtealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in private talk ; converſe and kiſſe,
Who ever by. What wants to crowne our bliſſe ?
O pity me, who have my love confeſt ;
Nor would, had not my utmoſt ardor preſt :
Leſt thy remorſeleſſe cruelty be read
Vpon my monument, when I am dead.
The wax thus fild with her ſucceſſeleſſe wit ;
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ.
Then ſeales her ſhame : her parched tongue deny'd
To wet her gemme ; which weeping eyes ſupply'd.
She, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of knowne truſt,
And flattering him a while ; My friend, thou muſt
See theſe with care, and ſecrecy, convaid
To my (there paus'd, and after) brother, ſaid.
In their delivery the tables fell :
She, at that Omen, ſtarts ; yet bids farewell.
The wary meſſenger attends his time :
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Mæandrius* high in choler grew :
And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike ; Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſwords revenge : but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh ; villain, thou ſhouldſt dy.
He, frighted, flies ; and to his miſtreſſe beares
The wrath of *Caunus*, *Byblis* quaking heares
Her ſad repulſe : a death-reſembling cold
Beſieg'd her heart, and vitall heat controld.
Yet, with her ſoule, her frantick love returnes :
Who, with ſcarce moving lips, thus ſoftly mournes,
And worthily, Why, O too raſh ! have I
Diſclos'd this wound ? affections ſecrecy,
Who would ſo ſoone to headdy lines commit ?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had beene fit

T'have felt his thoughts; and train'd him to purſue.
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe ſea: but now my ſailes
Swell deſperately with unperplexed gales.
Now born on cruſhing Rocks, the floods o're-beare
My ſinking Bark; nor can I back-ward ſteere.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires; when, with our blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day; or wholly chang'd my minde?
O no, the day. This, *Heaven* foreſhew'd by ſad
And ſure preſages; had I not been mad.
My ſelf, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd;
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have view'd
My moving tears; a Lovers pleading eyes:
More could I have ſpoke then letters can compriſe.
About his neck my armes I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appear to ſownd;
Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.
This paſſion might have acted, and much more:
Whereof, though each particular had fail'd;
Yet altogether joyn'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did erre:
Nor took him, when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Higreſſe he,
Nor Lyoneſſe was born: his gentle breſt
Rough flint, hard ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won, no ſowre repulſe ſhall make
My ſute ſurceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt; next, what w'attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould o're-ſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this lewd aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemn my love for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this ſlight;
Or may conceive that brutiſh luſt did move
Theſe extaſies; and not the God of love.
Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
My will pollated; which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I adde to ſin, Much to content.
This ſaid; one thought another doth controul;
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoul;

Diſ-

Dislikes, yet acts: who never satisfi'd,
(Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This seene, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a City in a forraine clime.
When wofull *Byblis*, raving through despaire,
Her garments, from her bruised bosome tare,
Striking her armes through fury, and proclames
In high distraction, her incestuous flames,
Hopelesse, her hated mansion she eschues:
And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
Of *Semele*) struck with thy Thyrsus, run
In thy Triennialls: so *Bubastian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying or'e their plaines.
From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira's* streames, the silver waves
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimæra* raves
On craggy rocks; with Lyons face and maine,
A Goates rough body, and a Serpents traine.
The woods were past: when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,
Sunk'st downe; thy rusled haire on earth displaid:
Thy face upon the withered leaves low-layd.
The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes
Attempt to raise her: and with powerfull charmes
Of counsell, strive to cure her love-sicke mind.
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes:
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,
As stiffe Bitumen issues from the ground,
As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,
Thaw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind;
Even so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in teares,
Becomes a living fountaine, which yet beares
Her name: and under a black Holme that growes
In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this so wonderfull a fate
Had fil'd *Crees* hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,
Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.

For *Thaſtus*, neere to *Gnoſſus*, fostered
One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred:
How'ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely juſt, and of a blameleſſe life.
Who thus beſpake his now downe lying wife:
Two things I wiſh: that you your belly lay
With little paine; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poore to match her, If a girle it be,
I charge, what I abhorre (O Pietie
Forgive me!) that, as ſoone as borne, it die.
This having utter'd; the commanded wept
And the Commander; teares no meaſure kept.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill with fruitleſſe praire,
Deſires he would not in the Gods deſpaire.
But he too conſtant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden ſtretcht her heavy womb:
When *Inachis*, with all her ſacred band,
In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand
Beſides her bed. *Her* browes a crowne adornes,
With eares of ſhining corne, and *Cynthian* hornes.
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubaſtis* bright,
Black *Apis* ſpotted variouſly with white,
He whoſe mouth-ſealing finger ſilence taught,
Tymbrels, *Oſiris* never enough ſought,
And formuine ſerpents, whoſe dire touch conſtraine
A deadly ſlumber, conſummate her traine.
Then (as if ſeene awake) the Goddeſſe ſaid:
My *Telethuſa*, be not thus diſmaid;
Reject theſe cares, thy husband diſobay:
And when *Lucina* ſhall thy belly lay,
Foſter what ere it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Diſtreſſe am I;
Ready to helpe, and eaſily implor'd:
Nor ſhall it grieve thee that thou haſt ador'd
Vngratefull *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,
She leaves the roome. When, riſing in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethuſa* threw:
And humbly prayes her viſion may prove true.
Increaſing throwes at length a girle diſclos'd,
Both by the father, and the world ſuppos'd
To be a boy; ſo cloſely hid: and knowne
But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.

He

He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoyc't the dame,
To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;
Who still with pious fraud conceales her lie.
A boy in show; whose lookes should you assigne
To boy or girle, love would in either shine.
At thirteene yeares her father her affide
To yellow-treſt *Ianthe*: she the pride
Of *Phaſtian* virgins for unequald faire:
Teleſtes daughter, and his onely heire:
Like young, like beautifull, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:
Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far unlike!
The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man
Poore *Iphis* loves, deſpaires; deſpaire ejects
Farre fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, unknowne, prodigious loves invade!
If pitifull, the Gods should have deſtroy'd:
Or else have given what might have beene injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare purſues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes,
So Birds together paire. Of all that move,
No Female ſuffers for a Female love.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Creet* befall;
Sol's luſt incenſed daughter lov'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, O farre more full
Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;
And stood his error in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renue,
And heither fly, what could his cunning doe!
Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens joy?
No, fixe thy minde; compoſe thy vaſt deſires:
O quench theſe ill advis'd and fooliſh fires!
Thinke of thy ſex, or even thy ſelfe abuſe:
What may be, ſeeke; and love as females uſe.
Hope wings deſire: hope *Cupids* flight ſuſtaines:
In thee thy Sexe this deads. No watch reſtraines

Our

Our dear imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her self denies:
Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be
Happy in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can give, the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her self, would please,
Displeaseth Nature; stronger then all these.
She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;
Long wisht! wherein *Ianthe* must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
I starve at feasts, and in the river thirst.
Juno, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides: but where is the Bride-groome?
Here ended. Nor lesse burns the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethusa* fears what she affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreams, and auguries oft fains:
But now no colour for excuse remains.
Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters hair;
And holding by the Altar form'd this pray'r:
Isis, who *Parætonium*, *Pharos* Isle,
Smooth *Marcotis*, and seven-chanell'd *Nile*,
Chear'st with thy presence: thy poor suppliants hear:
O help in these extreams, and cure our fear!
Thee Goddesse, thee of old; these ensignes, I
Have seen, and know: thy lamps, attendancy,
And sounding Timbrels: and have thee obayd.
To me, impunity; life, to this Maid,
Thy saving counsel gave: to both renue
Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.
The Goddesse shakes her Altar; when the gate
Shook on the hinges: horns that imitate
The waxing Moons, through all the Temple flung
A sacred splendor: noyse-full Timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this successeful signe,
Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.
Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace
Then usual; nor had so white a face.
Her strength augments; her look more bold appears;
Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her ears;

By farre more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For th ou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple beare, and *Io* ſing:
Sing Ioy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And adde a title; in one verſe diſplay'd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd
The Morning Night diſmasks with welcome flame:
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Ianthe* joyne.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Tenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

FEar turns a Man to flint. Lethæas *blame*
Olenus *bears: now ſtones, their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele, *to Pine her* Atys *turns.*
Sweet Cyparissus *in a Cypreſſe mourns.*
Enamoured Jove *an Eagles wings diſplayes;*
And lovely Ganymed *to Heaven conveyes.*
Slain Hyacinthus *ſighes in his new flower.*
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus *turn'd to Bulls. The Proſtitute*
To Stones. Pygmalion *weds the living fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In Heaven; converted to the Virgin Signe.
Myrrha, *a weeping tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lyons.* Cyprides
(*Inform'd by* Mentha's *change*) *her Paramour*
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading flower.

HEnce, to the *Cicones*, through boundleſſe skies,
In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither uſual words
Nor chearful looks, nor haypy ſignes affords.
The Torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke: nor yet, though ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th'event worſe then the Omen. As his Bride
Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide;

A Serpent bit her by the heele: which ſorc't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes divorc't
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
The under Shades, by *Tenarus* deſcends
To *Stygian* floods; and his bold ſteps extends
By ayrie ſhapes, and fleeting Soules, that boaſt
Of ſepulture, through that unpleaſant coaſt
To *Plutos* Court. When, having tun'd his ſtrings,
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet ſings.

You Powers that ſway the world beneath the Earth,
The laſt abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to diſcover Hell,
Nor bind that ſcouling Curre, who barking ſhakes
About his triple browes *Meduſa's* ſnakes.
My wife this journey urg'd. Who, by the tooth
Of trod on Viper, periſht in her youth.
I would, and ſtrove t'have borne her loſſe: but Love
Won in that ſtrife. A God well knowne above:
Nor here, perhaps, unknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you alſo felt his flame.
By theſe obſcure abodes, ſo full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, ſpread
Through your vaſt Empire, by theſe prayers of mine,
Eurydices too-haſty fate untwine.
Wee all are yours: and after a ſhort ſtay,
Early, or late, wee all muſt run one way.
Hither we throng, for our laſt home aſſign'd:
Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature ſhall expire,
Againe is yours: I but the uſe deſire.
If fate deny me this, my ſecond choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths rejoyce.

While thus he ſung, and ſtruck the quavering ſtrings,
The bloodleſſe Shadowes wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele ſtood ſtill,
Their Vrne the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not, *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Siſyphus* ſate liſtning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquiſht by his verſe, were ſeene
To weepe, that never wept before. Hels Queene,
The King of Darkneſſe, yeeld t'his powerfull plea.
Among the late-come Soules, *Euridice*

The

They call: ſhe came; yet halting of her wound.
Given *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* paſſe, if back thou caſt
Thy carefull eyes, thou loſeſt what thou haſt.
A ſteepe aſcent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime
Through everlaſting Silence. By this time
Approach the confines of illuſtrious Light.
Fearing to loſe, and longing for a ſight,
His eyes th'impatient lover backward threw:
When ſhe, back-ſliding preſently with-drew.
He catches at her, in his wits diſtraught;
And yeelding ayre for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did ſhe dying twice, her ſpouſe reprove:
For what could ſhe complaine of, but his love?
Who takes her laſt farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his eares; and ſo revolves to death.
Her double loſſe ſad *Orpheus* ſtupifi'd;
With equall terror unto his, who ſpi'd
Three-headed *Cerberus* whom feare alone,
Oppreſſing nature, turn'd into a ſtone.
Or like *Olenus*, who t'excuſe his wife
Accus'd himſelfe, and taxt his guiltleſſe life:
With thee *Lethea* whoſe proud beauty late
Drew on thy ſelfe, and him a curſed fate:
Vnited bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble ſtatues on fount-fruitfull *Ide*.
He kindly (preſſing to returne) intreats
The Ferry-man: who anſwers him with threats.
Vpon the banks ſeaven dayes he ſate, forlorne
And comfortleſſe; all ſorts of food forborne:
Care, griefe of mind, and teares, his onely cheare,
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* ſevere,
At length to ſnowy *Rhodope* he haſts;
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northerne blaſts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finiſhed his yeares
In watery *Piſces*. *Orpheus* ſtill forbeares
The love of women Or through bad ſucceſſe:
Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the leſſe
Th'affected Poet ſeeke; but none injoyes:
Who beauty firſt admir'd in hopefull boyes.
A Hill there was; a plaine upon that hill;
Which in a flowry mantle flouriſht ſtill:
Yet wanted ſhade. Which, when the Gods Deſcent
Sate downe, and touch't his well-tun'd inſtrument,

A ſhade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various oakes that pierce the sky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpeares we praiſe,
Vnknotty Firre, the ſolace ſhading Planes,
Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleck with different graines,
Streame-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Boxe whom never ſappy ſpring forſakes,
The ſlender Tamarisk, with trees that beare
A purple figge, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Iuy wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes ſupporting Vines,
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompan'ed.
With limber Palmes, of Victory the prize:
And up-right Pine, whoſe leaves like briſtles riſe:
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for ſhe
Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.
The ſpyre-like Cypreſſe in this throng appeares
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who beares
The ſilver bow, and ſtrikes the quavering ſtrings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
A Stag there was; whoſe hornes, on high diſplayd
With ſpreading palmes, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
A ſilver bell upon his forehead hung
By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung.
Round pearle, of equall ſize, from either eare
Hung on his cheekes: who, void of native feare,
Frequented houſes: and well pleaſ'd, would ſtand,
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cyparriſſus*, was thy only joy,
(Of all that *Cæa* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of paſture led:
To purling ſtreames that part the rancker mead.
With various flowers now wouldſt thou trick his hornes:
Now on his back (who no ſuch burden ſcornes)
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride;
And with a purple raine the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: *Daies* burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked clawes with fervor frye.
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Coole ayre receiving from the ſpreading ſhade.

Who

Whom ſilly *Cypariſſus* wounds by chance:
And ſeeing life purſue his tug'd-out lance,
Reſolves to dye. What did not *Phœbus* ſay,
That might a griefe, ſo ſlightly cauſ'd allay?
He anſwers him in ſighes: this laſt good-turne
Implores; That he might never ceaſe to mourne.
His blood now ſhed in teares, a greeniſh hiew
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his ivory fore-head, briſtling riſe
And pointing upward, ſeeme to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*, ſighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mourne thou for others: Herſes ſtill adorne.
Such trees attracting; and inviron'd round
With birds and beaſts, upon the riſing ground
The Poet ſits: who, having tun'd his ſtrings,
Though diſſonant, yet muſicall, thus ſings.
From *Iove*, O Muſe, my Mother, draw my verſe;
All bow to *Iove*: *Ioves* power we oft rehearſe.
And late of Giants ſung, in lofty ſtraines,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plaines.
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turne we our ſofter layes:
And women well deſerving puniſhment,
On interdicted luſt, with fury bent
Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:
There was what *Iove* would rather be then *Iove*:
Yet daines no other ſhape then hers, that beares
His awfull lightning in her golden ſeares.
Who forthwith ſtooping with deceitfull wings,
Truſt up *Iliades* by *Ida's* ſprings.
Who now for *Iove* (though jealous *Iuno* ſcoules)
Delitious Nectar fills in flowing bowles.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruell Deſtinies
Had not prevented: yet in ſome ſort made
Eternall. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharpe winters, and to *Aries Piſces* yeelds:
So oft renu'd, thy Flower adornes the fields:
My Fathers love to thee did mans excells,
Their preſident the Delphians miſſe, who dwell
On round Earths Navell: while the God of Beams,
Haunts wall-leſſe *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* ſtreames.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:
Himſelf debaſing, berres the corded ſnares:

Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains; led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by cuſtome fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equal-diſtant Light,
Between fore-running and enſuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, either ſhone
With ſuppling oyl, in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
This ſwinging through the air firſt *Phebus* threw:
The obvious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
On ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
Deſcends; and ſhews his art-enabled ſtrength.
Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatal haſt
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
The ſtone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy look't pale; ſo lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raiſed from the ground;
He ſought t'aſſwage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with herbs his flying ſoul have ſtaid:
That wound was cureleſſe; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lillies loving ſtreams,
Or Poppy, bruiſed in their yellow ſtems,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
Nor raiſe themſelves, but bow to their firſt beds:
So hung his dying looks; ſo over-ſway'd,
His limber neck upon his ſhoulder lay'd.
Sweet flower ſaid *Phœbus*, blaſted in the prime
Of thy fair youth: thy wound preſents my crime.
Thou art my grief and ſhame. This hand thy breath
Hath cruſht to ayr: I, author of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unleſſe t'have plaid with thee,
Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.
I would, ſweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but ſince the Fates deny
So dear a wiſh; thou ſhalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reſide.
Our Harp, and Verſe thy praiſes ſhall reſound:
And in thy Flower my ſorrow ſhall be found.
A valiant Heroe ſhall in time, to it
Another adde; and in the ſame be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly propheci'd:
Behold! the blood which late the graſſe had dide,
Was now no blood: from whence a flower full-blown,
Far brighter then the *Tyrian* ſcarlet ſhone:
Which ſeem'd the ſame, or did reſemble right
A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor ſo contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd
The ſad impreſſion of his ſighes: which bears
Ai! Ai! diſplaid in funeral Characters.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day endures:
For now, as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemn State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whoſe earth
Abounds with mettals) if ſhe like the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; ſhe would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous horns defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſta* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Jove* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with blood
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeen,
Would think that blood the blood of Calyes had been.
A Gueſt new ſacrific'd; fair *Cyprides*
Offended with ſuch cruel Rites as theſe,
Her towns and *Aphauſa's* fields prepares
T'abandon. Yet ſaid ſhe, what guilt of theirs
In me ſo great a deteſtation breeds?
Rather with death reward ſuch bloody deeds;
Or exile: If from theſe extreams they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transform their ſhape?
When muſing to what form, ſhe caſt her look
upon the horned Heard; who from them took
A reſolution ſo to arm their skulls:
And turns their mighty limbs to monſtrous Bulls.
Yet durſt th'obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
The firſt that ever gave themſelves for hire
To proſtitution; urged by thy ire.
Their looks imboldned, modeſty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in Women; chooſe a ſingle life:
And long forbore the pleaſure of a wife.
Mean while, in Ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, ſo graceſull in each part,
As Women never equal'd it: and ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

It ſeem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd if not with-held by ſhame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires:
And from it drawes imaginary fires:
Then often feeles it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold ivory.
Nor could reſolve. Who kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And orient pearle (loves witching inſtruments)
Soft-finging birds, each ſeverall colour'd flowre,
Firſt Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre.
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems, her neck;
Pendants, her eares; a glittering zone, her breſt.
In all, ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd when naked, beſt.
Now layes he her upon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpred.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow preſt.
Of plumy downe, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the Day of *Venus* Feſtivall:
Though wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall: aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar ſtands:
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh; and friendly ſignes expreſt:
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aſpires.
To his admired Image he retires:
Lyes downe beſides her, raiſ'd her with his arme;
Then kiſt her tempting lips, and found them warme.
That leſſon oft repeats; her boſome oft
With amorous touches feeles, and felt it ſoft.
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſſe: as *Hymettian* waxe
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for uſe.
Amaz'd with doubtfull joy, and hope that reeles;
Againe the Lover, what he wiſhes, feeles.

The

The veines beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy expreſſing words,
To pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to hers he joynes, which ſeeme to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearefully erecting her faire eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made.
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplayde
Their joyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame.
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of men moſt happy, if with-out a child.
I ſing of Horror! Daughters, farre, O farre
From hence remove! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will beleeve the fame for true:
Beleeve withall the judgements that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foule a Crime:
I joy for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This world of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* beare. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t'have us'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a Sinne.
Alecto, with ſwolne ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury raiſ'd. 'Tis ſinne to hate thy Sire:
This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and ſtriving; to her ſelfe thus ſpake:
Ah whither rapt! what is't I undertake:
O Gods: O Piety! divine Reſpect
Of Parents guard me: and this ſinne eject:
If ſo a ſinne it be. No piety
Condemnes ſuch *Venus*; Natures common tye.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers bears;
Goates kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were:

Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themselves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are those! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant lawes: and we who are
By nature free; malitious customes bind.
There is a Nation to their blood more kind;
Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not born! the place
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! hence base,
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
Yet, as a father, must be lov'd by thee.
Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras*;
All I conceive in my desires might passe.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
Dis-joyns us; neerer, were we not so nigh.
Hence would I flie by un-returning wayes
To shun this sin: dire Love my journey stayes;
To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,
Talk, touch, and kisse; or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound!
Know'st thou what lawes and names thy lusts confound!
Thy Fathers Whore! a Rival to thy Mother!
Thy own Sons Sister! Mother to thy Brother!
Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing hair,
Who on the faces of the guilty stare,
With dreadful Torches! From thy soul exile
This mischief, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
Of powerful Nature: but in time with-draw,
Would I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his minde!
Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store
Of worthy suters who his voice implore;
In his own choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
She, thoughtful silent; gazing on his face,
Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden fear; Desist
From weeping, said: then dri'd her cheeks, and kist.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She best could like: repli'd, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleepe bestowes
On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable desires.
Despaires, hopes; will not, will; now shames, againe
Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
A mighty Oake (now almost feld) his fall
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even so her minde, impair'd with various wounds,
Waves to and fro; and changes still propounds.
No meane, no cure, was left for love but death.
Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choake her hated breath:
Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.
Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)
And of my ruine understand the cause.
That said, the noose about her neck she drawes.
Her wakefull Nurses faithfull eares, they say,
A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight rose; unlockt the doores; the instrument
Of death beholding, schreecht: together rent
Her haire and bosome: and, with trembling haste,
The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.
Now had she time to weepe, t'imbrace her Care:
And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.
She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieves at deaths prevented enterprise.
Baring her hoary haires and empty brest,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so deni'd:
Nor onely promist secrecy, but said,
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.
My old age is not fruitlesse: charmes have we,
And powerfull med'cines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd,
Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpriz'd,
Thy mother, and thy father, well; That name
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurse did this suspition move
Of such a Crime: and yet she saw 'twas Love.
Importunate to know what least she feares,
Layd in her lap now watred with her teares,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble arms, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity rely:
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung:
Muffling her guilty looks: be gone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched Maid.
Still urg'd: Be gone, reply'd; or elſe forbear
T'inquire of that which is a ſin to hear.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with years
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
Now ſpeaks her fair, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Unleſſe ſhe made her privy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtrove to have confeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then grones. The Nurſe cold horror ſhook:
Now too much knowing: with a gaſtly look,
Her hoary hair ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not, that might ſo foul a luſt diſſwade,
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſſe or dye.
Live, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſſe (there ſtopt, as loath
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corn;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſſe ornaments,
With theſe, the Queen her ſecret Rites frequents.
Lying alone, the lewdly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
Of equal age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replyes.
When bid to bring her: home in haſte ſhe highes;
Rejoyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring the victory.
Th'unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Such ill ſucceſſe her troubled Soul divin'd:
And yet ſhe joy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her minde.

Now

Now Silence over all the world did raigne:
And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Waine.
(To sinne addrest) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Starres shroud their heads in clouds: Night lost her eyes.
Erigone, Icarius, first remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternall love.
Thrice stumbled she; the funerall Owle thrice rent
The ayre with ominous shreekes: yet on she went:
By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft,
Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind accesse. Now came she to the doores
Of that dire chamber; now the way to sinne
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet blood and courage her at once forsooke;
Her knees, unknitting, one another strooke;
The neerenesse to her crime removes desire:
Who now repents and would unknowne retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed.
Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine own,
And joynes their cursed bosoms. He unknowne,
His bowels to his bed assumes: and cheares
With comfortable words her maiden feares:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And she him father: that their names might hold.
Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves,
With wicked seed her cursed wombe conceives:
Who beares about the burden of her shame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
When *Cinyras* who longs to see his Lover,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light discover
His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could utter: he unsheaths his shining sword.
She swiftly flies: whom nights black shelter shields
From threatned death; and strayes through spacious fields
Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* past;
Now having wandred by nine Mœnes, at last
Rest to her weary limms *Sabæa* gave.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Between the hate of life, and feare of death,
Those thoughts she utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your eare;
I have deserved, nor refuse to beare,

Your

Your juſt inflictions : yet leſt I prophane
Or thoſe who live, or who in death remaine,
O baniſh me from either Monarchie,
That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor die.
Confeſſion ſome cœleſtiall pitie found,
Thoſe wiſhes had their Gods. Even then the ground
Cover'd her legs : a downe-ward-ſpreading root
Burſt from her toes ; whoſe ever-fixed foot
Suſtain'd the lengthfull boſe. Bones turne to wood,
To pith her marrow, into ſap her blood ;
Her armes great branches grow, her fingers ſpine
To little twigs ; her ſkin converts to rine.
Now her big womb the riſing tree poſſeſt,
Her boſome folds, and now her neck oppreſt :
When ſhe, delay ill-brooking, downeward ſhrunk
And vales her viſage in the cloſing trunk.
Though ſenſe, with ſhape, ſhe loſt ; ſtill weeping, ſhe
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree :
Teares of high honour ; theſe their Miſtreſſe name
As yet preſerve, and ſtill ſhall beare the ſame.
This ill-got infant, now at perfect groth
Within the tree ; endeavours to get forth.
The ſtrickt imbracing barke, her belly wring,
With torment ſtretch : nor had that griefe a tongue :
Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throwes :
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhowes ;
Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches ſtood ;
Her hand impos'd, and utered powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A paſſage ; whom thoſe Nymphs receive with joy.
And in his mothers teares annoint the Boy.
Nor envy could but praiſe his beauty : ſo
The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, ſhow.
But, leſt their habits ſome diſtinction make,
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiſcovered haſt,
And mocks our hopes ; no wings can fly ſo faſt.
He, whom his ſiſter bore, his Grandſires ſon,
Late tree-incloſ'd, who lately life begun,
But now a moſt ſweet infant, now as rare,
A boy, now man, now then himſelfe more faire,
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts ; who doting ly admires.

For

For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breſt; with ſmart
Incenſt, ſhe thruſt him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover pleaſe;
Nor *Paphos*, graſped with reſulting Seas:
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for braſſe,
Nor heaven frequents: her heaven *Adonis* was,
Him woo's, accompanies, beſides him lies
In grateful ſhades; and ſtrives to pleaſe his eyes.
Now like *Diana* ſhe her ſelf attires;
And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and Briers:
Hollows the Hound; purſuing beaſts of chace,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares who flye apace:
But rapeful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Bores eſchues;
And Lions, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her miſdoubts diſſwade
From ſuch encounters; had they been obay'd.
Who flye, ſaid ſhe, be bold in following thoſe:
Valour unſafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! ſubject not me to fortunes ſtroke,
Nor cruel beaſts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear ſuch glory but too coſtly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,
Not briſtled Swine, nor ſhaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne'r pierc't the eyes nor hearts of ſuch.
Bores, in their crooked tuſhes lightning have:
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, ſaid ſhe, and wonder-ſtriking fate.
But now un-uſual toyl my ſtrength invades:
And lo, yon Poplar courts us with her ſhades,
The graſſe affords a bed: there let us reſt.
When, lying down, the graſſe and him ſhe preſt.
Her head now in her Lovers boſom laid:
Thus (words with kiſſes intermixing) ſaid.
Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the ſwifteſt Man.
'Tis true, She, won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her ſpeed or beauty did excell.
Enquiring of a husband, this reply
Apollo gave. The uſe of husband fly
O *Atalant!* yet thou ſhalt vainly ſtrive
Againſt thy fate, and loſe thy ſelf alive.

Frighted

Frighted herewith in ſhady woods ſhe lives:
And troops of preſſing Sutors from her drives
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a wife for no man; Run with me.
My bed and I, are both the winners meed:
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel: yet ſo powerful was her look.
That many a youth the peril undertook.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick ſtrife.
Will any through ſuch danger ſeek a wife?
(Said he) and taxt their follies that purſewd.
But when her face and naked form he viewd;
Such as is mine; or thine, were thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands upheav'd, forgive (he ſaid)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The prizes worth. Love ſtill by praiſing grew:
Who wiſhes now that none might run ſo faſt:
Envies and fears. Why linger, I, nor haſt
(Said he) to try my fortune? Gods ſtill aid
Th'adventurous. While this in thought he ſaid;
The Virgin with a winged pace paſt by.
Though ſeeming to th'*Aonian* Youth to fly
As ſwift as *Scythian* ſhafts; her form he more
Admires; by motion lovelier then before.
The winde reverberates her ankles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple ſtrings,
Toſſing her hair, on ivory ſhoulders ſpred.
Her pure white body ſo receives the red,
As when carnation curtains are diſplay'd
On pure white walls, and dye them with their ſhade.
While this the ſtranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta's* browes the Garland won.
The vanquiſht ſigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could ſo ſad ſucceſſe his fear procure:
Who roſe; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why ſeek you praiſe by eaſie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtain the Bayes,
Our victory will not eclypſe your praiſe.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* blood;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the ſacred flood:
Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
Will honour; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye ſhe on him threw:
Nor knowes her wiſh; to loſe, or to ſubdue.

What God, a Foe to beauty, would deſtroy
This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeekes my bed t'injoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The judge, there is not ſo much worth in me.
Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move;
But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Beſides; his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* ſon derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his wife!
Be gone O ſtranger; ſhun my bloody bed,
While yet thou maiſt: this match will loſe thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine;
And ſuch would ſeeke, whoſe luſtres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlaine?
Looke to thy ſelfe, or periſh, ſince in vaine?
Admoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
Hath ſent to death. Th'art weary of thy life.
And muſt he dye, becauſe hee'd live with me?
Muſt death, adventurous Love, thy wages be?
This murder will our victory defame:
And purchaſe hate; yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
Or ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
Ah poore *Hippomenes!* O would this place,
Th'hadſt never ſeene! thou well deſerv'ſt to live.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed, and beauties ſhould be knowne.
Thus ſhe, who raw, and pierc't with loves firſt touch,
Erres in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew ſo much.
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptunes* Iſſue thus implor'd my grace.
O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he ſaid,
And thoſe affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convayd unto my eare:
I pity, and no longer helpe forbeare.
A field there is, ſo fertill none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call.
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd:
A Tree there flouriſht on that pregnant mold,
Whoſe glittering leaves, and branches, ſhone with gold.

Three:

Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so us none could see,
Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their use, deliver'd these.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,
Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper part.
Their feet, unwet, the sea might well have borne:
Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corne.
Favour and Clamor, joyning in remorse,
The youth thus hearten: Now thy speed enforce,
Make haste *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether, what the people said,
More joy'd the Heros or *Schœneian* Maid.
How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe:
And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bosomes scorching flew,
The Goale farre off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw,
One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
To catch the rowling gold: the Youth past by,
And all the field resounded shouts of joy.
This hinderance she repaires with winged haste:
Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast,
The second fruit, throwne farther then before,
Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
The Race now neere an end, he said, O save!
Great Goddesse, give successe to what you gave!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.
When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,
To take it up, and added waight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her pursuit:
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But lest my words the Race in length exceed:
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave. Provokt with sudden rage
At this contempt, and left the future age
By such examples should my God-head slight,
Against them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had

Had paſt, obſcur'd by dark and ſecret ſhades:
When their long journey them to reſt perſwades.
Hippomenes, incenſed by my fires;
Here luſteth with unſeas'nable deſires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood neer this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover; by devotion grac't:
Within this Cell the reverent Prieſt had plac't
The woodden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring: he pollutes their chaſte abodes.
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crownd
With towers, had ſtruck them to the *Stygian* ſound:
But that ſhe thought that puniſhment too ſmall.
When yellow maines on their ſmooth ſhoulders fall;
Their armes, to legs; their fingers turn to nails;
Their breaſts of wondrous ſtrength: their tufted tails
Whisk up the duſt; their looks are full of dread;
For ſpeech they roar: the woods become their bed.
Theſe Lyons, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their ſtubborne necks.
Theſe O my Deare, and all ſuch kinds of beaſts
As will not turne their backs, but bend their breaſts
T'incounter with the raſh Aſſailant, Shun:
Leſt by thy courage We be both undone.
This ſaid: thence flew ſhe, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour ſuch admoniſhments with-ſtands.
By chance the dogs, purſuing long before,
His ſented footings, had diſlodg'd a Bore.
Whom, ruſhing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelin, with his blood imbrude.
Who now his ſafety-ſeeking Foe purſude;
Sheathing his tuſhes in his groyne: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's waightleſſe chariot through the ayre,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,
Her ſilver birds directs to that ſad ſound,
But when ſhe ſaw him weltring in his Gore;
Downe jumping from the skies, at once ſhe tore
~~Her haire and boſome: then her breaſt invades~~
With bitter blowes; and Deſtinie upbraides.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubject to your waſt:
Our ſorrowes monument ſhall ever laſt.

Had

Sweet

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every yeare
Shall in our ſolemniz'd Complaints appeare.
But be thy blood a Flowre. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferior? or will any envy me
For ſuch a change? This having utter'd, ſhe
Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell.
Sprinkled there-with; the blood began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e'r an houre was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in colour, roſe.
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple graines.
And yet their beauty but a while remaines;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves, infirmely plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVID

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to ſtone. Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. *To ſtarving Gold*
All turns at Midas *touch, He's body laves*
In clear Pactolus, *whoſe enriched waves*
Waſh off his gold and gilt, and Aſſes eares
His folly ſhame: the whiſpered Secret beares
Like ſounding-Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seas, in humane ſhapes reſide.
Forc't Thetis *varies formes.* Dædalion
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to Mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantaſus *to ſhapes inanimate ſuites.*
Transform'd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *flye.*
So Æſacus, *who vainly ſtrives to dye.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breaſts
Clad with the ſpotted skins of Salvage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from a hill eſpy'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of theſe, One cry'd, and toſt her flaring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her ſpear
At his melodious mouth; which ivy-bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.

An

An other hurles a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and harpes according tunes ſuddue:
Which ſelfe-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion lay:
Raſh violence, the meane exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erinnys* raign'd in every breaſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalmes, clapt hands, loud eryes,
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals:* with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſique drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc't *Orpheus* blood.
But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowle, and Serpents, they their ſpight inferre;
And raze the glory of his Theater:
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds; ſo they together flung
Their leavy ſpeares, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome armes of trees, ſome ſtones let fly,
And leſt wilde Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes;
And ſwaines, providing food with ſweating browes,
Dig'd with their brawny armes: who feare-inclind,
Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
Their mattocks, rakes, and ſpades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughes from threatning Oxen torne) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vaine
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtaine,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth (O *Iupiter*! which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In ſalvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wilde *Heards*, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreames with their tearos increa
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered haire. Thy limbs diſperſed lay.
His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething ſadly; the dead tongue

Sighes out ſad ditties: the bankes ſympathize
(That bound the river) in their ſad replies.
Now them to Sea their native current bore;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhore.
A Dragon on the forraine ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping haires.
When gaping to devoure the Hymniſts face,
Thæbus deſcends; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jawes extended ready to devoure.
His Ghoſt retires to under ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knowes, what he had ſeen before.
Then through the *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repoſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one minde,
They walke together: oft he comes behinde,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Eurydice* ſurvay.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate,
Who vexed at his Prophets cruell fate,
Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which downe-ward grew.
And even as fowle whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtill foulers ſecret ſnare
Become by fearefull fluttering faſter bound,
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vaine;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtraine.
One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighes,
She ſtrikes hard oake her breaſts ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her armes appeare to grow
In naturall branches; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troope receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands, nor graines of envi'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repaire,
His uſuall traine: *Silenus* then not there.
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with ivy crown'd,

To

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When known to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice five dayes, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppreſt:
When, with wild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his foster-father yeelds.
He in his safe return doth much rejoyce:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joyes:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries.
Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
Of slender boughes; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalks of corn; these yeeld a sheaf of gold:
An Apple puls; therein you might behold
Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone.
The marble pillars with rich metal shone.
And when he washt; that water, showr'd in rain,
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A shining masse: the carved viands straight
Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drink mixt wine: you might behold
His thirsty jawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor;)
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
His plenty feeds him not: he burns with thirst:
By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
Then lifting up his shining arms, thus prai'd:
Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou, and me
From this so glorious a mischief free:
The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Left

Leſt ill-wiſht gold about him ſtill abide;
Goe, ſaid he, to thoſe Cryſtall ſtreames that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
Along th' encountring Current to his head.
There, where the guſhing fountaine ſomes, dive in:
And, with thy body, waſh away thy ſinne.
The King obayes: who in the fountaine leaves
That golden vertue, which the Spring receives.
And ſtill thoſe ancient ſeeds theſe waters hold:
Who gild their ſhores with glittering graines of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields beſtowes
His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine Caves incloſe.
Yet his groſſe wit remaines: his ſhallow braine,
And ſottiſh ſenſes puniſh him againe.
High *Tmolus* with a ſteepe aſcent diſplayes
His rigid browes, and under-ſeas ſurvaies:
Whoſe ſtretcht-out baſes here to *Sardis* joyne;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in ſmall confine.
Where boaſting *Pan*, while he his verſe doth praiſe
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rurall layes,
Before *Apollo's* durſt his ſongs preferre.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
The old Iudge on his owne Mountaine ſits; and cleares
His eares from trees: alone a garland weares
Of Oake, with akornes dangling on his brow.
Who thus beſpake the God of Shepheards: Now
Your judge attends. *He* blowes his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
Then ſacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his lookes: his words his motion follow.
He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that ſwept the ground,
A Violl holds, with ſparkling gemmes inchac't
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.
A perfect Artiſt ſhew'd. Then ſweetly plaid,
When *Tmolus*, raviſht with his muſick, ſaid,
Pan to the Violl yeeld thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountaine had decreed,
But *Midas* onely; whoſe exclaimes traduce
The Cenſure. *Phœbus* for this groſſe abuſe
Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray haire:
Inſtable, and now apt to move. The reſt
The former figure of a man poſſeſt.

Puniſht

Punisht in that offending part: who beares
Vpon his skull a slow-pac't Asses eares.
He strives to cover such a foule defame:
And with a red Tiara hides his shame.
But this his servant saw that cut his haire:
Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare
His Soveraignes seene deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;
Which comming to maturity, disclose
The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne
Repeat his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies.
Through liquid ayre, and on the land which lies
On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands:
Where far-obayd *Laomedon* commands.
Betweene *Rhœteum* and *Sygæum* stood
An ancient Altar, high above the flood,
Vowd to the *Panomphæan* Thunderer:
From whence he saw the King begin to reare
New *Troy*'s scarce founded walls; with what adoe,
And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
Who, with the father of the swelling Maine,
Indues a mortall shape: both entertaine
Themselves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfild;
The King their promised reward denies:
And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.
Revengefull *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
Which all the shores of greedy *Hesin* drown'd,
And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.
Besides the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock exposed stands,
To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free,
By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy;
His valours hire: who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Tooke greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one:
But he a Goddesse had espous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* thus fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: thou shalt bear a Youth,
Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,
In arms and fame. Lest any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends:
Which were, if deep, a harbour lockt by land;
Where shallow seas o're-spread the yellow sand.
The solid shore (whereon no sea-weed growes)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing showes.
Hard by, a Mirtle grove affords a shade:
In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtful, made
By Art then Nature: hither *Thetis* swims
On Delphins back, here layd her naked limbs.
In this the sleeping Goddesse *Peleus* caught:
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and clasps her in his armes.
And, had she not assum'd her usual charmes
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd,
Now turns t'a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd:
Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Close to the bole th'enamor'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:
When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt!
Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;
And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And said; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next surprise,
When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lyes:
And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, till she resume her own.
This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his own waters drownd.
Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas
Descends; when beautious *Thetis*, bent to ease
Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.
No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd.

But forthwith varies formes; until she found
Her virgin limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid:
Appears her self; nor his imbrace repel'd;
Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swel'd.
Happy was *Peleus* in his son, and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,
All fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
Thee *Thracis* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, raign'd;
The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd
His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with travel tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banisht with a slender train repaires:
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
Left in a shady vale not far from thence.
Conducted to his royal presence, He
With Olive brancht, down bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies:
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rank: what owes it then
To your high spirit, so renoun'd by men
Of monumental praise? Whose blood extracts
His fourse from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Joves Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape
To all a terror, ever had that shape.
He was a man; as constant in his minde
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.
Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites
Of nuptial joyes: he joy'd in bloody fights.
His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdu'd;
By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now pursu'd.
His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
A thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.

By fortune *Phœbus* and the ſonne of *Maia*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light
Deferres his joy-embracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
His drowſie rod, and forc't the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skie with ſtarres. An old wives ſhape
Apollo tooke, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſſe of her time drew nye,
Autolichus was borne to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bears two ſonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harpe, and ſongs.
What is't t'have had two ſonnes? two Gods t'inflame
A valiant father? *Iupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatall? ſure t'was ſo to Her:
Who to *Dianas* durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith tooke
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereſt:
And life, with blood, her falling body left.
What griefe (O Piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t'aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who heares me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raves.
But when he ſaw her burne, foure times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamie Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull:
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter then a man,
As if his feete had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chace of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from downe-right cliffes, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beake and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowle purſu'th;
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anetor rusheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Heard) and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of losse and death.
Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard:
To winding shores we drave the weary Heard,
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the sky,
The East and West beheld with equall eye.
A part on yellow sands their limms display,
And from their Rest the wavy fields survay:
While other slowly wander here and there:
Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parcan* stone,
Of blocks adjoynes; within a grove o're-growne.
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
Neere it, a Marish, thick with sallowes, stood;
Made plashie by the interchanging flood.
A Wolfe, a monstrous beast; with hideous noyse
That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.
His lightning jawes with blood and some besmear'd:
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: nor hunger seekes t'asswage
With blood of beeves, and so surcease; but all
He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force-withstood,
Fell by his cruell phangs. The shore with blood,
With blood the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.
Delay is losse; who doubts, himselfe forsakes.
Arme, arme while something yet is left to lose:
And joyning force, this mortall plague oppose.
The *Heardsman* ends. Nor did this losse incense
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Borne, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.
The King commands his men to arme: provides
To goe in person. Busie rumor guides
This to *Alcyone*: her passion bare
Her swiftly thither; ruming with her haire
Halfe uncompos'd: and, that disordering, clung
About his neck: then weepes; and with a tongue

That

That ſcarce could ſpeake, intreats, that they alone
Might goe; nor hazard both their lives in one.
To whom *Æacides*: Faire Queene forbeare
(Too much your bounty flowes) your vertuous feare.
No force availes in ſuch extreames as theſe:
'Tis prayer that muſt the ſea-thron'd Power appeaſe.
A lofty tower within a fortreſſe ſtood;
A friend to wandering ſhips that plough the flood;
They this aſcend; and ſighing, ſee the ſhore
With cattell ſtrew'd; the Soyler drench't in gore.
Here *Telus* fixt on ſeas, with knees that bend,
Blew *Pſamathe* implores, at length to end
The juſtice of her wrath. She from his ſpeech
Diverts her eares: till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The ſalvage Wolfe from thirſt of blood with-hold;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as he a heifer flew,
Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:
All elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
Shewes him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.
Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*,
To harbour here; nor found in exile eaſe;
Till at *Magneſia*, in a happy time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloody crime.
Meane-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his neece and brother; to adviſe
With ſacred Oracles, the joyes of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegyan* hoaſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: her changing face appeares
As pale as box, bedewed with her teares. (ſtraint:
Thrice ſtrove to ſpeak, thrice weepes through deare con-
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy minde?
Where is that love that late ſo clearely ſhin'd?
Canſt thou thy ſelfe enjoy, from me remov'd?
Doe long waies pleaſe? is now my abſence lov'd?
Yet didſt thou goe by land, I ſhould alone
Grieve without feare: now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragicall aſpect:
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhore eject,

Their ſcattered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling windes in rocky cavernes keepes:
And at his pleaſure calmes the raging Deepes.
They once broke looſe ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſterne encounters rore,
And ſtrike forth flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court:
But if my prayers no favour can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: let both one fortune beare;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer feare.
Together ſaile we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what'ever hap ſuſtaine.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrowes melt
Her ſtar-like ſpouſe; nor he leſſe paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much in vaine. This addes unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer only could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkeſome, by my fathers Flame,
I ſweare, if Fate permit, returne I will
E're twice the Moone her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay:
He bids them lanch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renewes her feares;
Preſaging ill ſucceſſe: abortive teares
Flow from their ſprings; then kiſt: a ſad farewell,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwooning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oares, up-riſing from their Banks
With equall ſtrokes. She reares her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the Poope eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhore
The veſſell drives, and thence her object bore.
Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſue:
That loſt, the ſailes her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throwes:

The

The bed and place, with tears to minde recall
That absent part, which gave esteem to all.
Now far from Port; the windes began to blow
On quivering shrowds; their Oares the Sailers stow:
Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes
At once let fall to catch th'approaching gales.
The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,
By this had run; far off from either shore:
When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* stifly blew,
And high-wrought seas with chafing fomy grew.
Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-shear fly,
And furl your sails, the Master cry'd; his cry
The blustring windes and roaring seas suppresse.
Yet of their own accord in this distresse
They ply their tasks: some seeling yards bestride
And take-in sailes; some stop on either side
The yawning leaks; some seas on seas eject.
While thus Disorder toyles to small effect,
The bitter storm augments; the wilde windes wage
War from all parts, and joyn with *Neptunes* rage.
The Master, lost in terror, neither knew
The state of things, what to command, or do;
Confessing ignorance; so huge a masse
Of ills oppresse! which slighted Art surpasse.
Lowd cryes of men resound; with ratling shrowds,
Floods justling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.
Now tossing Seas appear to touch the sky,
And wrap their curles in clouds, frotht with their spry:
The sand now from the bottom lave, and take
Their swarter dy; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depress't, with hissing fome all white,
The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flawes,
Viewes under-vales, and *Acherons* dark jawes:
Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
And Heaven survayes from that low depth of Hell.
Her wave-beat sides a hideous noise report:
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
As chafed Lions, whom no terrors fright,
Rush on extended steel with horrid might:
So Seas invade with storm-imbatled powre
The ships defence; and o're her hatches towre,
Her yeelding planks now spring: stern *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

The prodigal clouds in ſhowres their ſubſtance ſpend;
Ambitious ſeas to gloomy heaven aſcend;
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Main:
At leaſt ſo ſeem. Sails ſuck the falling rain;
Showres joyn with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſſe, tempeſts, and her own
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, braver then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſſe aſſaies,
At length enjoyes his hopes; and ſpur'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand only ſtands the ſhock:
So while aſſailing waves the veſſel rock
The tenth bold billow ruſheth in, nor ſhrinks
Until the ſhip beneath his fury ſinks.
Thoſe ſeas, without, the labouring Bark aſſail:
Theſe ſack her hold. All tremble and look pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts ſink: on every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph and preſents a grave.
He weeps; he ſtands amaz'd; he calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: he vowes to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vain: he on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behinde.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* minde;
Her onely names: now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was his heaven: and had employ'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy ſeas ſo whirle, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the sky, Night, two-fold darkneſſe ſhrouds.
Lowd howling whirlwinds over-boord now bore
The ſhivered Maſt; and now the Rudder tore.
A billow with theſe ſpoyles encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemnes the under-waves:
Nor lighter fals, then if ſome God had torn
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and waight ſuſtain;
But to the bottom ſinks. Moſt of her men
The ſeas infold; who never ſeeen again

Accompliſhed

Accomplished their fates: while other swim
On scattered plankes, a planke upholding Him
Who late a scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas!) from either succour. Still his wife
Runnes in his thoughts, in that short span of life
He wisht the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighes *Alcyone* her name
His last-of speech: in seas conceives the same.
Behold; an arch of waters, black as hell,
Asunder breakes: the breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
And since he might not render up his place,
With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Meane-while *Alcyone*, (his fate unknowne)
Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes
In his returne. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents,
The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars pray'd
For him that was not. Grant succesſe! (she said)
A quick returne! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
The melting Goddesse, could no longer brook
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Haste faithfull Messenger, thy journey take
To drowsie *Sleepes* dimme palace: bid him send
A dreame, that may present the wofull end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
She, in a thousand-coloured robe arraid,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode descends.
Neere the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steepe
And hollow hil's; the Mansion of dull *Sleepe*:
Not seene by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
From humid earth, which still a twi-light make
No crested fowles shrill crowings here awake
The chearefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
Here guards; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell,

Beasts tame, nor salvage; no winde-shaken boughs,
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noyses rouse
Secured Ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
Purles on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy growes,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doors here on their creeking hinges jarr'd:
Through-out this Court there was no door, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
High mounted stands, with sable coverings spred.
Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.
Fantastick dreams, who various storms expreſt,
About him lay: then Autumn's ears far more;
Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shore.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams:
And fills the sacred Concave with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with strife dis-joyns
His seeled lids; again his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleep casts off sleep; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:
Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;
O *Sleep*, the Peace of mindes, from whose abodes
Care ever flies; restoring the decay
Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burd'ning Day:
Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
T'*Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleep
Resist no longer. When she found it creep
Upon her yeelding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of whose brother Sprites
None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and known phrase. He only takes
A humane form: an Other shewes a Snakes,
A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbowre; though *Phobetor* by all

Of mortall birth. Next *Phantaſus*; but he,
Of different faculty indues a tree,
Earth, water, ſtone, the ſeverall ſhapes of things
That life enjoy not. Theſe appeare to Kings,
And Princes in deepe night: the reſt among
The vulger ſtray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* choſe
To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then cloſe
Their drowſie lids, and hanging downe his head,
Oppreſt with ſlumber, ſhrinks into his bed.
His noiſeleſſe wings by night fly *Morpheus* ſtraines;
And with the ſwiftneſſe of a thought, attaines
Th' *Æmonian* towres; then laid them by, and tooke
The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke
He naked ſtood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhapy wife:
His beard all wet, the haire upon his head
With water dropt; who leaning on her bed,
Thus ſpake; while teares from ſeeming paſſion flow.
Doſt thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Loſt:
And for thy husband thou ſhalt ſee his Ghoſt.
Thy pious prayers no favour could obtaine:
Lo, I am drown'd no longer hope in vaine.
Cloud-cruſhing South winds in *Ægæum* caught
Our raviſht ſhip, and wrackt her with her fraught,
My voice the floods oppreſt, while on thy name
I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtfull author tells: this I relate,
I, that there periſht by untimely fate.
Ariſe, weep, put on black: not undeplor'd
For pity ſend me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he addes a voice, ſuch as ſhe knew
Expreſt her Lords; with teares appearing true,
And geſture of his hand. She ſigh'd and wept;
Stretcht out her armes t'embrace him as ſhe ſlept,
But claſpt the empty ayre. Then cry'd, O ſtay!
Ah, whither wilt thou! Let us goe one way.
Wak't with his voice, and husbands ghoſt; with feare
She lookes about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her ſhreekes, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what ſhe ſought,
She ſtrikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,
Invades her breaſt; nor ſtayes t'unbind her haire,

But tugs it off. Her Nurſe the cauſe demands
Of ſuch a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the paſſion of her grief reply'd:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! ſhe dy'd:
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
My ſhipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thruſt forth t'have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his ſtay. A Ghoſt: yet manifeſt:
My husbands Ghoſt: which, O but ill expreſt
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.
Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place:
Here, here (and ſought his ayrie ſteps to trace.)
O this my ſad miſ-giving ſoul divin'd;
When thou forſookſt me to purſue the winde.
But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to Sea: a happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time aſſign'd
For life had liv'd; nor in our death diſ-joynd.
Now here, I periſht there: on that Profound
Poor I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then floods more cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive!
Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one ſepulcher
Shall joyn our titles: though thy bor e, from mine
The ſeas diſſever, yet our names ſhall joyn.
Grief choak't the reſt. Sobs every accent part:
And ſighes aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.
Day ſprings: She to the ſhore addreſt her haſte,
Even to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhe ſadly utters, here he ſtaid;
Here parting kiſt me; from thence anchor waid;
While ſhe ſuch ſighs recals; her ſteady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
But knowes not what: yet like a corſe. Firſt ſhe
Doth doubt: driven neerer (though not neer) might ſee
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
The Omen mov'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art: and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By floods driven neerer; the more neer, the more
Her ſpirits faint: now nigh th'adjoyning ſhore.

She

She ſees now what ſhe knowes; her husbands Corſe.
Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhe cries! at once doth force
Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
To ſoule-leſſe *Ceyx* and then ſaid: Here ends
My laſt of hopes: thus, O then life more deare;
O Husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a Peere;
Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
And brake the firſt incurſion of the flood.
Thither forth-with (O wonderfull!) ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſive ayre with new-growne wings,
Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes.
About ſhe flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
A mournefull noyſe; lamenting her divorce:
Anon ſhe toucht his dumb and bloodleſſe Corſe;
With ſtretching wings imbrac't her periſht bliſſe;
And gave his colder lips a heatleſſe kiſſe.
Whether he felt it, or the floods his looke
Vpraiſ'd, the vulgar doubt: yet ſure he tooke
Senſe from her touch. The Gods commiſerate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: their nuptiall faiths they ſhew,
Now little birds; engender, parents grew.
Seaven winter dayes with peacefull calmes poſſeſt,
Alcyon ſits upon her floating neſt.
Then ſafely ſailes; then *Æolus* incaves
For his, the windes, and ſmoothes the ſtooping waves.
Some old man ſeeing theſe their pinious move
O'r broad-ſpread Seas, extolls their endleſſe love.
By theirs, a neighbour, or Himſelfe, revives
An others fate. Yon' ſable fowle that dives;
(And therewith ſhewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royall parentage may alſo vant.
Whoſe anceſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred;
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, *Ioves Ganimed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the laſt
That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who ſurpaſt
In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
Of Fate unchanged in his youths firſt flowre,
He might perhaps as great a name have wonne,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters ſonne.
For *Alixothoe*, a country Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Idas* ſhade.
He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely woods frequents,

And

And unambitious fields; but made repaire
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who ſpyde
Eperia, oft deſir'd, by *Cebren's* ſide
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing haire. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
Or like a fearefull fowle thruſt over-land
Beneath a Falcon. He purſues the chace:
Feare wings her feete, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this ſtrife,
Seiz'd on her heele; ſuppreſſing flight with life,
Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alaſſe that ever I purſude!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth ſuch a loſſe. Ay me! two, one deſtroy.
Thy wound the Serpent, I th' occaſion gave:
I, O more wicked: yet thy death ſhall have
My life for ſatisfaction. There-with flung
His body from a cliffe which over-hung
The undermining Seas. *His* falling limmes
Vpheld by *Tethys* pity; as he ſwimmes
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compel'd, to live the Lover grieves:
Diſdaining that his ſoule, ſo well appaid
To leave her wretched ſeat, ſhould thus be ſtaid.
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
His body throwes: the fall his feathers eaſe.
With that, enrag'd, into the deepe he dives:
And ſtill to drowne himſelfe as vainely ſtrives.
Love makes him leane. A long neck doth ſuſtaine
His ſable head; long-joynted legs remaine.
Nor ever the affected Seas forſakes:
And now a ſuted name from diving takes.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Twelfth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake, a Snake-like Stone. Cyenus *a Swan;*
Cænus *the Maid, now* Cænus *and a Man*
Becomes a Fowle. Neleius *varies ſhapes:*
At laſt an Eagle, nor Alcides *ſcapes.*

Old *Priam* mourns for *Æſacus*, nor knew
That he ſurviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
Pay to the tomb which his inſcription bears.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
A thouſand ſhips, in one confederate,
Purſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge ſo long had been delaid,
If wrathful ſeas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhie *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Navie in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they ſacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames ariſe,
A blew-ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
A Neſt there was upon an upper bough,
With twice four Birds: theſe, and their Dam (which now
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake
At length devour'd. This all with wonder ſtrake.

When

When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)
Rejoyce, *Pelasgians*, 'tis a happy signe!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyl and care,
These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare.
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a stone, that held a Serpents shape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew, and said,
A Virgins blood must *Dian'* reconcile.
Now did the publick cause the private foile.
A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
Before the Altar to resigne her blood.
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue
The Goddesse, who a cloud about her threw,
And while they prosecute her Rites, and prai'd,
Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury and the Seas, at once asswage.
A forewinde then their thousand Vessels bore,
Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remov'd appear,
And every whisper penetrates the ear.
The House of *Fame*, who in the highest towre
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre
Innumerable wayes conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brasse, through-out resounds,
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds,
No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
Such as from far by rowling billows sent,
Or as *Joves* fainting thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with newes unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling growes,
And every Author addes to what he knowes.
Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New

New rais'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknowne Authors, and of doubtfull things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſurviews:
And through the ample world inquires of newes.
She notice gave, how with a dreadfull hoaſt
The *Grecian* Navy ſteered for their coaſt.
Nor unexpected came: the *Troians* bend.
Their powers t'encounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt thou thy life, *Proteſilaus*, loſt
By *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle coſt
The *Greekes* much noble blood: ſo clearely ſhone
Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet unknowne.
Nor no ſmall ſtreames of blood their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe,
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* ſtaine:
Now *Neptunes Cyenus* had a thouſand ſlaine,
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;
And with his lance whole ſquadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found:
(For *Iove* nine yeares great *Hectors* life ſuſtaines.)
Cheering his horſes with the ſlaxen maines,
His thundring charriot drives againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what e're thou art, rejoyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpeare purſues: the ſteele no wound impreſt,
Though ſtrongly throwne. When, bounding from his breaſt,
He ſaid, Thou Goddeſſe-borne, Fame brutes thee ſuch;
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helme with horſe-haire deck, this ſhield I beare,
Defend not me: for faſhion theſe I weare.
So *Mars* his perſon armes. Should I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* ſonne is ſmall.
His, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His lance, that piere't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine Oxe-hides ruſht: the tenth did it reſtraine.
The Heroe caught it, and retorts againe
The ſinging ſteele; againe it gave no wound;
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cyenus* bar'd his boſome to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian ſhew;

Whoſe

Whoſe dreadful horns the skarlet, which provokes
His fury, toſſe with ſtill deluded ſtrokes.
Then ſearches if the head were off: that on;
What, is my hand, ſaid he, ſo feeble grown?
On one is all my vigor ſpent? my powre
Was more, when firſt I raz'd *Lyrneſſus* towre:
When *Tenedos*, *Eetian Thebes*, were fild
With blood of theirs, by my encounters ſpild.
The red *Caycus* ſlaughtred natives dyde:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powreful tryde.
Behold theſe heaps of bodies! theſe I ſlew:
Much could my hand have done; as much can doe.
This ſaid, his former deeds almoſt ſuſpects,
And at *Menetes* breaſt his aim directs,
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithleſſe curaſſe pierc't his heart:
Whoſe dying body ſtruck the groaning ground.
Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;
This hand, he ſaid, this now victorious lance
Shall urge thy fate: aſſiſt me equal chance!
With that, th'unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,
Th'unevitated on his ſhoulder rung;
Which like a Rock the Lance repeld again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple ſtain;
By vainly glad *Æacides* deſcry'd:
He woundleſſe: this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.
Then roring, from his chariot leaps; and made
A horrid on-ſet with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his Helm and Shield beheld;
Yet he ſecure: his skin the ſteel repeld.
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blowes:
Preſt on as he gave back, purſues, inſiſts;
Nor lets the aſtoniſht breathe. He faints; blew miſts
Swim over his dim eyes: whoſe backward ſteps
A Stone with-ſtood, On whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his ſtrength, and *Cycnus* up-ward caſt
On ſounding earth: there held the Heroe faſt.
Then ſets his ſhield and knees upon his breſt;
And, drawing hard his helmet-ſtrings, oppreſt
His gaſping jawes: the breathing path and way
Of life ſhuts up. About t'unarm his prey,
The body miſt. To a Fowle as white as ſnow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This toyle, this fight gave many daies of reſt:
And either part from deeds of armes ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchfull *Greekes* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*,
For *Cycnus* death with heifers blood did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
On burning altars, to the Gods convaid
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred uſe; the board receiv'd the reſt.
Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares, and thirſt refreſh.
Nor muſick now, nor ſongs their eares delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubject, Valour: of the valour ſhowne
By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeake of? or what were
A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare?
Then ſpake he of his conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no powre to penetrate
His woundleſſe body, which could ſteele rebate.
This the *Pelaſgans*, this *Æacides*
Himſelfe admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteele, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what beleefe exceeds,
A woman borne. This prodigie begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
O thou the wiſdome of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſires the ſame:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battell knowne;
By whom, if ſo by any, overthrowne.
Then He: Though age impaire my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge flye,
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and warre,

None

None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
And if the length of time, not ſpent in vain
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finiſht, in the third I live.
Not all the Virgins that *Theſſalia* bare,
With *Elateian Cenis* could compare,
For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
And thoſe, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For ſhe her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of lovers her affection ſought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
Or elſe aſſur'd. *Cenis* ſtill forbore
All nuptial ties. As on the ſecret ſhore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her diſſent
Enforc't to Rape: for ſo the rumor went.
Rapt with the joy of loves firſt taſted fruit;
All ſhall, ſaid *Neptune*, to thy wiſhes ſute;
Wiſh what thou wilt. So Fame the ſtory told.
My wrong, ſaid *Cenis*, makes my wiſhes bold:
That never like enforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giv'ſt me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expreſſe,
Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no leſſe.
The Sea-god had aſſented to her will:
And further addes, that ſteel ſhould neither kill
Nor wound his perſon. Yong *Atracides*
Departs; rejoycing in ſuch gifts as theſe:
Who great in every manly vertue growes;
And haunts the fields through which *Penens* flowes.
The ſon of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the ſalvage Centaures, bred
Of claſped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In ſhady bowres at ſundry tables plac't.
There were th'*Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The Palace rung with our confuſed joy.
They *Hymen* ſing; the Altars fume with flames:
Forth came th'admired Bride with troops of Dames.
We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:
But ſcarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady then the reſt,
Foul rapine harbours in his ſalvage breſt;
Inceníſt by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Luſt and Ebriety in out-rage joyn.

Stmig

Straight, turn'd-up boords the feaſt prophane: the fair
And tender ſpouſe now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus Hyppodame*; all took,
Their choice, or whom they could: ſackt Cities look
With ſuch a face. The women ſhreck: we riſe.
When *Theſeus* firſt; O *Eurytus*, unwiſe!
Dar'ſt thou offend *Perythous* as long
As *Theſeus* lives? in one to ſuffer wrong.
The great-ſould *Heroe*, not to boaſt in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce diſdain
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be juſtifi'd by words:
But with his fiſts the brave redeemer preſt;
Aſſails his face, and ſtrikes his generous breſt.
Not far off ſtood an antique Goblet, wrought
With high-rais'd figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurld at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kicks the ſtained ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,
Arm, arm, reſound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At firſt an uncouth flight
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.
Firſt *Amycus*, *Ophions* iſſue, ſpoyles
The ſacred places of their gifts; who ramps,
Tears down a brazen Creſſet ſtuck with Lamps:
This ſwings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer ſtrikes; which cruſht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknown: confuſion form bereft.
Out ſtart his eyes; his batter'd noſe betwixt
His ſhiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Peladeş a treſſel tore
That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.
He knocks his chin againſt his breaſt, and ſpude
Blood mixt with teeth. A ſecond blow purſude
The firſt; and ſent his vexed ſoul to hell.
Next, *Grynews* ſtood; his looks with vengeance ſwell:
Serves this, ſaid he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
Aloft a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* ſlew.

Orions

Orions mother *Mycale*, with fear
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her ſphear.
Exadius try'd: Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix
Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: one ſticks
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skul, with yellow treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curles ſurround,
Like corn on fire; blood broyling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: as red Steel that gloes
With fervent blaſts, which pliant tongues diſpoſe
To quenching cool-troughs, ſputters, ſtrives, conſumes;
And hiſſing under heated water, fumes.
The wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedy flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torn from the threſhold, which alone
Would load a Wain, at diſtant *Rhœtus* thrown.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life invades:
And ſent his friend to everlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing; May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd; and aggravates his wound
By blowes redoubled, with his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſinke in braines. Then turns his hand;
On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely ſlew.
What glory can the ſlaughter of a Boy
Afford, *Evagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay:
For *Rhœtus* e're his jawes together came,
Hid in his throat and breſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his browes; aſſails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
For through his ſhoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoil'd with blood, now ſaves himſelf by flight.
So *Lycidas Arneus*, *Medon* (red
With his own blood) *Triſenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends that war eſchue;

And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, unſlaughtred paſſe:
All ſlaine by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to fly, a fore-wound ſlue:
For looking back; the point betweene his ſights,
There, where the noſe joynes with the for-head, lights.
Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleepe, *Aphidus* lay
Vpon a Beares rough hide on *Oſſa* kild:
Whoſe lazie hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas farre off the vainely hurtleſſe ſpy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: the ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was unfelt: his full throate voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fild with blood.
I ſaw *Petræus* tearing from the gound
A well growne Oake: while he embrac't it round
With his ſtrong armes, now, this, now that way hal'd,
Perithous to the bole his boſome nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* ſunke to hell.
Theſe leſſe the glory of his acts elate
Then *Helops* death, and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right eare ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountaine ſlides,
As he *Ixions* furious ſonne avoids,
And head-long fell: his weight aſunder brake
A mighty Aſh, the ſtumps his entrailes ſtake.
In ruſht revengefull *Phereus* with a ſtone
Torne from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(About to hurle) in ſhivers *Theſeus* crackt:
Nor leaſure had, or further care t'exact
His uſeleſſe life. Then nimbly vaults upon
Byanor's back, before beſtir'd by none,
His knees claps to his ſides, his ſhaggy haire
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty Oake.
Dart fam'd *Lyceſpes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke

To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Reacht to his breaſt; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wild beares on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th'enraged purchaſe to his home alive.
Demoleon frets to ſee *Ægides* thrive.
With ſuch ſucceſſe; and from the center ſtrives
To teare a Pine: which when he could not, rives
The yeelding bole, and darts it as his foe.
Theſeus farre off eſpi'd the deadly throw;
Who by *Minerva's* counſell (for ſo he
Would have us thinke) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantors* ſhoulder, breaſt,
And throate divides; which tortur'd life releaſt.
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Given by ſubdude *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart,
With all the rigor of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that joyne
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headleſſe Iavelin pluck,
And hardly that: the head behind it ſtuck.
Anguiſh it ſelfe the heat of wrath improoves:
He reares afore, and pawes him with his hooves.
Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: yet ſtill his ſword extends
And twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breaſts. Yet had he ſlaine before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight,
Hiphinous and *Damis*, in cloſe fight,
Addes *Dorylas* to theſe, who wore a skull
Of Wolfe-skin tan'd, the ſharpe hornes of a Bull,
Inſteed of other weapon, fixt before,
And dyde in crimſon with *Lapithian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd I ſaid in ſcorne,
Behold how much our ſteele excels thy horne.
And threw my lance: not to be ſhun'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together naild. They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle,

Th

Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer preſt :
And thruſt his ſword deepe in, below his breſt.
He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trailes :
The trailed kicks, the kickt in peeces hales ;
Which winding, fetter both his legges and thighes :
So falls ; and with a gutleſſe belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave :
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
His chin began to bud with downe of gold ;
And golden curles his ivory back infold :
His lookes a pleaſing vigor grac't ; his breſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtiall parts a ſhame to theſe :
Adde but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtors* uſe ; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,
So largely cheſted ; blacker then the crow :
His taile and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his love ;
Whom none but faire *Hylonome* could move :
None for attracting favour ſo excell,
Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
Shee, by ſweet words, by loving, by confeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.
With combs ſhe ſmoothes her haire ; her perſon trimmes
With all that could be gracefull to ſuch limmes.
Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft, of lillies curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pagaſæan* hils ; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreames : and ware
The skinnes of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſſe her breſt,
Vaile her left ſide. Both equall love poſſeſt :
Together on the ſhady mountaines ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay :
Then to the palace of the *Lapithite*
Together came ; and now together fight.
A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forth-with cold ; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limmes receives ;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To ſtay his flying ſoule. But when ſhe found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that ſteele, which through his boſome paſt,
She threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinkes I ſee grim *Phœocomes* yet:
Who with two Lyons skinnes, together knit,
Protect's his double forme. A log he tooke,
Which ſcarce two teemes could draw; this darted, ſtroke
The crowne of *Phonolenides*; his braines
It though his battered skulls deepe crannies ſtraines;
Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and noſtrils guſht,
Like curds through wickar ſqueaſ'd; or juyces cruſht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'unarme, my ſword his bowels ſhred.
Your father ſaw his downefall. *Chthonius* too,
And ſtout *Teleboas* our fawchion ſlew.
The firſt a forked branch, the other bore
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you ſee the ancient ſcarre. Then I,
Then ſhould I have beene ſent t'have ruin'd *Troy*.
Then might I have reſtrain'd, if not o'r-throwne
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or elſe a child. Now ſpent with age, I waine.
What ſpeake I of two-ſhapt *Pyretus* ſlaine
by *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
Brave *Ampycus*, foure-hoov'd *Oicles* ſped.
Macareus borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* ſheath'd
Deepe in *Neſſæus* groyne, and life bereav'd.
Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopſus* throwne
Odites ſlew: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his boſome nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* ſlew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Axe-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to theſe broyles;
Arm'd with *Emathian Aleſus* ſpoyles:
His yeares, twixt youth and age; not age impaires.
The ſtrength of youth, though ſprinkled with gray haires.
A *Macedonian* ſpeare, a ſword, and ſhield,
Confirme his pride: o'r-viewes the well-fought field,

Chaſ

Claſhes his armes; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this diſdainful ſound.
Shall I indure thee *Cænis*? ſtill to me
Thou art a woman, and ſhalt *Cænis* be.
Thou haſt forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting ſhape.
Think of thy birth; think of thy eaſie rape.
Go, take a Spindle and a Diſtaff; twine
The carded wooll, and armes to Men reſigne.
While thus he ſcoffs; and circularly ran;
Cæneus his ſides gores with his lance, where Man
And Horſe unite. He, mad with anguiſh, flings
His ſpear at the *Phyllean* youth, which rings
On his unwounded face; and back recoyles,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tyles.
Then ruſhing on, with thruſts aſſayes to wound
His hardned ſides, the ſword no entrance found.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape; the edge ſhall lanch thy throat,
Although the point be dull. This ſaid, and ſmote
At once, The blow, as if on marble, ſounds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* ſaid:
Now will we try, if thou our ſword canſt feel.
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders thruſts the fatal ſteel
Up to the hilts; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no blood:
For *Cæneus* ſtill invulnerable ſtood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaymes,
One foyles us all, to all our endleſſe ſhames!
He ſcarce a man! nay, he the man, and we
Are what he was: ſo poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs? our double force?
The ſtrongeſt of all creatures, Man and Horſe,
In us by Nature joyn'd? ſure we are not
A Goddeſſe birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durſt the Queen of Deities imbrace:
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, maſſie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul;
And with a pyle of Trees cruſh out his ſoul.

Let woods oppresse his jawes: o're-whelm with waight,
Instead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight
An Oak up-rooted by the furious blasts
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* casts.
Th'example quickly *Othris* disaraide
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.
Prest with so huge a burthen, *Cæneus* sweats:
And to th'o'r-whelming Oaks his shoulders sets.
But now the load above his stature climes,
And choaks the passage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then struggles to advance his crown
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down:
Sometimes the burden with his motion quakes;
As when an Earth-quakè high-brow'd *Ida* shakes.
His end was doubtful: some there be, who tell
How with that weight his body sunk to *Hell*,
Mopsus dissents; who saw a fowl arise
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
(The first I ever saw) which flying round
About our tents, sent forth a mournful sound.
This he pursuing with his soul and sight,
Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithite!*
O *Cæneus*, late a man at armes; but now
An un-matcht fowl! his witnesse all allow.
Grief whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
By such a multitude should be o're-thrown:
And sorrow so long executes the fight,
Till half were slain: half sav'd by speed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar:
Since in the repetition of that war,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
Alcides praise? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaures fell.
To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you
Compel me to remember, and renue
My sorrow lost in time? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
His acts transcend belief, his high repute
Fils all the world: which would I could refute,
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extold by us.
For who commends his foe? *Messene's* walls
He raz'd: fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Deck

Deteſt his fury; Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd with them did ruinate
Our Houſe with ſword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſterne out-rage fell;
Twice ſix faire-fam'd *Neleidæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have beene ſuddu'd: but more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen's* ſlaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc't to vary formes, at length appeares
Like *Joves* lov'd Fowle, who in her tallons beares
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beake and pounces rent.
At him his bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As towring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-joyn'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerves could not ſuſtaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throate.
Now brave *Commander* of the *Rhodian* Fleete;
Thinkſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.
When *Neſtor* with melliſluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calmes the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieves with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then civill hate.
Ten yeares now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
Thus unſhorne *Sminthens* his ſterne rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſonnes to us moſt deare;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towres
So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
By millions ſlaine? the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives
To utter ſpoyle, then Warre more cruell, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

Cannot approach to encounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.
Delius assents: his Uncles wrath intends;
With it, his own; and in a cloud descends
To th'*Ilian* host: amid the battel seeks
For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose
Thy shafts so basely? nobler objects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.
Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew
The *Trojan* troops: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This only might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.
Him, who with conquest cloyd the jawes of death,
A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
If by th'effeminate to be o'r-thrown,
Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*
Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fear; the fame,
And strong protection of the *Græcian* Name,
Invincible *Æacides* now burns:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remaines
So much, as now a little Urn containes.
Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fils the world: this answers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high
As thy great spirit, and shall never die.
And even his armes, to instance whose they were;
Procure a war, Armes for his Armes they bear.
Ajax, *Oileus*, *Diomedes*, nor
The lesse *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no nor any; but the Son
Of old *Laertes*, and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burden, and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

THoſe purple flowres which Ajax *name diſplay,*
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders riſe*
Self ſlaughtring Fowle: a yearly ſacrifice.
What ever Anius *daughters handle, proves*
Corn, Wine, or Oyl: themſelves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd Virgins aſhes Sons aſcend.
*Th'*Ambracian *Judge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Moloſſus *royal iſſue.* Scylla *growes*
A horrid Monſter. Murder'd Acis *flowes*
With ſpeedy ſtreames. The kinde Nereides
For Glaucus *ſue: inthron'd in ſacred Seas.*

THe Princes ſat; the Souldier crownes the field:
Up roſe the Maſter of the ſeven-fold-Shield.
With wrath impatient, his ſtern eyes ſurvay
Sigæum, and the Navie which there lay.
Then throwing up his hands, O *Jove*, he ſaid;
Before the Fleet muſt we our title plead?
And am I rivald by *Vlyſſes* clame?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hectors* flame.
This, I ſuſtain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis ſafer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

Nor need I to rehearſe what you have ſeen
In act, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by ſight,
Without a witneſſe, only known to Night.
Great is the affected prize, I muſt confeſſe:
But ſuch a Rival makes the value leſſe.
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
(Though great) what ever he could hope to gain,
Who now in this is honour'd, that can boaſt
He ſtrove with me, when he the palm hath loſt.
But were my valour queſtion'd, I might on
My birth inſiſt; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy's* bulwarks ſcal'd:
In *Pagaſæan* kell to *Colchis* ſail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the Judge of ſouls,
Where *Siſyphus* his reſtleſſe torment rouls.
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax* third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedegree aſſiſt my clame,
If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the ſame.
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
Shouldſt thou, thou ſon of damned *Siſyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a ſtranger to
Achilles race, the right of his purſue?
Becauſe I firſt aſſumed armes, deſcryde
By no detector, are theſe armes denyde?
Or rather for the laſt in field deſign'd;
Who with faign'd lunacy the war declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to avoided armes? Muſt he
Now wear the beſt, who all eſchew'd? and we
Unhonour'd, robbed of a Kinſmans right,
Becauſe we at the firſt appear'd in fight?
And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;
Or ſtill ſo thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to fowl actions, ever ſeen
The *Phrygian* towres. Then ſhouldſt not thou have been
O *Pæans* ſon, expoſed by our crime
To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou conſum'ſt thy time
In lonely Caves obſcur'd with woods, the ſtones
Provok't to pity with thy daily grones,
And wiſheſt him, what he deſerves, thy pain,
If Gods there be, thou wiſheſt not in vain.

Now

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth imploy
Thoſe arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
In that removed from *Vlyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t'have been ſo left:
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Nor by our crime. He helliſhly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madneſſe in his minde;
And falſely him accus'd to have betraid
Th'*Achaian* hoſt; confirming what he ſaid
By ſhewing ſums of gold, which in his tent
Himſelf had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength impairs; for this preferd:
So fights, ſo is *Vlyſſes* to be feard.
Though faithful *Neſtor*, he in eloquence,
Surpaſſe; his leaving *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalve: who ſlow, through his hurt horſe,
And clog'd with age, implor'd *Vliſſes* force
To fetch him off; who left to oddes of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knowes
For no forg'd crime; who vainly cald, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reviling his diſmay.
The Gods with juſtice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the Law
Himſelf preſcrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and ſaw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
His ghoſt for fear. I interpos'd my ſhield;
Beſtrid him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoyn we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and uſual fear;
Behinde my target ſculk: then plead. This man,
Who reeld with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt reſolved ſhrink: ſo great a dred
He drew on all. Him, as he conqueſt led
Through blood and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth: Him I ſuſtain'd alone,
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

Nor pray'd in vaine: if you enquire the ſumme
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloody weapons, flames, and *Iove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navie: where was then
Your eloquent *Vlyſſes*? I, even I
A thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; whereon relye
The hope of your returne. Theſe armes for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receive then give: our glories juſtly peaſe;
Theſe armes doe *Ajax* ſeek, not *Ajax* theſe,
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare,
That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* deſpaire;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch meane deſerts theſe armes accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that ſhines with burniſht gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
Nor can his feeble arme employ this ſpeare:
His ſhield, whoſe orbe the figured world adornes;
A cowards arme, inur'd to theeving, ſcornes.
O foole, that thus thy owne undoing ſeekes!
If giving thee by th' error of the *Greekes*,
It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foes;
But give occaſion of thy overthrow,
And flight, wherein thou only doſt exceed,
Clog'd with ſo huge a waight, will faile thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battle rarely borne,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torne
With ſtormes of blowes, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe armes deliver to the foes defence:
And let him keepe, that takes the prize from thence.
Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the cloſe
A murmure rais'd, till *Ithacus* aroſe:
Who having fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, ſpake unto this ſenſe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Græcians; if heaven, with yours, had heard my praire;
What now we ſeek had found no doubtfull Heire;

Th'haſt

Th'hadſt kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But ſince ſtern Fate, averſe to you and me,
So coveted an happineſſe denies,
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
Favour not him becauſe he ſeems to be,
And is a ſot: nor blame this wit in me,
So bleſt in your affairs: or take offence
That for my ſelf I arm my eloquence;
(If I have any) oft for you imploid.
Let none the glory of his own avoid.
For Anceſtors, divine original,
And deeds by us not done, we ours miſ-call.
Yet in that *Ajax* vants himſelf to be
Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no leſſe are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arceſius* his;
His, *Jupiter*: in this deſcent none is
Condemn'd, nor baniſht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* ſpring: in both a Deity.
Not that more noble by the Mothers ſide,
Nor that my father had his hands undide
In brothers blood, do I enforce this clame:
Weigh but our worths; and cenſure by the ſame.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the neer
In birth, but Great in act, deſerve this grace:
Or if proximity in blood have place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry theſe.
Teucer is cozen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet ſtirs not he herein:
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honour win?
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſuit advance;
Although my deeds ſurmount my utterance,
Their abſtract yet in order to relate:
Theris, fore-Knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Diſguis'd her ſon: ſo like a Virgin dreſt,
That all miſtook, and *Ajax* with the reſt.
When, armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde
Suſpect, I brought to tempt a manly minde.
Yet was the Heroe virgin like arraid,
Who taking up the ſpear and ſhield, I ſaid:

O Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reserves: why doubts thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renownes.
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s townes)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lernessu*'s walls.
To passe the rest; I gave, who could subdue.
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slue.
For th' armes that found *Achilles* these I crave:
He dead, I aske but what, alive, I gave.
The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* prevailes:
Eubœan Aulis held a thousand sailes.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to asswage
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves:
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition nere the lesse
I to the publike wonne: and must confesse
(*Atrides* pardon;) we did proseeute
Before a partiall judge, a hatefull sute.
Yet him his brother, scepter, publike good
Perswade to purchace endlesse praise with blood.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes
Not yet had sweld with still-expected gales:
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
Yet full of men: and feareless, urg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appeare
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes
Could scarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes.
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
Together joyned. But what my policy

And force perform'd behoofefull to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate,
The firſt great battle fought, our warie foes
Long live immur'd: nor durſt their powers expoſe.
Nine yeares expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
Meane-while what didſt thou, onely fit to fight?
What uſe of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe entrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the wearie Souldier
To brooke the tediouſneſſe of lingring warre
With faire expectance: teach them waies to feed,
The uſe of armes. Imploide at every need.
The King deluded in his ſleepe by *Iove*,
Bids us the care of future warre remove.
The author was his ſtrong apologie.
Ajax ſhould have with-ſtood; the ſack of *Troy*
He ſhould have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
Why was the nobler ſiege by him unſought?
Why arm'd he not? a ſpeech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have ſtaid:
To him not difficult, who lookes ſo high,
And ſpeakes ſo bigge. What, if himſelfe did fly?
I ſaw, and ſham'd to ſee thee turne thy back,
To hoyſe thy ſailes unto thy honours wrack,
What doe you? O what madneſſe, mates, ſaid I,
Provokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
Ten yeares nigh ſpent, what will you beare away
But infamy? I this, and more did ſay;
Wherein my ſorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perſwaded, alterd their intent.
The King a councell calls; diſtruſts afford
No ſound advice: durſt *Ajax* ſpeake a word?
When baſe *Therſites* durſt the King provoke
With bitter words: who felt my ſcepters ſtroke,
Their doubts with hope of conqueſt I inſpire:
And ſet their fainting courages on fire
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus reſtrain'd his flight.
Beſides, what one of all the wiſer *Greekes*
Makes choice of thee; or thine aſſiſtance ſeekes?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Vlyſſes* ſtill.
Among ſo many 'tis a grace for me
To be his conſort; and the choice ſo free.

The

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Delon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd:
Nor him, till I had searcht his bosome, slew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
All knowne, and nothing left to be enquir'd;
I now with praise enough might have retir'd.
Yet not so satisfide, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his owne tent;
When like a Victor, on his charriot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Aiax* is more kinde:
What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O'r-throwne by us? by us *Ceranos* fell,
Iphytides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pherndamas*,
With *Charopes Esymnus* fatall Passe
Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rancke, I slew.
And I, O Country men, have honourd wounds.
Faire in their scarres: nor trust to empty sounds:
Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares)
This breast, still exercis'd in your affaires.
No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthfull warres
Hath *Aiax* shed: let him produce his scarres.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our fleete he fought with *Troy* and *Iove*:
I grant, he did so: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone
A common praise, but render us our owne.
Achorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.
He vainely glories that himselfe alone
Could answer *Hectors* opposition:
The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot:
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valour, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Woe's me! with what a tide of griefe I call
That time to minde; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles, fell! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid
My forward zeale; his raised corps I laid

Vpon

Upon theſe ſhoulders: theſe, even theſe did bear
Him, and his armes; which now I hope to wear.
Our ſtrength can ſuch a waight with eaſe ſuſtain:
Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* ſo ambitious for her ſon,
That ſuch a brainleſſe Souldier ſhould put on
This heavenly gift, of ſo divine a frame?
Whoſe figured ſhield his ignorance would ſhame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Starres; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, ſad *Pleiades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He ſeeks, yet knowes not, theſe.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did ſhun,
And time defer'd till others had begun?
Nor can conſider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we joyn in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kinde wife, his mother him with-drew:
Our flowre to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, ſhould I quit my own defence,
To ſuffer with ſo clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet
Achilles was diſcover'd by my wit.
Leſt I ſhould wonder, why his fooliſh tongue
Should ſlander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me
Without juſt cauſe, muſt not his judgement be
To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could juſtifie ſo evident a deed:
Nor heard you only of his treacheries,
The hire of treaſon laid before your eyes.
Pœantius in *Lemnes* left, was none
Of my offence, doe you defend your owne:
You to his ſtay conſented. Yet againe
I muſt confeſſe, I advis'd him to abſtaine
From travell, toyles of warre: and to appeaſe
The anguiſh of his bitter wound with eaſe.
He did: he lives. Th' advice was good: ſucceſſe
As fortunate approves it for no leſſe.
Since Fate deſignes him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Aiax* induſtry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguiſh will
Appeaſe: hee'l fech him with ſome reach of skill.

First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Tojans* ayd;
E're my endeavours in your service fail,
And sottish *Ajax*, with his wit prevail.
And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
Thou covet my accesse, my blood to spill;
Yet I'le attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
That neither may, what we so wisht for, lack.
Thy shafts I must possesse (so favour Fate)
As I possest the *Dardan* Prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatal Signe
Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravisht from her shrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this untane,
Troy's hop'e-for expugnation had been vain.
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
How durst *Vlysses* trust himself to night,
Passe through the watch, their threatning weapons slight?
The walls not onely, but the higest towre
Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre
That bears their fate enforce: and with this prey,
Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?
Which, had not I atchieved, Yet in field
Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why do'st thou fleer on my *Tydides* so:
And nod'st at me? our praises joyntly grow.
Nor for our Navie didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
Who knew that wisdom valour should command;
That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Else he himself had joyn'd in this debate;
Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Eurip hylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As strong, nor second unto thee in war:
Yet yeeld to our advise. Thou fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might?

Thy valour wants fore-caſt; my care is ſet
Upon the future: thou canſt fight; and yet
The time and place muſt be by us aſſign'd:
Thou only ſtrong in body; I in minde.
As skilful Pilots thoſe ſurpaſſe, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common Souldiers; ſo
I thee excel. Our vigor is leſſe great
In bones and ſinews, yet my ſoul compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many years expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deſerts. Our work is at an end:
With-ſtanding fates remov'd: I, in that I
Have made it feſable, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy's* overthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I raviſht from the foe;
If ought remain to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me:
Or if you can forget; theſe armes reſigne
To this: and ſhew *Minerva's* fatal Signe.
The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their charmes:
And Eloquence from Valour wins thoſe armes.
He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
So oft ſuſtain'd; yeelds to one ſtroke of ire.
Th'unconquer'd ſorrow conquers, Then his blade
In haſte unſheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbrude
In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lords muſt now imbrue:
That none but *Ajax Ajax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breaſt, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ſteel with all his ſtrength;
Expel'd by guſhing gore. The blood at length,
A purple flower engendred on the ground:
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint;
Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoyſing ſails, doth ſtand
For mild *Hyſiphile's* and *Thoas* land;
(Defam'd by womens curſed violence)
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe

Theſe, with their owner to the camp convaid,
On that ſo long a warre an end they made.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th'unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure loſt: whoſe raving Sprite
And uncouth howling forrein fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* ſtretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Helleſpont*; nor there expire.
That little blood which *Priams* age could ſhed,
Ioves altar drinkes. By her anointed head
Apollos Prieſt they drag, her hands in vaine
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greekes* conſtraine
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their country Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Aſtyanax threw from that towre; from whence
He had ſeene his father, by his mother ſhowne,
Fight for his Kingdomes ſafety, and his owne.
North-winds to ſeas invite, and proſperous gales
Sing in their ſhrowds: they haſte to trim their ſailes.
The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare ſoyle farewell!
We are hal'd to loth'd captivity! then fell
On earth now kiſt: and leave, with much delay,
Their countries ſmoking ruines. Hecuba
Her ſad departure to the laſt deferrs:
Now found among her childrens ſepulchers,
(A ſight of ruth!) ſpread on their tombs: bewailes,
Their cold bones kiſſing: whom *Vlyſſes* hales
From that ſad comfort. Some of *Hectors* duſt,
Vp-ſnatcht, delivers to her boſoms truſt.
Vpon his tomb ſhe left her hoary haires
(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.
Oppos'd to *Ilions* ruines lyes a land,
Till'd by the *Biſtones*; in the Command
Of *Polymneſtor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* ſent.
And wiſely; had he not withall conſign'd
A maſſe of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foſter-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her laſt date, the *Thracian* Tyrant ſlew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the ſlaine
Could caſt away, he caſts into the Maine.
Now rod *Atrides* at the *Thracian* ſhore;
Till winds forbore to ſtorme; and ſeas to rore.

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe lookes diſcloſe
As ſterne a wrath, as when his lawleſſe blade
Was on *Atrides* drawne, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingratefull! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honour me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlaine *Polixena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th' ungentle Ghoſt obaid;
And from her Mothers boſome drew the Maid,
(High ſoul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſigne
With Rites infernall. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloody altar brought;
Seeing her ſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd,
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With ſword advanc't, ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dred:
Our generous blood to your intentions ſhed,
Diſpatch; in throate or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſome bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I onely wiſh my death might be unknowne
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbes the joyes of death: though *Priams* wife
My death ſhould leſſe bewaile, then her owne life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free ſoule may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Vntainted paſſe. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand, I ſhall more aceeptable prove
Vnto that God or Ghoſt, what ere he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free,
And if a dying tongue prevaile at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicit that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former yeares
Sh'had gold to give, now poore, accept her teares.
This having ſaid, for her, that would not weepe,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keepe
His eyes from teares, yet did what he abhord,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearefully embraceth ſmild-on Death.

Then

Then when ſhe fell, ſhe had a care to hide
What ſhould be hid; and chaſtly-decent dide.
Her corps was carried by the *Troian* dames:
Who in a funerall ſong repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what ſtreams of gore
One Houſe had ſpent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royall Wife, entitled late
The mother Queene, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, caſt by a ſcorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, ſo renoun'd,
A maſter hardly for his mother found.
She hug's the corps that ſuch a ſpirit kept.
Who for her country, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips ſhe preſt,
Her wounds fils with her teares. Then beats her breſt:
Her hoary haire beſmear'd with clotted gore,
And boſom tome, this ſpake ſhe; and much more.
Poore daughter, our laſt ſorrow: (what is left
For fortunes ſpight!) by bloody death bereft
On thee I ſee my wounds. That of my ſeed
None may unwounded dye, even thou muſt bleed;
In that a woman, thee I held ſecur'd:
But thou, a woman, ſuffer'ſt by the ſword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers ſlue;
Hath ſlaine thee alſo. When he a corſe was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* ſhafts, I ſaid,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadfull as before.
Againſt my race his aſhes riſe: his tomb
Preſents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
This fury fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* deſcends:
And ſad ſucceſſe the publick ſorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilion* alone
To us remaines: our ſorrowes freſhly grone.
I, late ſo potent and ſo fortunate
In husband, ſons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: deſpis'd, and torne
From my owne ſepulchers, from *Phrygia* borne
To ſerve *Penelope*, that while I ſew
Or ſpin at her commandment, ſhe may ſhew
Her ſlave to *Ithacenſian* dames, and ſay,
Loe, *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba*.

My ſorrowes ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt.
Infernal ſacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why break'ſt thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Miſchievous Old-age,
For what reſerv'ſt thou me? You cruel Powres,
Why leng then you a poor old womans houres
To ſee new Funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich Funerals attend thee, royal Maid:
And by thine Anceſtors thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, a heap of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a forrein land.
All, all is loſt! Yet lives a little Boy
My laſt and youngeſt joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condeſcend to live a ſpace,
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Mean while why ſtay we with the cleanſing flood
To waſh theſe wounds, and look beſmear'd with blood.
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
All torn and ſcattred, to the ſea repairs.
And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw the caſt up corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy ſhore.
The Ladies ſhreek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
Whilſt inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc't,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heaven advanc't
Her ſcouling browes: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lioneſſe, rob'd of her young,
Purſues the unſeen-hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage
Had joyn'd their powers; unmindful of her age,
But not of former greatneſſe, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe would ſhew him ſums of hidden gold

To

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirsty of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'enrich thy sonne:
By all the Gods, we justly will restore
What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsely swearing King: with anger swel'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flyes;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then usual strong
With thirstie vengeance, and the sence of wrong,
Her hand drownes in his skull; the roots up-tore
Of his lost sight, imbrude with guilty gore.
The men of *Thraca* incensed for their King,
Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For speech extended, barke. Of whose mis-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.
The *Trojans*, *Græcians*, those who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
Even spiteful *Juno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.
Aurora had no leisure to lament
(Although those armes she favour'd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall
And neerer grief afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whose life blood the lance imbrude
Of sterne *Achilles*. This when first she viewd,
The rosie die, that deckt the Mornes up-rise
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funeral flames: but with her hair displaid,
As in that season, to high *Jove* repaires;
And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the skie sustains
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, doe,
The night confine, and sacred day renue,
I merit such: such sute not now our state;
Nor such desires affect the desolate.

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare for his uncle, by *Achilles* ſlaine
In flowre of youth (ſo would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powres, a mothers ſorrow, by
Some honour given him, leſſen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Iove* aſſents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-caſt: as when bright *Sol* aſſumes
From ſtreames thick vapors, nor is ſeene below.
The flying ſparkles dying joyntly grow
Into one body. Colour, forme, life, ſpring
To it from fire, which lightneſſe now doth wing.
Firſt like a fowle, forth-with a fowle indeed:
Innumerable ſiſters of that breed:
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
The funerall Pile; thrice raiſe a mournfull ſound.
In two bttalions then divide their flight;
And like two ſtrenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their oppoſites with beake and talons rend;
Cuffe with their wings; in ſacrifice deſcend,
Now dying, on the aſhes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
Theſe now ſprung fowle, men of their author call
Memnonides. No ſooner *Sol* thorough all
The Signes returnes; but reinforſt againe
In civill warre they dye upon the ſlaine.
While others therefore doe commiſerate
Poore barking *Hecuba* in her cang'd fate:
Aurora her owne griefe intends; renewes
Her pious teares which fall on earth in dewes.
Yet fates reſiſt that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should periſh with her towres. The Son and Joy
Of *Cythorea*, with his houſhold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious ſhoulders lodes.
Of ſo great wealth he onely choſe that prize,
And his *Aſcanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and ſhuns the wicked *Thracian* ſhore,
Defil'd with blood of murdred *Polydore*:
With proſperous winds arriving with his train
At *Phœbus* town, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Prieſt; who, with the reſt,
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Gueſt:
The City, with the ſacred places, ſhowes,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

Incenſe

Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe powr'd;
Entrailes of ſlaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court: on carpet ſpred
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchiſes*: O to *Phœbus* deare!
I am deceiv'd, or, when I firſt was here,
Foure daughters and a ſonne thy ſolace crown'd.
He ſhooke his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
And ſighing ſaid, O moſt renoun'd of men,
I was the father of five children then,
Whom now (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Halfe childleſſe: for my abſent ſonne to mee
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
In ſea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd,
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their ſute:
That all they touch ſhould preſently tranſmute
To wine, to corne, and to *Minerva's* oyle.
Rich in the uſe. To purchaſe ſuch a ſpoile,
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire.
(Leſt you ſhould thinke we have not borne a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Enforc't them from me: charged to diſpence
That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcapē by flight: two to *Eubœa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Souldier
Purſude, and threatened (if unrender'd) warre.
Feare nature now ſubdude: his ſiſters were
By him reſign'd; forgive a brothers feare.
Not *Hector*, not *Æneas* then were by
To guard his towne, who ſo long guarded *Troy*:
About to bind their captive armes in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they praid,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid.
(If ſuch a loſſe may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelfe the ſequell proves;
Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With ſuch diſcourſe they entertaine the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe themſelves to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle exquire:
Who bids them to their ancient Nurſe retire.

And kindred ſhores. Now ready to depart
The King preſents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
A ſcepter to *Anchiſes* gives: a brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Aſcanius* gave:
A cup to *Æneas*, which ſurpaſt the reſt;
By *Theban Therſes* ſent him once his Gueſt.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therſes* ſent;
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with ſeven gates of equal grace;
Theſe ſerve for names to character the place.
Before it, exequies, tombes, piles, bright fires,
Dames with ſpread hair, bare breaſts, and torn attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
For their dry ſprings: ſap-ſearing Cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleſſe ground.
In midſt of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crownd
With fillers ſtand: This proffers to the ſword
Her manly breaſt; her hands her death afford,
For common ſafety. All the people mourn;
And with due funerals their bodies burn.
Yet leſt the world ſhould ſuch a linage loſe,
Two youths out of their virgin aſhes roſe.
Theſe Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
The antick braſſe with burniſht figures ſhin'd:
Whoſe brim neat wreathes of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Troian* gifts of leſſe expence:
Who gave a *Cenſer* for ſweet Frankincenſe,
An ample *Chalice* of a curious mold;
With theſe a crown, that ſhone with gemmes and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* ſprung from *Teucers* blood,
They ſaile to *Creet*: but *Iowe* their ſtay with-ſtood.
Leaving thoſe hundred Cities, now they ſtand
For wiſht *Auſonia's* deſtinated ſtrand.
Toſt by rough Winter, and the wrath of ſeas,
They anchor at the faithleſſe *Strophades*.
Thence frighted by *Aello*; ſail away
By ſteep *Dulichium*, ſtony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* claſp'd by the Main;
All ſubject to the ſlye *Vlyſſes* raigne.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the ſtrife and grudge
Of angry Gods; the image of the Iudge
Behold, by them converted into ſtone:
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

Then the *Dodonian* ſpeaking Oake they view;
Cenonia, where *Moloſſus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phæacia*, rich in Orchards came;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Butrotos* ſtaid,
Whoſe ſcepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet ſwaid;
And ſee reſembled *Troy*. Foretold of all
By *Priams Helenus*, that would befall:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
To ſhowry *Auſter*; flowry *Zepher* blowes
On *Lilybæus* browes; *Pelorus* ſhowes
His Cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
That ſhuns the *Ocean*. Under this they ſteare
And ſtrech their oares; who favoured by the tide,
That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.
The right-ſide dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keepes the left; on ruine bent.
She belches ſwallowed ſhips from her profound:
Her ſable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round;
Yet beares a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets ſing, ſhe was a virgin too.
By many ſought, as many ſhe deſpiſ'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-Nymphs highly priz'd,
She beares her viſetts; and to them diſcovers
The hiſtory of her deluded lovers,
To whom thus *Galatea*, ſighing, ſaid;
While *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous-minded men, whom you
With ſafty may refuſe, as now you doe.
But I, great *Nereus* and blew *Doris* Seede,
Great in ſo many ſiſters of that breede;
By ſhunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok't
A ſad revenge. Here teares her utterance chok't.
Theſe cleanſed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddeſſe, ſaid:
Relate, O moſt ador'd, nor from me keepe
The wretched cauſe that makes a Goddeſſe weepe;
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* conſents,
And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* cald; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the ſwectly-Faire
To me an innocent affection bare.

His blooming youth twice-told eight birth-dayes crowne,
And clothe his cheekes with scarce-appearing downe,
As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
My love pursude; our loves a like extreame.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a powre
Hath thy command! He, still austere and sowre.
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
With life escapes accustomed to feast
On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.
Forgetfull of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feedes in his breast, inflamed with desire.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;
His bristlies barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
His thirst of blood and love of slaughter cease;
Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes-large sight
Shall by *Vlysses* be depriv'd of light.
O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;
A female hath already stolne that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces stalks upon,
The burdned shore; or weary, from the wave.
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave,
A promontory thrusts into the maine;
Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:
The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecy flock
Vnforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;
He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking sils
The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.
Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* sides I heard him sing this song.
O *Galatea* more then lilly-white,
More fresh then flowry meads, then glasse more bright,
Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then shells whereon the surges drive,

More wiſht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,
More ſweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more ſeemely then tall Planes,
Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,
More faire, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of ſprings enchac't. Though thus, thou art withal
More fierce then ſalvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waves more giddy, harder then the oake,
Then vines or willow twigs more eas'ly bent,
More ſtiffe then rocks, then ſtreames more violent,
Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more raſh then fire,
Then Beares more cruell, ſharper then the Brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More ſpeedy then the hound-purſued Hind,
Or chaced clouds, or then the flying wind.
If knowne to thee, thou wouldſt thy flight repent;
Curſe thy delay, and labour my content.
For I have caves within the living ſtone;
To Summers heat, and winters cold unknowne:
Trees charg'd with apples; ſpreading vines that hold
A purple grape and grapes reſembling gold.
For thee I theſe preſerve, affected Maid,
Thou ſtrawberries ſhalt gather in the ſhade,
Autumnal cornels, Plummes with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor ſhalt thou Cheſ-nuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor ſcalded wildings: ſerv'd by every tree.
Theſe flocks are ours: in vallies many ſtray,
Woods many ſhade, at home as many ſtay.
Nor can I, ſhould you aske, their number tell:
Who number theirs, are poore. How theſe excell,
Believe not me, but credit your owne eyes:
See how their udders part their ſtradling thighes.
I in my ſheepe-coats have new-weaned lambs;
And friſking Kids late taken from their dams.
New milke, freſh curds and creame, with cheeſe well preſt,
Are never wanting for thy pallats feaſt.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of eaſie purchaſe, or what are not rare:
Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Neſts ſcal'd from cliffes, and Doves produc't by paires.
A rugged Beares rough twins I found upon
The mountaine late, ſcarce from each other knowne,

For

For thee to play with: finding theſe, I ſaid,
My Miſtris you ſhall ſerve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the ſurges riſe,
Bright as the morning; nor our gifts deſpiſe.
I know my ſelf; mine image in the brook
I lately ſaw, and therein pleaſure took.
Behold, how great! nor *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
Is larger ſiz'd: curles, on my browes diſplayd,
Affright; and like a Grove my ſhoulders ſhade.
Nor let it your eſteem of me impair,
That all my body briſtles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horſes without maines,
Are ſights unſeemly: graſſe adornes the Plains,
Wooll ſheep, and feathers fowle. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough briſtles grace.
Amid my fore-head ſhines one only light;
Round, like a mighty ſhield, and clear of ſight.
The Sun all objects ſees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sunne hath but one eye.
Beſides, your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I give you him for yours. Doe you alone
Vouchſafe me pity, and your ſuppliant hear:
To you I onely bow; you onely fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I deſpiſe:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your ſcorn my patience leſſe would move.
Were all contemn'd. Why ſhould you *Acis* love,
And ſlight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himſelf he pleaſe; and pleaſeth thee,
(Which frets me moſt) could I your darling get,
He then ſhould finde my ſtrength and me like great.
His guts I could extract, ſqueeſe out his braines,
Throw his diſſevered limbes about the plaines:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave
With his hot blood; and make thy deep his grave.
For O, I fry! deſpis'd affection burnes
With greater rage: my bulk to *Ætna* turnes,
And all her flames are in my boſome pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent?
This ſaid, he roſe; (for I beheld him well.)
Nor could ſtand ſtill; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well known coaſt;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer loſt.

Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpy'd,
And with a voice that ſutes a *Cyclop.* cry'd,
This houre ſhall be the laſt of all your joyes;
Affrighted *Ætna* rored with the noiſe,
I under water div'd: he flying ſaid;
Helpe *Galatea!* you, O parents, aid;
The utterly undone; and entertaine
Your iſſue in the Empire where you raigne.
A torne-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whoſe corner over-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate:
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires ſtate:
The purple blood from his cruſht body fled;
Which preſently forſooke the native red:
Firſt like a raine diſcoloured ſtreame appeares;
Then cryſtalline. The rock in ſunder teares:
Whoſe crannies with up-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waves reſound:
From whence a youth aroſe above the waſt;
His horned browes with quivering reeds embrac't.
'Twas wonderous ſtrange: but that his lookes appeare
More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: although he now became
A living ſtreame, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' aſſembly brake:
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelves betake:
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deepes:
But naked, nigh the thirſty gravell keepes;
Or weary, in the more-ſequeſtred waves
Her comely limmes in cooling water bathes.
Loe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,
Transformed neere *Euboean Anthedon*,
Through yeelding waves arrives: rapt with her ſight;
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter fled: who twift with feare aſcends
A lofty hill, which neere the ſhore extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peere the under-ſwelling flood.
There ſtayes, ſecured by the place; nor knew
If Gods, or Monſter: much admires his hiew,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders voile;
And hinder parts, that beare a fiſhes taile;
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigy, faire Maid:

Nor *Proteus*, *Triton* *Athamantides*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent
Th'affected Seas. On those my labour spent.
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattell ever fed,
Nor harmlesse sheepe, nor goats on mountaines bred,
No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade;
Those flowres no marriage garlands ever made:
That grasse ne'r cut with sithes. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fishes which I rooke;
By their credulity hung on my hooke,
Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behove?
Yet such it seemes) my prey began to move,
Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
If either God, or Hearb, his wonder wrought.
What hearb, said I, hath such a powre? in hast
An heard I pull'd, and gave it to my taste.
No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:
When forth-with I another nature tooke:
Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last
Farewell receive! in seas my selfe I cast.
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
Into their sacred fellowships, entreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what ever mortall was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bade me dive beneath a hundred streames.
Forth-with the rivers rusht from sundry Realmes;
And sea-rais'd surges roule above my crowne.
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,
An other body, and an other minde;
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well.
Thenceforth insensible of what befell.

Then firſt of all this ſea-greene beard I ſaw,
Theſe dangling locks, which through the deepe I draw;
Broad ſhoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
And thighes which in a fiſhes taile unite.
What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of ſeas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not theſe?
While this he ſpake, and would have uttred more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His loves repulſe: whom ſtrong deſires tranſport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

INchanted Scylla, *hemm'd with horrid ſhapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *weares t'a Voice.* Ulyſſes *men*
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers Beaſts. Deſpair*
Reſolves ſad-ſinging Canens *into Air.*
The Mates of Diomed *unreconcil'd*
Idalia *turns to Fowle. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burnes*
Æneas *ſhips: theſe* Berecynthia *turnes*
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcynous *ſhip with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames deſtroy*
Beſieged Ardea; *from whoſe aſhes ſprings*
A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.
Æneas, *Deifi'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All ſhapes. Rhamnuſia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeales proud Anaxarete *to Stone.*
Cold Fountaines boyl with heat. T'a heavenly throne
Mars Romuls *aſſumes.* Herſilia
Like grace receives: who joyn in equal ſway.

NOw *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had paſt
High Ætna, on the jawes of *Typhon* caſt;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
The wrackfull Straites, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Ausonia*: forward drives
Through spatious *Tyrrhen* at length arrives
At hearby Hills, *Phœbean Circes* seat,
With sundry formes of monstrous beast repleat.
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
A God, O Goddesse, pity: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might move
So deare a grace) th'asswagement of my Love.
For none then I, *Titania*, better knowes
The powre of hearbs, that was transformd by those;
T'informe you better, in *Italia*
Against *Massena*, on a sandie Bay,
I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
My slighted court-ship, answered by her flight.
Doe thou, if charmes availe, in charmes unty
Thy sacred tongue: or soveraigne Hearbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her selfe alone
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publisht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more ease pursue;
Who wish the same, whom equall flames subdue
For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursude:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beauty confident;
Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sols* descent:
In hearbs so potent, and no lesse in charmes;
Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.
Scorne her that scornes thee; her, that seekes, pursue:
And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who sought him so:
First shady graves shall on the billowes grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remove:
Ere I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddesse frets: who since she neither could
Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, preferd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incensed with repulst desire,
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds, and *Hecat's* charmes injects:

A sea-

A sea-greene robe puts on, the Court forsakes
Through throngs of fawning beasts: her journey takes
To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shore;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly rore.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if sh'had trod upon the solid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; sconst from the Seas and skies
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hottest beames, and shortest shades
This with portentous poysons she pollutes;
Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words darke and perplexed nine-times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice,
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the wast,
Beheld her hips with barking dogs embrac't.
Starts backe: at first not thinking that they were
Part of her selfe, but rates them, and doth feare
Their threatning jawes: but those, from whom she flies,
She wits her hales. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
The mouthes of *Cerberus* environ'd round
With rav'ning Curres: the backs of salvage beasts
Support her groine; whereon her belly rests.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her *Art* abus'd.
But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.
And had the *Troian* navy drownd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate,
Into a Rocke: the stony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oares;
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,
Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile she reares,
Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Vpon his sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gaind;
There where his faithful friend *Acestes* raignd.
His fathers funeralls he re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd

By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades*, Command,
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, lost
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then croft,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd
With barren hills; so of her people call'd.
For *Iupiter*, detesting much the slie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* perjury,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limmes, their noses from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, covering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to prejury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past
By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-liv'd *Sibyls* Caves.
A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves
T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Dities
Reception sild, in sacred rage repli'd.
Great things thou seek'st, O thou so magnifi'd
For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,
Thy arme through armies consecrate thy name.
Yet feare not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:
T' *Elysian* Fields, th'infernall Monarchy,
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is denide.
Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.
Æneas her obeyes: and now doth see
The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.
There knowes the customes of the *Latian* State,
The toyle of future warre, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary steps applyde:
And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide
His toyle beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomy twy-light, he remounts to D. y.

Whether,

Whether, ſaid he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſſe: and confeſſe
That by thy favour I have wonne acceſſe
Vnto th'abodes of Death; that by thee I
Eſcape from his infernall Monarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day returne,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burne.
The Propheteſſe on him reverts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortalls offer no immortall Dues;
Leſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to *Phœbus* given my virgin flowre.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd a heape of ſand,
And wiſht as many birth-dayes as my hand
Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which ſhould have crownd my time.
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life. Thoſe happier times are gone;
And craſie age with trembling ſteps comes on.
Seven ages have I liv'd and live I muſt
Till yeares have equalled thoſe graines of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſumme,
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of daies my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will thinke that I belov'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeene,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be knowne.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that ſteepe aſcent,
Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* roſe: and ſacrificing, came
To ſhores ſince called of his Nurſes name,
Neritian Macarcus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travells end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate

Long

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, ſaid he
O *Achæmenides* : hath ſet thee free ?
How comes a *Græcian* ſouldier to be found :
In *Troian* veſſell ? for what Country bound ?
When *Achæmenides :* (not now forlorne .
Now like himſelfe, his rags not pind with thorne)
May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,
Whoſe jawes ore-flow with blood of ſtrangers ſlaine ;
If I this home preferre not farre above
Vlyſſes ſhip, or leſſe *Aeneas* love
Then my owne father, Could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poore.
That now I ſpeake, I breath, Heaven, Sun-ſhine ſee
(Can I unmindfull or ungratefull be)
Is by his bounty : that the *Cyclops* fowle
And hungry maw had not devour'd my ſoule :
That now I may be buried when I die ;
Or at the leaſt, not in his entrailes lye.
O what a heart had I ! with feare bereft
Of ſoule and ſenſe ! when I behinde was left,
And ſaw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,
But that afeard to have my ſelfe betrayd.
Yours, almoſt had *Vlyſſes* ſhip deſtroyd :
I ſaw him rive out of the mountaines ſide
A ſolid rocke, and dart it on the Maine :
I ſaw the furious Giant once againe ,
When mighty ſtones with monſtrous ſtrength he flung :
Like quarries by a warlike engine ſlung.
Leaſt ſhip ſhould ſinke with waves and ſtones I feare :
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had reſcu'd you from death,
O're *Aetna* paces ; ſighing clouds of breath :
And groping in the woods, bereft of ſight,
Encounters juſtling rocks : mad with deſpight
Extends his bloody armes to under waves,
The *Greekes* purſues with curſes ; and thus raves,
O would ſome God *Vlyſſes* would ingage,
Or ſome of his, to my inſatiate rage !
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
Gulpe downe his blood till it againe aſcend,
And craſh his panting ſinewes. O, how light
A loſſe, or none, were then my loſſe of ſight :
This ſpake, and more, My joynts pale horror ſhooke,
To ſee his grim , and ſlaughter-ſmeared looke,

His

His bloody hands, his eyes deſerted ſeat,
Vaſt limmes, and beard with humane gore concreat.
Death ſtood before mine eyes (my leaſt diſmay:)
Now thought my ſelfe ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drownd in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
When two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw:
Then on them like a ſhagged Lyon lies;
Their entrailes, fleſh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with craſht bones, at once devoures.
I, ſad, and bloodleſſe ſtood: feare chil'd my powres,
Seeing him eat, and caſt the horrid food;
Raw lumps of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Even ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every ſound,
Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With maſt, and hearbes repelling famine; I,
Forlorne, to death and torment left, at laſt
This ſhip eſpy'd: and waſting it, in haſt
Ranne to the ſhore, nor ſafety vainly ſeeke:
A *Troian* veſſell entertaind a *Greeke*.
Now, worthy friend, your owne adventures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befell.
He told how *Aeolus* raign'd in *Truſcan* Seas,
Storme-fettering *Aeolus Hippotades*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
A winde, encloſed in an Oxes hide.
Nine daies they ſailed with ſucceſſefull gales;
Sought ſhores deſcry'd: the tenth had blancht their ſailes
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
A maſſe of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough ſeas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th' *Æolian* port againe arrives
To *Leſtrigonian Lamus* ancient towne
From thence, ſaid he, we came, That countries crowne
Antiphates then wore. Three thither ſent,
Two of us ſcarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Leſtrigonians* teeth embrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* purſude
Our flights; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
Huge ſtones and trees, our men and veſſels drowne:
One ſcap't; which us, and ſad *Vlyſſes* bore.
Ioyntly our loſt companious we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which farre from hence you ſee: Still may it ſtand

Farre

Far from my ſight! beware thou Goddeſſe Son,
Juſt *Trojan* Prince, (for now the wars are done,
With them for ever end our enmity)
From *Circes* Manſion, O *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindful of the *Cyclops* ſtrand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.
But caſting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithful *Polites*, ſage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
To viſit *Circe* on that unknown ſhore.
Approaching, we before the Portal ſtaid,
A thouſand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
Inſtead of teeth their flattering tailes diſplay,
And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came
And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
Unto their Miſtris. On a throne of State,
She in a ſumptuous inward chamber ſate:
With gold her under garment richly ſhone;
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with buſie fingers pull:
But weeds diſpoſe in order; mingled flowres
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powres,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of every ſimple, of their compounds too;
And gives them their due weight. Saluted, ſhe
Salutes again; her chearful looks as free,
As her full bounty to ſupply our need.
Who bids her ready damſels mix with ſpeed
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, ſtrong wines;
And to this ſweet receit hid juyces joynes.
Then gave the cup with her own ſacred hand;
Which thirſtily we drunk, while with her wand
The direful Goddeſſe ſtrokes our crownes, I ſhame
To tell; yet tell: I preſently became
With briſtles rough: thinking as I was wont,
T'have ſpoke, and ſhew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
My looks hung down, my mouth extends t'a ſnout,
My ſtiffer neck with ſwelling brawnes ſticks out;
And go upon thoſe hands, wherewith of late
I took the cup. With thoſe whom frightful fate
Had thus un-mand (ſo great a potency
In potions lurks) included in a Stie.

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the ſhape of Swine
Avoids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelfe had beene a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Vlyſſes* our miſ-haps have knowne:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his owne.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flowre;
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withall
By heavenly counſell, enters *Circe's* Hall.
Proffering th'inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe, he thruſts her from her ſtand;
And with drawne ſword the trembling Goddeſſe frights,
When vowed faith with her faire hands ſhe plights;
And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt,
Above our crowaes, and charmes with charmes diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feete unite,
Shoulders and armes poſſeſſe their former grace.
With teares our weeping Generall we embrace
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſſe was for a yeare deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chiefe with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young-mans Image of white ſtone
Clos'd in a Shrine, with crowns imbelliſhed;
Who bare a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, reply'd ſhe, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtris power: obſerve me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle train'd.
His forme, ſuch as you ſee: whom had you kuown,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could he
Foure *Græcian* wraſtlings in th' *Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
His lookes attract: nor Nymphs of fountaines ſcorn

To

To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And heady *Nar* sustaine; the shady Flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd.
Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed,
Her beautie admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull songs; and there of *Canens* nam'd,
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,
Detaines their hasty course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
While her sweet voice cœlestiall musick yeelds,
Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields,
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.
Seeing unseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd:
But when she her distraction had compos'd,
About t'impart her wish, the following presse,
And swiftnesse of his horse, forbid accesse.
Thou shalt not so escape said she, although
The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to run before
The Kings pursuit; and made the ayrie Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd accesse. He leaves his foming horse
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
With equall hopes: and through the forrest straid.
New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
And Gods unknowne with unknowne charmes adores.
Wherewith inur'd t'eclypse the pale-fac't Moone:
And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone,

And now with pitchy fogs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way.
In that deceitfull Night, and from him ſtraid.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe faire eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſſe ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sunne: nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd, What ere thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he: my captive heart
An Other holds; and may ſhe hold it long.
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptiall faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor againe
Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turnes ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt:
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes expreſt
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with ſeekes the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard oakes aſſailes, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloake aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turnes to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chaines:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeeke him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew faire,
The Sunne and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the aire)
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
With threatning lookes, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juyce of wicked might.
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeates,
Their leaves looke pale, Hearbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horſely ſeeme to rore:

Vpon

Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the air unbodied spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
Their former formes; not one his own possest.
Phœbus now entring the *Tartessian* Main,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soul, in vain
Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,
And beat her breasts (though these expresse her care)
In haste forsakes her roof; and frantick, strayes
Through broad-spred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
O're hils and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last
Beheld the Nymph: on his cool bankes she cast
Her feeble limbes: there weeps, and weeping sung
Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
Even so the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:
And by degrees she vanisheth to air.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long year, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Un-ner'd with slothful ease,
Again we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
(I must confesse) and here arriving, staid.
Macareus ends. *Cajeta* Urne inclos'd,
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Græcian* fires set free.
They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
Avoiding *Circes* guileful palace, stand
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* son, the *Latian* star
Lavinia gaines; but not without a war.
War with a furious Nation is commenst;
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incenst:

While

While all *Hetrucia* to *Latium* ſwarmes:
Hard victory long ſought with penfive armes
To get Recrutes from forraine States they trie:
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupply.
Nor to *Evander* towne *Æneas* went
In vaine: though vainely *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomeds* Citie, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Iapygian Daunus* had aſſur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done
His embaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſonne:
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
The ſubjects of his aged father in-law
T'unneceſſary warre: that none remaine
Of his to arme. Leſt you ſhould thinke I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, heare the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Græcian* flame:
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oileus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſſe Seas with furious ſtormes,
We, wretched *Græcians*, ſuffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, ſhowres, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Caphareau* cruelties.
To abridge the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Maine;
Then from my ungratefull Country chac't againe,
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt Profound,
Much ſuffering in terreſtriall conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempeſts, and the harborleſſe
Caphareus drownd: envy'd in our diſtreſſe
The worſt indur'd; with ſeas and battles tyr'd,
My men an end of their long toyle deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By uſuall ſlaughters: What remaines (he ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would eſchue?
Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe
More then ſh' hath done? when worſe miſ-haps affright,
Then prayers availe: but when miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then feare is of no uſe:
And height of ills ſecurity produce.

Let

Let *Venus* heare: although ſhe hate us all.
(As all ſhe hates that ſerve our Generall)
Yet let us all deſpiſe her empty hate;
Whoſe Powre hath made us ſo unfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* ſtung:
Revenge reviving with his laviſh tongue.
Few like his words: the moſt ſeverely chid
His tongues exceſſe. About to have reply'd,
His ſpeech, and path of ſpeech, at once grew ſmall,
His haire converts to plume; plumes cover all
His neck, back, boſom: larger feathers ſpring
From his rough arme, his arme was now a wing.
His feete divide to toes, hard horne extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill deſcends.
Rhetenor, Nyctæus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like deſtiny. Moſt of my Souldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowle; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what ſhape their owne un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to ſilver Swans.
Theſe barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
As ſonne in-law to *Daunus*, ſcarce enjoy,
Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venulus* forſakes
Tydides Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Meſapia*: there ſurvaid
A Cave, environ'd with a ſylvan ſhade,
Diſtilling ſtreames, by halfe-goate *Pan* poſſeſt:
Which erſt the Wood-nymphs with their beauties bleſt.
They terrifi'd at firſt with ſudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the ſhepheard, fled:
Straight, taking heart, deſpiſed his purſuit:
And danced with a meaſure-keeping foot.
He ſcoffes: their motion clowne-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obſcenely prates,
Nor ceaſeth, till a tree inveſts his throte.
A tree whoſe berries his behaviour note.
An olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes; diſ-leafned with his bitter words.
Th'Embaſſador returnes without the ſought
Ætolian ſuccors: the *Rutulians* fought
Gainſt foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole ſtreames of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd.
Loe, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* beares:
And what eſcaped drowning, burning feares.

Pit

Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feede: the hungry flames aſpire
Vp to the ſailes along the lofty maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke embrace't.
But when the Mother of the *Gods* beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld:
Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs uſherd her repaire:
Who, drawne by bridled Lyons through the aire,
Thus ſaid. Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate, what we protect.
Nor ſhall the greedy fire a part of thoſe
Tall Woods devoure, which ſheltred our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, powring downe amaine
Thick ſtorms of skipping haile, and clouds of raine.
Th' *Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions joyne;
Toſſing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
One ſhe employes, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high ſwelling Flood.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
The Oares to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ſlender ſides are growne,
The lengthfull keele preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their colour blew.
And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with virgin paſtime, plaid.
Theſe Sea-Nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Græcians* carry: thoſe
They hate, yet mindfull of the *Troian* woes.
Who ſaw *Vlyſſes* ſhips in ſurges queld
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſſe next to none,
Vnmoveable; the wood transform'd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valour no leſſe potent: nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
Nor dotall Kingdome; but for faire renowne:

Aſham'd

Asham'd to lay their bruised armes aside,
Till death to conquest had the quarrell tride.
Venus her sonne victorious sees at length,
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the same
A Fowle, unknowne to former ages, springs;
And fannes the ashes with her hovering wings.
Pale colour, leaneness, shreeking sounds of woe,
The image of a captive city show.
Who also still the Cities name retaines:
And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Iuno's* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Iulus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: the Powre, who rules in Love,
The Gods solicits; then, embracing *Iove*:
O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.
A Deity, meane, so it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th'un-amiable realmes
Suffice it once t'have seene, and *Stygian* streames,
The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* lookes dissent,
Who with a chearefull freeneſſe forward bent.
Then *Iove*; He well deserves a Deity:
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.
She, joyfull, thanks returnes: and through the aire,
Drawne by her yoked doves lights on the bare
Laurentian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creepes
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
Who bids him from *Æneas* wash away
All unto death obnoxious, and convay
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,
With water purg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refind
Annoints with sacred odors, and his lips
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deifi'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festivalls.
Two-nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obeyd,
And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylvius* swaid.

His ſonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renound by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His raigne: who, drownd in *Thuſcan* waters; gave
Thoſe ſtreames his name: who *Remulus* got, and brave
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was ſlaine
With thunder; who the Thunderer durſt faine.
More moderate *Acrota* reſign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He raign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.
Pomona flouriſht in thoſe times of eaſe:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Whereof ſo nam'd. Nor ſtreames, nor ſhady groves,
But trees producing generous burdens loves,
Her hand a hooke, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughes that dare
Tranſcend their bounds: now ſlits the barke, the bud
Inſerts; enforc't to nurſe anothers brood.
Nor ſuffers them to ſuffer thirſt, but brings
To moiſture-ſucking roots, ſoft-ſliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknowne deſires: yet to defend
Her ſelfe from rapefull Ruralls, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t'avoid, and keepe them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* un-aſſaid;
Rude *Pan*, whoſe horns Pine-briſtled garlands ſhade;
Silenus, ſtill more youthfull then his yeares;
Or he who theeves with hooke and member feares,
To taſte her ſweetneſſe; but farre more then all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as ſmall.
How often, like a painefull Reaper, came,
Laden with weighty ſheafes; and ſeem'd the ſame:
Oft wreathes of new-mow'd graſſe his browes array
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goade now in his hardned hands he beares,
And newly ſeemes to have unyok't his Steeres.
Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dreſſes; oft a ladder tooke
To gather fruit: now with his ſword the God
A Souldier ſeemes; an Angler with his rod:

And vari us figures daily multiplies
To winne acceſſe, and pleaſe his longing eyes.
Now, with a ſtaffe, an old-wife countetfeits;
On hoary haire a painted miter ſets
The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
And pleaſant fruits: So much, ſaid he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Haile ſpotleſſe flowre of Maiden chaſtity:
And kiſt the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kiſt not ſo.
Then, ſitting on a banke, obſerveth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elme with purple cluſters ſhin'd:
This praiſing, with the vine ſo cloſely joyn'd:
Yet, ſaith he, if this Elme ſhould grow alone,
Except for ſhade, it would be priz'd by none:
And ſo this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but diſ-joyn'd, would creepe upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by ſuch examples led:
But ſhunſt the pleaſures of a happy bed.
I would thou wer't not *Helen* was ſo ſought,
Nor ſhe, for whom the luſtfull *Centaures* fought,
As thou ſhouldſt be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Vlyſſes*. Yet, behold
Though thou averſe to all, and all eſcheue;
A thouſand men, Gods, Demi-gods, purſue
The conſtant Scorne, and every deathleſſe Powre
Which *Alba's* high and ſhady hills imbowre.
If thou art wiſe, and would'ſt well married be;
Or an old woman truſt, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the reſt, refuſe
Theſe common wooers, and *Vertumus* chooſe.
Accept me for his gage; ſince ſo well none
Can know him; by himſelfe not better knowne.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at firſt ſight.
Thou art the firſt, ſo thou the laſt ſhall be:
His life he only dedicates to thee.
Beſides, his youth perpetuall; excellent
His beauty; and all ſhapes can repreſent.
Wiſh what you will, what ever hath a name:
Such ſhall you ſee him. Your delights, the ſame:
The firſt-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he ſtill accepts from you.

But neither what theſe pregnant trees produce
He now deſires, nor hearbs of pleaſant juyce:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take:
And what I ſpeake, ſuppoſe *Vertumnus* ſpake.
Revengefull Gods, *Idalia*, ſtill ſevere
To ſuch as ſlight her, and *Rhamnuſia* feare,
The more to fright you from ſo foule a crime,
Receive (ſince much I know from aged Time)
A ſtory, generally through *Cyprus* know:e;
To mollifie a heart more heard then ſtone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her blood from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his boſome fries.
Long ſtrugling, when no reaſon could reclame
His fury, to her houſe the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurſe his wretched love diſplaid;
And by her foſter'd hopes implor'd her aid;
Now humbly ſues to ſome of moſt repute
In her affection, to preferre his ſuit.
The pleading Wax his ſad lines often beares,
Oft mirtle garlands, ſprinkled with his teares,
Hangs on the poſts: on the hard threſhold laid
His tender ſides, his ſighs the doores up-draid.
But ſhe more cruell then the ſeas, imbroild
With riſing ſtormes; more hard then iron, boyld
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Diſdaines the lover, and his paſſion mocks.
Who to her froward deeds addes bitter words
Of no leſſe ſcorne; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
Theſe words, his laſt, he utters at her gate.
O *Anaxarete*, thou haſt o'r-come!
Nor ſhall my life be longer wearioſome
To thy diſdaine. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy browes with laurell bind!
Thou haſt o'r-come; loe, willingly I dye:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell joy.
Yet is there ſomething in me, ne'r the leſſe,
That thou wilt praiſe; and my deſerts confeſſe.
Thinke how my love and life together left
My breaſt: at once of two cleare lights bereft
Nor rumour, but even I will death preſent
In ſuch a forme, as ſhall thy pride content,

But O you Gods, if you our actions see
(This only I implore) remember me!
Let after ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meager armes and watry eyes
To those knowne posts oft crownd with wreathes, and tyes,
A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:
When by the neck th'unhappy lover hung:
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open flie
The sounding doores; and that sad deed descry.
The servants shreeke; the Vainely raised bore
T'his mothers house; his father dead before.
His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;
And in her armes his heatlesse limmes embrac't.
Lamenting long, as woefull parents use;
And having paid a woefull mothers dues;
The mournfull Funerall through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveyes the dead.
This sorrowfull Procession passing by
Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry
To th'eares of *Anaxarete* arrives:
Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine drives.
Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
And forth-with to the lofty window highes.
Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed,
Her eyes grew stiffe; blood from her visage fled,
Vsurpt by paleneſſe. Striving to retire,
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
Divert her lookes: the hardnesse of her heart
It selfe dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,
In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy lover joyne.
So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:
Nor ripening by the rapefull windes be lost.
When this the God, who can all shapes endue
Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:
Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.
And such himselfe unto the Nymph disclos'd.
As when the Sunne, subduing with his rayes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.

Who

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
Vniuſt *Amulius*, next th' *Auſonian* State
By ſtrength uſurpt. The nephewes to the late
Depoſed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feaſts, immur'd with ſtone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to warre.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbarre.
To death with armelets preſt; her treaſons meede,
The *Sabine* Sires like ſilent Wolves proceed
T'invade their ſleeping ſonnes, and ſeeke to ſeaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Ianus* opens: though no noiſe at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall
To *Venus* knowne: who this had ſhut; but knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undoe.
Auſonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Ianus* held, inchaced with a ſpring
Their aid ſh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A ſute ſo juſt, but all their floods untie.
As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open ſtood:
Nor was their way impeach'ed by the flood.
Beneath the fruitful ſpring they ſulphur turn;
Whoſe hollow veines with black Bitumen burn.
With theſe the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* ſnow,
The fire it ſelfe in fervour dare provoke:
Now both the poſts with flagrant moiſture ſmoke.
Theſe new-rais'd ſtreames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the ſlaughtred *Sabines* ſpred;
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
With wicked ſteele, blood from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Vnto the laſt. Two Kings one throne aſcend
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* ſlaine,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remaine.
When *Mars* laid by his ſhining caske; and then
Thus ſpake unto the Sire of Gods, and men.
Now, Father, is the time (ſince *Rome* is growne
To ſuch a greatneſſe, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-fayling word;
And *Romulus* a heavenly throne afford,

You, in a ſynod of the Gods, profeſt
(Which ſtill I carry in my thankfull breſt)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc't unto the ſtarry skie.
Iove condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſigne of his aſſumption,
Leanes on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon
His bloody charriot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed enforces:
Who, ſcouring downe the ayry region, ſtaid
On faire mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,
Rendering not King-like juſtice to his owne.
Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waſt,
Like melting bullets by a Slinger caſt:
More heavenly faire, more fit for lofty ſhrines;
Our great and ſcarlet rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines;
Then *Iuno* to the ſad *Herſilia*
(Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command.
Starre of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy ſexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of ſuch a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppreſſe thy teares. If thy deſire to ſee
Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me
Vnto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring;
And ſhade the temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obayes: and by her painted Bow
To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.
When ſhe, ſcarce lifting up her modeſt eyes:
O Goddeſſe (which of all the Deities
I know not; ſure a Goddeſſe) thou cleare light,
Conduct me, O conduct me to the ſight
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates ſhall ſhew;
They heaven on me, with all their gifts' beſtow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entering the high
Romulian Hills, a ſtarre ſhot from the ſky,
Who e golden beames inflam'd *Herſilia's* haire?
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
The builder of the *Romane* City tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
To whom the name of *Ora* he affignd.
This Goddeſſe now is to *Quirinus* joynd.

OVIDS.

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

BLack Stones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's *lingring warre* Euphorbus *was.*
Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian *sings.*
Recur'd Hippolytus *is deifide;*
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria *thawes into a Spring. From Earth*
Prophetick Tages *takes his wandrous birth.*
A Speare a Tree. Grave Cippus *vertues shun*
The Crowne, his Hornes present. Apollo's *Son*
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,
Great Cæsar, *slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.*

MEanewhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-forshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unsatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures search. Incited with these cares,
He leaves his countries *Cures*, and repaires
To *Croto's* City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
Who much had heard and seene, this story told,

Ioves

Iowes ſonne, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy ſteps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clover, entred
Heroick *Croto's* roofe; a welcome Gueſt:
And his long travell recreates with reſt.
Who ſaid, departing; In the following age
A city here ſhall ſtand. A true preſage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alcmons iſſue: in thoſe times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in ſleepe appeares;
And ſaid: Be gone, thy countries bounds forſake;
To ſtony *Æſarus* thy journey take.
And threatens vengance if he diſ-obay.
The God and ſleep together flew away.
He, riſing, on the Viſion meditates:
Which in his doubtfull ſoule he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe;
Death due to ſuch as left their Countrey ſo.
Cleare *Sol* in ſeas his radiant fore-head vaild,
Swart Night her browes exalts, with ſtarres impal'd;
The ſelfe ſame God the ſame command repeates:
And greater plagues to diſobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne;
For forraine ſeats This Through the City blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himſelfe deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the ſky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;
Aſſiſt, that art the author of my crime!
White ſtones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit, the black the priſ'ner caſt:
And in ſuch ſort this heavy ſentence paſt.
Bleak ſtones all threw into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.
Thus by *Alcides* power the ſad Decree
Was ſtrangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* ſet free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind croſt th'*Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum paſt,
Faire *Sybaris*, *Neæthus* running faſt
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temeſis*, and ſtrong *Iapygia*:

Scarce

Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones enclos'd,
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons sonne erects his city walls:
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Originall, this City boasts:
Built By a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did fly
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny:
Preferring voluntary banishment:
Though farre from heaven, his mind's divine ascent
Drow neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest,
And studious eares; his knowledge he profest
To silent and admiring men: and taught
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the lightning springs:
Whether *Iove* thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres observ'd; what e'r lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,
In such, though unbeleev'd; yet learned Words.
Forbeare your selves, O Mortalls, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corne, ripe fruit
Weighs down their boughes; plump grapes their vines attire;
There are sweet hearbs, and savory roots, which fire
May mollifie; milke, honie redolent
With flowers of thyme, Thy pallat to content
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses joy:
So flocks, and heards. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath
(Wolves, Beares, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intomb!
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives;

Can nothing pleaſe, unleſſe thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renue?
Nor ſatiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude panch, except an other die:
But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd.
Then Fowle through aire their wings in ſafety ply'd:
The Hare, then feareleſſe, wandred o're the plaine;
Nor Fiſh by their credulity were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,
All liv'd ſecure. When he, who did enuy
(What God ſo e'r it was) thoſe harmeleſſe cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
To cruell Crimes. Firſt, Slaughter without harme
(I muſt confeſſe) to Piety, did warme
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteele in blood
Of ſalvage beaſts, which made our lives their food:
Though kild; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
Audacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Bore
Was thought to merit death; who bladed corne
Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorne.
Vine-brouzing Goates at *Bacchus* altar ſlaine,
Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheepe, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe udders ſwell with *Nectar*, borne t'inveſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wooll; and are
Alive, then dead, more profitable farre.
Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimpl; borne for toyle.
He moſt ungratefull is, deſerving ill
The gift of corne; that can un-yoke, then kill
His painefull Hinde: that neck with axe to wound
In ſervice gall'd, that had the ſtubborne ground
So often tild; ſo many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſinne
To guiltleſſe Gods: as if the Powres on high
In death of labour-bearing oxen joy.
A ſpotleſſe ſacrifice, faire to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknowne!
And ſees the meale upon his fore-head throwne,
Got by his toyle: the knife ſmeard in his gore,
By fortune in the laver ſeene before,

The entrailes, from the panting body rent,
Forth-with they ſearch, to know the Gods intent.
Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food; O Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on fleſh; henceforth forbeare
I you intreat and to my words give eare:
When limmes of ſlaughtred Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your Servants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit we obay:
My *Delphos*, heaven it ſelfe, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Powre unfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walke among
The lofty ſtarres: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crowne:
And from that height on erring men looke downe
That reaſon want: thoſe thus to animate
That feare to dye; t'unfold the booke of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why feare you *Styx*, vaine names, and endleſſe Night;
The dreames of Poets, and faind miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt-flames ſurpriſe,
Or Age devoure your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor ſuffer paines. Our Soules for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houſes leave
To live in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthous* ſonne; and fell
By *Menelaus* lance: my ſhield againe
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Iuno's* Fane
All alter, nothing finally decayes:
Hither and thither ſtill the Spirit ſtrayes;
Gueſt to all Bodies: out of beaſts it flyes
To men, from men to beaſts; and never dyes.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no forme, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet it the ſame: ſo Soules the ſame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide.
Then leſt thy greedy belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Piety,
Forbeare t'expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with food
By death procur'd, nor nouriſh blood with blood.
Since on ſo vaſt a ſea, my ſailes unfurld,
And ſtretcht to riſing winds; in all the World

There

Ther's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
Each image form'd to wander too and fro.
Even time, with reſtleſſe motion ſlides away
Like living ſtreames: nor can ſwift Rivers ſtay,
Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To chace the former: times ſo flye, purſue
At once each other: and are ever new,
What was before, is not, what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her ſhades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades,
Nor ſuch Heavens hew, when Mid-night crown's repoſe,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper ſhowes:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'enlightned World reſignes to *Phœbus* ſway.
His raiſed Shield, earths ſhaddowes ſcarcely fled,
Lookes ruddy; and low-ſinking, lookes as red,
Yet bright at Noone; becauſe that purer skie
Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion fly.
Nor can Night-wandring *Diana's* wavering light,
Be ever equall, or the ſame: this night
Leſſe then the following, if her hornes ſhe fill;
If ſhe contract her Circle, greater ſtill.
Doth not the image of our age appeare
In the ſucceſſive quarters of the yeare?
The ſpring-tide, tender ſucking infancy
Reſembling: then the joyceſull blade ſprouts high;
Though tender, weake; yet hope to plough-men yeelds,
All things then flouriſh: flowers the gaudy fields
With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater ſtrength receives:
A luſty Youth: no age more ſtrength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in deſires.
Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,
The ſober meane twixt youth and age, more ſtaid
And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
His reverent temples ſprinkled with gray haires.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling ſteps: his head or bald, or white,
So change our bodies without reſt or ſtay.
What we were yeſter-day, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The ſeeds and hope; the womb our manſion when:

Kind

Kind Nature ſhewd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched entrailes, forth-with bare
Them from that priſon, to the open aire.
We ſtrengthleſſe lye, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creepe upon all foure, much like a beaſt:
Then, ſtaggering with weake nerves, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Our Youth then paſt,
And thoſe our middle times, we poſt in haſt
To inevitable Age: this laſt devoures
The former, and demoliſheth their powres.
Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength exceld;
Big, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggy hide
Now hanging by ſlack ſinewes: *Helen* cry'd
When ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſſe;
And asks her ſelfe, why ſhe twice raviſht was.
Still-eating Time, and thou () envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
Of your devouring teeth, All that have breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
Engendring all. The heavy Earth deſcends,
To Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Aire, and purer Fire.
And though they have their ſeverall ſeates; yer all
Of theſe are made, to theſe againe they fail.
Reſolved Earth to Water rarifies;
To Aire extenuated Waters riſe;
The Aire, when it it ſelfe againe refines,
To elementall Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back againe repaire:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Aire;
Aire, into Water: Water thickning, then
Growes ſolid, and converts to Earth againe.
None holds his owne: for Nature ever joyes
In changes and with new formes the old ſupplies;
In all the world not any periſh quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For, to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more.

Then

Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brasse from Silver; and to Ir'n from Brasse.
Even places oft such change of fortunes passe:
Where once was solid land, Seas have I seene;
And solid land, where once deepe Seas have beene.
Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the grood;
And anchors have on mountaine tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plaine;
High hills by deluge shorne to the Maine.
Deepe standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand;
And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountaines; there shuts up the old.
Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his second birth.
So *Erasinus*, now is hid, now yeelds
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,
Elie-where ascends and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Cool *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his banks, now leaves his channel dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:
Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreams
The Poets tell) since *Centaurs* therein washt
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrowe gasht.
So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streams his channel fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Pharo*,
The floods imbrac't: yet now no Islands are:
Th'old Planter knew *Lucadia* Continent:
Which now the sea hath from *Epirus* rent.
So *Zancle* once on *Italy* confind;
Till interposing waves their bounds disjoynd.
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* townes)
You seeke; behold, the Sea their glory drownes:
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
A Hill by *Pittheæan Trœzen* mounts, uncrownd
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

For

For furious winds (a ſtory to admire)
Pent in blinde cavernes, ſtrugling to expire;
And vainly ſeeking to enjoy th'extent
Of freer air, the priſon wanting vent;
Puffs-up the hollow earth extended ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow,
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time grown ſolid, like a lofty hill.
To ſpeak a little more of many things,
Both heard and known: New habits fundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horrid *Hammons* at high Noon
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fir'd,
The Moon then fartheſt from the Sun retir'd
Ciconian ſtreames congeale his guts to ſtone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines told)
Colour the haire like amber, or pure gold.
Some Fountaines, of a more prodigious kind,
Not only change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th'*Æthiopian* lake? for who of this,
But only taſt, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirſt remove;
I oath wine, and abſtinent, meere water love.
Whether it by antipathy expell
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charmes,
Snatcht *Pratus* frantick daughters from the harmes
Of entred Furies, their wit's phyſick caſt
Into this ſpring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreames, to theſe oppoſ'd, *Lyncęſtus* flowes:
They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in faire *Arcadia* ſtands of old
Call'd *Phenęus*; ſuſpected, as two-fold:
Feare, and forbeare, to drink thereof by night:
By night unwholſome, wholſome by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreames have other powre.
Ortygia floted once, fixt at this houre:
Once *Argo* feard the juſtling *Cyanes*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and ſeas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with emboweld fire,
Shall ever, or did alwayes, flames expire.

For.

For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
Have lungs, and mouthes that ſmoking flames exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions cloſe
Theſe yawning paſſages, and open thoſe.
Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rave;
Iuſtling the ſtones, and minerals which have
The ſeede of fire, inkindled with their rage:
Their furious flames the falling winds aſſwage.
Or if Bitumen doe the fire provoke;
Or ſulphure burning with more ſubtill ſmoke;
When Earth that food and oylie nouriſhment
With-drawes, the matter by long feeding ſpent;
The hungry fire of ſuſtenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take,
The like, they ſay, the *Scythian* Witches doe
With magick oyles: incredible, though true,
If wee, may truſt to triall, ſee you not
Small creatures of corrupted fleſh begot?
Bury your ſlaughtred Steere (a thing in uſe)
And his corrupted bowells will produce
Flowre-ſucking Bees; who, like their parent ſlaine,
Love labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.
Hornets from buried horſes take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth
Bury the reſt; a Scorpion without faile
From thence will creep, and menace with his taile.
The Catterpillers, who their cob-webs weave
On tender leafes (as Hindes from proofe receive)
Convert to poyſnous Butterflies in time.
Greene Frogs, engendred by the ſeede of ſlime,
Firſt without feete, then leggs aſſume; now ſtrong
And apt to ſwimme, their hinder parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
Of living fleſh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
Who ſees the Young of honie-bearing Bees
In their ſexangulare incloſure, ſees
Their bodies limme-leſſe: theſe unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

The ſtarre-imbelliſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loves
Ioves Armour-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,
And birds of every kinde; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
Some thinke the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others doe derive their birth.
One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th'*Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the waine
Of age repaires and ſowes her ſelfe againe.
Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme
Of frankincenſe, and juycy Amomum.
Now, when her life five ages hath fulfild;
A neaſt her horned beake and talons build
Vpon the crownet of a trembling Palme:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spiknard, precious Balme,
Bruis'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her body, and her age in odors ends.
This breeding Corps a little Phœnix beares:
Which is it ſelfe to live as many yeares.
Growne ſtrong; that load now able to transferre
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:
And on his flamy Altar layes it downe.
If theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſexe ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſſe creatures, fed by ayre alone;
Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſſe, they ſay,
Congeales to ſtone. So Corall, which below
The water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by ayre. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant oration could purſue
All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is generall,
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powrefull, which ſo proudly ſtood;
That could for ten yeares ſpend ſuch ſtreames of blood;
For buildings, only her old ruines ſhowes;
For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred ſires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowres;
So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towres:

Now

Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;
Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountful *Appennines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And give the World a Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorne,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-born,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.
Both fire and sword shall give thy vertue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convay;
Until thou finde a Land, as yet unknown,
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly then thy own.
A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Julus*, Soveraign of the Earth.
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
We joy to see our kindreds city grow:
The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.
But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World apart, since we as well
Have Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:
To those, which may our parents soules invest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:
Let us both safety, and respect afford:
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man,
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Asunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
The bellowiug breeder with relentlesse eares.

Or

Or silly Kids, which like poore infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracity
Feed with the fowle he fed! O to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
Let Oxen till the ground and die with age:
Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
Goates bring their udders to thy payle. Away
With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deere inclose
With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose
The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eate
Defiling flesh, but feede on fitter meate.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th'intreating *Latines* crowned. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes, a People rude
And prone to warre, with lawes and peace endu'd,
His raigne and age resign'd to funerall,
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourne. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbs with grones and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the *Thesean* Heroe, moderate
Thy sorrow, said! nor only is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes looke,
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may ease.
Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Beliefe bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I say:
Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,
But vainely, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd,
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curses sent.
Toward *Pitthean Trœzen* me my charriot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* shore,

Or

The

The ſmooth ſeas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes,
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breaſt high, a Bull aſcends:
Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſtrills ſpouts
Part of the ſea. Feare all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Vnterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their eares:
With horror rapt, and chaced by their feares,
O'r ragged rocks the totter'd charriot drew:
In vaine I ſtrive their fury to ſubdue,
The bits all fortht with all my ſtrength,
Pull the ſtreatcht reines, I lying at full length,
Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o'r-gon;
Had not the fervent wheele, which roules upon
The bearing Axel-tree, ruſht on a ſtump:
Which brake, and fell aſunder with that jump:
Throwne from my charriot, in the reines faſt-bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my ſinewes wound
About the ſtump, my limms in peeces hal'd;
Some ſtuck behind, ſome at the charriot traild;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary ſoule.
No part of all my parts you could have found,
That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.
Now ſay, ſelf-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alſo ſaw thoſe realmes, to Day unknowne:
And bath'd my wounds in ſmoking *Phlegeton*,
Had not *Apollos* Son imploid the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ſtaid.
But when by potent heatbs, and *Pæons* skill,
I was reſtor'd, againſt ſterne *Plutos* will:
Leaſt I, if ſcene, might envy have procur'd:
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though ſeene, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknowne.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Crect*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
Shee plac't me here. Nor would I ſhould retaine
The memory of One by horſes ſlaine:
But ſaid: hence forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the ſame.

One

One of the Leſſer Gods, here, in this Grove.
I *Cynthia* ſerve; preſerved by her love.
But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrowes, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that ſtreame-like ran; untill
Apollo's Siſter, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t' a Spring; whoſe current ever flowes.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No leſſe then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Vpon the fatall clod, that mov'd alone:
And, for a humane ſhape, exchang'd its owne.
With infant lips what was but earth of late
Reveal'd the Myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* calld. He firſt of all
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall
Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flouriſh with greene leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on ſteele, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading armes diſplaid,
And gave admirers unexpected ſhade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glaſſe
Beheld his hornes, which his beliefe ſurpaſſe.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemnes his ſight. Returnd with victory,
His eyes and homes erecting to the sky:
You Gods, what e'r theſe prodigies portend,
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Vnfortunate, O let them fall on me.
An Altar then of liʌing turf erects,
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
And with the panting entrailes of a beaſt
New ſlaine, conſults, to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeavours that exceld,
Although obſcure, he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* hornes converts his ſteady eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to thoſe hornes of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule reſigne.
Delay not, enter thou the yeelding gate.
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.

Thou ſhalt be crouned a King upon that day:
And ſafely an eternal ſcepter ſway.
He, ſtarting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And ſaid, You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.
Better that I in baniſhment grow old,
Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.
Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtome) ſaid.
Unleſſe expel'd your City, here is one
Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
By his ſtrange horns. I heard the Augur ſay,
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obay.
He might, unſtopt, have entred without fear:
But I with-ſtood; though none to me more near.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent:
Or, if he merit ſuch a puniſhment,
Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him ſure:
Or with the Tyrants death your fears ſecure.
The troubled people ſuch a murmuring make;
As when far off the the roring ſurges rake
On ratling ſhores; or when lowd *Eurus* breaks
Through tufted Pines: then one diſtinctly ſpeaks
In this confuſion, asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the horns they could not ſee,
Cippus repli'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland took;
And ſhew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and down his count'nance threw:
And thoſe clear brows (a thing beyond belief)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debaſe:
But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
And ſince he his own entrance did with-ſtand:
The Nobles, in due favour, ſo much land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
Round with a Plow from morning until night.
The monumental figure of his horns,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adorns.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate
(You know, nor years your memory abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly

A deadly plague the *Latian* ayre defil'd:
Soules from their ſeats the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when phyſick faild;
Nor any humane induſtry prevaild;
They ſeeke cœleſtiall aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths navell, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their reliefe, and give their woes an end.
His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiver, ſhake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod ſpake.
What here you ſeeke, you neerer ſhould have ſought:
And ſeeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo*'s Sede.
Goe with ſucceſſe; and fetch my Sonne with ſpeede.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City ſearch, where *Phœbus* ſonne ſhould dwell:
The ſhore of *Epidaure* the Legate ſeekes:
There anchoring, he entreates th'aſſembled *Greekes*
To ſend their God: who might th'*Auſonian* State
To health reſtore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, ſome aſſent
To ſend this ſuccour; many, not content
To loſe their owne in giving others aid,
Strive to retaine him, and the reſt diſſwade.
While thus they doubt the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-borne ſhadowes cloth'd the world in Night,
Th'Health-giving God, in ſleepe, appeares to ſtand
As in his Fane; a ſtaffe in his left hand:
And ſtroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rendring breaſt theſe words where heard.
Feare not, I come; my ſhape I will forſake:
View, and mark well this ſtaffe-infolding Snake:
Such will I ſeeme, yet ſhew of greater ſize;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the voice, with him and Voice away
Sleepe flew: fled Sleepe purſude by chearefull Day.
The ſtarres now vanquiſht by the mornings flame;
The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
Intreat him by cœleſtiall ſignes to ſhew
Whether he were content to ſtay or goe.
This hardly ſaid, the God in Serpents ſhroud,
His high creſt gold-like gliſtring, hiſt aloud.
His ſtatue, altar, gates the marble flore,
And golden roofe, ſhooke at th'approching Powre.

He,

He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd:
Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chast Priest, his tresses ty'd
With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heavenly-Faire,
Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
All that were there the present Powre adore!
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also prayd.
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
And doubled hisses, signe's to their request.
Then sliding downe the polisht staires, his looke
Reverts on his old altars; now forsooke:
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres
Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowres,
Indenteth through the City; stopping where
The Harbour is defended by a Peere.
The following troops, and those whose zeales assist
In honouring him, with gentle lookes dismist;
He climes th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the waight,
And shrunk with bearing of so great a fraight.
The joyfull *Romans*, offering on the strand
A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,
He, leaning, lookes upon the blew-wav'd Maine.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
They fell with *Italie* on the sixth morne.
Lacinian Iunos Fane, *Scyllæan* shores,
Iapygia past, they shun with nimble ores
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Naryeia* left:
Sicilian Straites o'r-come, and wrackfull seas;
Saile by the mansion of *Hyppotades*:
By *Temesa*, in mettals fruitfull; by
Leucosia, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.
Neere *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
Surrentine hils, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* borne to ease,
Cumæan Sibyl's Temple: next to these,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with mastick flowres;
Vulturnus, who his sandy channell skoures,
Sinuessa, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His

His Nurſe a tomb: forth-with the manſion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake,
Beſeiged *Trachas*: thence directly bore
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* ſolid ſhore.
The ſea now ſwelling high, this harbor holds
The Saile-wing'd ſhip. The God his wreathes unfolds:
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow ſand
Slides to his fathers temple on that ſtrand
Rough waves aſſwag'd the *Epidaurian* Gueſt
His fathers altar leaves; to Sea-ward preſt,
Slicing the ſandy ſhore with ruſtling ſcales:
And, by her ſterne the ſhip aſcending, ſailes:
Till he to *Cabrum*, to *Lavina's* name.
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; ſons, daughters, mothers, ſires,
The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian Veſta's* fires.
With lowd ſalutes of joy. On either ſide
The River, as the Veſſell ſtemmes the tide,
Altars, with incenſe fed, the aire perſume:
And knives from Sacrifices heat aſſume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty maſt; and from on high thruſts out
His glittering head, to chuſe a fitting place.
The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile embrace,
Which equall ſtreame from either banke divides;
Thither *Apollo's* ſacred Serpent ſlides:
Who now cœleſtiall ſhape aſſuming, ends
Their miſeries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forraine Power, makes his aboad.
In his owne City *Cæſar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom war's ſurceaſe
With triumphs crownd, his government in peace.
Nor race of wonder with ſuch quickneſſe runne;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.
For of all *Cæſars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting ſo divine an Heire.
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *Britiſh* Ile;
Fill the ſeaven mouthes of paper-baring *Nile*
With conquering ſailes? *Numidian* rebelling,
Cinyphian Iuba, *Pontus* proudly ſwelling
In *Mithridates* to ſubject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for ſome?
Then him beget, in whoſe dominion
The Gods ſo abundantly have favour'd man?
To th'other they a Deity decreed?

That this might not from mortall birth proceed.
Which when faire *Venus* saw; and saw withall,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her colour fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murder me in him how Treason strives;
Who only of *Iulus* race survivives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions beare!
How lately wounded by *Tydides* speare!
Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is lost:
My Sonne *Æneas*, with long errors tost
On wrathfull Seas, I saw descend to Hell!
Then warre with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Iuno* rather. How remember I
Old harmes sustaind in my posterity!
I, through this feare, all former feares forget.
Loe; they their wicked swords against me whet:
O helpe! restraine their furies! nor, for shame,
With the High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.
Thus, through all heaven, her Sorrowes vainely speak
And melt the Gods: who since they could not breake
The ancient Sisters adamantine doome,
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Armes, clashing in the aire with clouds o'r-cast:
Terrible trumpets, and the cornet's blast,
Proclaime the murder: *Sols* afflicted looke,
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strooke.
Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dimme *Lucifers* aspect:
And *Cynthia's* charriot bloody staines infect.
The *Stygian* Owle each where disturbes their sleepe
With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weepe.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,
And fearefull menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: the headlesse inwards shew
Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howle. From sad abods
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes, and with feare.
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might sort
Which such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Then *Venus* ſmote her breaſt : who ſought to ſhroud,
And ſnatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convaid :
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, ſaid *Iove*, canſt thou reſiſt the doome
Of conquering Fates ? Into their manſion come.
There ſhalt thou ſee Decrees that needs muſt paſſe,
Writ in huge folds of ſolid ſteele and braſſe,
Which ſafe, eternall, ever fixed there ;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.
In laſting Adamant there maiſt thou reed;
What ſhall to thy great Progeny ſucceed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may informe thee in ſuceeding fate.
He, whom thou ſtriv'ſt to ſave, his race hath runne
Of Time and Glory : whom, thou and his Sonne
Shall make in heaven a God ; on Earth, with praire
And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
Alone his Load ſhall beare : and ſtrongly ſhall
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutina* ſhall owe
To him her peace : *Pharſalian* fields ſhall flow
With blood ; blood twice *Philippi* ſhall embrue :
On red *Sicilian* Seas he ſhall ſubdue
A mighty name. Th' *Ægyptian* Spouſe ſhall fall.
Ill truſting to her *Roman* Generall :
To make our ſtately *Capitoll* obay
Her proud *Canopus*, ſhall in vaine aſſay.
What need I of thoſe barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell ?
He ſhall the habitable Earth command ;
And ſtretch his Empire over ſea and land.
Peace given to Earth ; he ſhall convert his care
To civill Rule, juſt Lawes ; and by his faire
Example vertue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephewes to enſue :
A Sonne ſhall bleſſe him from a holy womb,
To him he ſhall reſigne his name, and roome.
Nor ſhall, till full of age, aſcend th'abods
Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Meane-while from this ſlaine corps his ſoule convay
Vp to the ſtarres, and give it a cleare Ray :
That *Iulius* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitoll and Court from thence.
This ſaid : inviſible faire *Venus* ſtood

Amid the Senate; from his corps, with blood
Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled spirit bare
To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to aire.
And, as in her soft bosome borne, she might
Perceive it take a Powre, and gather light.
When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew?
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld;
Out-shining his: and joy'd to be exceld.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd
Before his owne: yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd
By no commandment, yeelds th'avoided Bayes
To his cleare browes; and but in this gaine sayes.
So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Peleus* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Iupiter*
So *Saturne* tops. *Iove* rules the arched skie,
And triple world; the Earths vast Monarchy
T' *Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guids, who made your way
Through fire and sword, you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire;
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,
Among Great *Cæsars* Houshold-Gods inshriu'd;
Domestick *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd;
Thou *Iove* whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may emplore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heaven repaire;
And favour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the worke is ended, which, *Iove's* rage,
Nor fire, not Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths uncertaine homie;
Which of this body only hath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my immortall name shall never die
For where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spred
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true presages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.

17 JY 60

FINIS

This Book together with the Commentary, and Pictures, and Notes in the Mar-gen, with the first Book of *Virgils Æneis*, is printed in a large Volume, and to be sold by *Abel Roper* at the Sun in Fleetstreet.

17 JY 60

The firſt number ſignifieth the Booke, the ſecond, the verſe, the figures whereof are printed in the margent, which refere to the fifth line in the Matamorphoſis in latin.

A

Abas *transform'd to a Neut. liber.* 5 *verſe* 427.
Actæon, *liber.* 3. *verſe.* 139. 190. 229.
Achelous *his contention with* Hercules. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 5.
Achilles *l.* 12. *v.* 80. 580. 617. *l.* 13. *v.* 105. 162. 285. 440, Acis *to a ſtreame, l.* 13. *v* 751.
Adonis *l.* 10. *v.* 503. 524. 710.
Egeria *into a fountaine. l* 15. *v.* 463. 547.
Eneas *l.* 13. *v.* 625. *lib.* 14 *v.* 104. 530. 581.
Æſacus *ſonne of* Priam, *a Cormorant. liber.* 11. *verſe* 750. *the poeticall reaſon of his frequent diving.* 785.
Æſcalaphus. *liber.* 5. *ver.* 538.
Æſculapius. *lib.* 2. *ver.* 630. 643. *liber.* 15. *verſe.* 534. 625.
Æſons *age renew'd. liber.* 7. *ver.* 158.
Ætna. *lib.* 5. *verſe.* 352. *liber.* 15 *v* 340.
Ages. *lib.* 1 *ver.* 89.
Aglauras. *liber.* 2. *verſ.* 728. 821.
Ajax *and* Vlyſſes *liber.* 13. *ver.* 1. *his actes ibid.*
Albas, *the line of the* Albanian *Kings. lib.* 14. *verſ.* 604.
Ambracia. *lib.* 13 *verſ.* 714.
Andromeda. *lib.* 4. *ver.* 665.
Anius. *lib.* 13. *ver.* 632.
Ants *chang'd to Men liber.* 7. *ver.* 625.
Apollo. *liber.* 1. *ver.* 441. 452. 517. *liber.* 2. *verſ.* 542. 681. *liber.* 4. *ver.* 19. 204. *liber.* 5. 329. *liber* 6. *verſ.* 123.
Apulus *a Tree. liber* 14. *verſe.* 515.
Arachne. *liber* 6. *ver.* 36.
Ardea *a Towne, into a Bird. liber* 14. *v.* 575.
Arethuſa. *lib.* 5. *verſ.* 487.
Argonautes. *lib.* 7. *ver.* 1.
Argus. *lib.* 1. *v.* 614.
Ariane. *lib.* 8. *v.* 176.
Arne. *a Chough. liber* 7. *verſ.* 469.
Atalanta *and* Hippomenes. *lib.* 10. *ver.* 560.
Atalanta *of* Tegea *lov'd by* Meleager. *lib.* 8. *ver.* 318.
Atlas. *ib.* 4. *ver.* 631. *ſupporting the Heavens ver.* 663. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 274.
Auguſtus Cæſar *liber.* 15. *ver.* 446. 815.

B

Bacchus *horne. lib.* 3. *verſ.* 310 *his nurſes age renewed. lib.* 7. *verſ.* 296.
Battus. *lib.* 2. *ver.* 689.
Byblis *and* Caunus, *liber* 9. *verſ* 435.

C

Cæcus. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 198.
Cadmus *and* Harmione. *liber* 4 *ver* 464.
Cæſars *triumph, death and tranſlation to the Gods. lib.* 15. *ver.* 745. *&c.*
Cæneus. *lib.* 8. *ver.* 306. *lib.* 12. *ver.* 171. 480.
Caliſto. *lib.* 2. *ver.* 401. *to a Beare. ver.* 478.
Calliſthoes. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 415.
Calydonian *Beare. liber* 8. *ver.* 271.
Canens *the wife of* Picus, *into ayre. lib.* 14. *ver.* 416.
Caſtor *and* Pollux. *lib.* 8. *ver.* 301. 374.
Centaures *and* Lapithites. *lib.* 12. *ver.* 210.
Cephalus *and* Procris *lib.* 7. *v.* 692. 845.
Cercopians *turn'd to Apes for their perjury. liber* 14. *verſ.* 90.
Cerambus. *lib.* 7. *ver.* 355.
Cerberus. *lib.* 4. *ver.* 450. *lib.* 7. *verſ.* 410. *liber.* 9. *verſe.* 185.
Ceres, *liber,* 5. *verſ.* 341. 438. 643. *liber.* 6. *v.* 119. *liber,* 8. *verſ* 785. 802. *liber,* 10. *ver.* 431.
Ceyx *and* Halcyone, *liber,* 11. *verſ.* 271. 411.
Chamæleon. *lib.* 15. *verſ.* 410.
Chaos *lib.* 1. *v.* 5.
Charybdis, *lib.* 7. *verſ.* 65. *lib.* 13. *ver.* 731.
Chione. *liber.* 11. *verſ.* 302. 320.
Cippus, *lib,* 15, *v.* 565.
Circe, *liber.* 13, *verſ.* 969. *liber* 14. *verſ.* 8. 25, 255, 346 273.
Clownes *of* Lycia *become frogs lib.* 6. *ver.* 318.
Clytie *a heliotrope, lib.* 4, *verſ* 256.
Combe *lib.* 7. *ver.* 385.
Corall, *liber,* 4. *verſ.* 740, *the poeticall reaſon of hardning of it, liber,* 15, *ver.* 415.
Coronis, *liber,* 2, *verſ.* 542.
Crocus *and* Smilax, *liber,* 4, *v.* 284.
Crow *once a maid, liber,* 2. *ver.* 547.
Cupid, *liber,* 1. *ver.* 453, 455, 469. *liber,* 5. *verſ.* 365, 379.
Cyane, *liber,* 5, *ver.* 411, 425.
Cygnus *King of* Liguria, *liber,* 2 *ver.* 368.
Cyparriſſus *lov'd of* Apollo *chang'd to a Cypreſſe tree, why that tree uſ'd at funeralls, lib.* 10. *verſ.* 106.

D

Dædalion, *lib.* 11, *ver:* 292
Dædalus, *liber,* 8, *verſ.* 159. 184.
Danae, *liber,* 4, *ver.* 611, 697. *liber,* 6, *ver:* 113.
Daphne *and* Apollo, *liber,* 1. *ver:* 451, 549.
Daphnis *a ſtone, liber,* 4, *ver.* 276.
Deianira, *liber,* 9, *ver:* 158,
Deluge, *liber,* 1, *ver:* 281.
Dercetis, *liber,* 4, *ver:* 45.
Deucalion. *l.* 1. *v.* 163.
Diana, *liber,* 3, *verſ:* 163, *lib.* 5, *ver:* 330, *liber,* 8, *verſ:* 270.

Dido

Dido, *lib.* 14. *ver*: 75.
Diomedes *his Travels after the sack of* Troy, *liber*, 14. *ver.* 457. *his souldiers chang'd to fowle, ibid.*
Diomedes *of* Thrace, *lib*, 9. *ver.* 194.
Dog *of* Cephalus, *liber*, 7, *vers.* 755.
Dragon *ready to devonre the head of* Orpheus *turn'd stone*, *lib.* 11. *ver.* 56.
Dryades, *lib*, 3, 443, *lib* : 8. *vers.* 753
Dryope, *lib*, 9. *ver.* 327.

E

Echinades, *lib* : 8, *ver* : 578.
Echo, *lib* : 3, *vers* : 3 o. *chang'd to a voice, ver* : 394.
Elements *interchange, lib.* 15. *ver.* 238.
Erisichihon, *lib* : 8, *ver* : 746, 821.
Euripylus, *lib.* 7, *v* : 365.
Europa *and* Iupiter, *lib* : 2, *ver*: 834.
Eyes *the conduits of love, lib* : 3, *ver* : 440, *lib.* 14, *ver* : 373.

F

Fame, *lib* : 9. *ver* : 138, *liber*, 12, *ver.* 39.
Famin's *habitation and habit*, *ib* : 8. *v.* 791.
Fate *above the power of the Gods. lib* : 9. *ver* : 430, *liber*, 15. *ver.* : 780, 807.
Feare, *liber*, 5, *vers.* 626.
Feast *of* Ceres, *liber*, 10, *ver* : 431, *of* Pallas, *lib* : 11, *vers*: 712.
Fountaines, *liber*, 3, *ver* : 407, *l*, 15, *v*, 309, *liber*, 4, *ver* : 285.
Furies, *lib* : 4, *ver* : 452, 480. *fury*, 497, 502, *lib* : 5, *ver*: 80. *lib* : 11, *ver* : 29.

G

Galanthis, *chang'd to a weesill, lib* : 9. *v.* 307.
Ganimede, *lib* : 10. *v.* 155.
Giants *warre with the Gods, lib* 1. *ver* : 152.
Glaucus, *lib* : 13. *ver* : 950. Glaucus *and* Scylla, *vers*: 601.
Golden *age, lib* : 1. *ver.* 89, *l.* 15. *v.* 96
Golden *Fleece, lib* : 6. *v.* 721, *lib.* 7. *v.* 156,

H

Hector, *lib.* 12. *ver* : 75. *lib.* 13, *ver.* 81. *drag'd of* Achilles, *lib.* 12. *ver.* 591.
Hecuba, *lib.* 13. *ver.* 406, 485, 569.
Helena, *lib.* 12. *ver.* 5. *lib.* 13. *v.* 200, *lib.* 15. *ver.* 232.
Hell, *lib.* 4. *ver.* 432. Hell Tormenters, *ibid.*
Hercules, *lib.* 9. *ver.* 5. 101, 161. 182, *is deified, ver.* 240. *lib.* 11. *ver.* 213, 216, *lib.* 15. *ver*, 12.
Hippolytus, *lib.* 15. *v.* 497.
Hippomenes *and* Atalanta, *l.* 10, *v*, 560.
Hyacinthus, *lib.* 10. *ver.* 163. *lib.* 13. *v.* 396.
Hydra, *liber.* 9. *vers.* 68. 192.
Hymens *Rites, liber.* 4. *vers.* 759.

Hymne *to* Bacchus, *liber*, 4, *ver.* 11.
Hyrie *diſſolv'd to a lake*, *lib.* 7, *ver.* 373.

I

Iaſons *Expedition for the Golden Fleece*, *liber* 7, *ver.* 1.
Iaſon *and* Medea, *lib.* 7, *verſ.* 5.
Icarus, *lib.* 8. *ver*, 196 223.
Ilithyia, *lib.* 9, *ver.* 284, 295.
Ino *and* Melicertes, *lib.* 4, *ver.* 479, *tranſlated to Sea-Gods*, *ver.* 525, *their Attendants*, *to ſtatues and Sea-fowles*, *ver.* 544.
Io, *liber* 1, *v*, 585.
Iolaus, *twice a youth*, *liber* 8, *v*, 400.
Iphigenia, *lib.* 11. *ver*, 28.
Iphis *chang'd to a boy*, *lib.* 9, *ver.* 669. Iphis *and* Anaxerete, *lib.* 14, *ver.* 700.
Itys, *lib.* 6, *v.* 621.

L

Lamedon *founder of* Troy, *lib.* 11, *v*, 197.
Lapithites *and* Centaures, *liber*, 12, *v*, 210.
Latinus, *l*, 14, *v*, 449.
Leucothoe, *liber*, 4, *verſ.* 120. 250.
Lincus, *lib*, 5, *v*, 649.
Lucifer *the morning ſtarre*, *lib.* 11, *v.* 114, 296.
Lycaons *cruell inhospitality*, *lib*, 1, *v*, 165 232.
Lycas, *lib.* 9, *v*, 155, *congeales to ſtone*, *v.* 212.

M

Mars *and* Venus, *liber*, 4, *ver*, 169.
Medea, *liber*, 7, *verſ.* 8. 208, 192, 199, *&c.* 398.
Medea *and* Neptune, *liber*, 6, *v*, 119.
Meduſa, *lib.* 4, *v.* 617, 769, 740, 793.
Meleager, *lib*, 8, *v.* 270.
Memnon, *liber*, 13. *verſ.* 577, 605.
Menephron, *liber*, 7, *verſ.* 388.
Menthe *a Nymph chang'd to the hearb*, *Mint*. *liber*, 10, *verſ.* 728.
Men *ſprung from ſtones*, *liber* 1, *verſ.* 398, *from dragons teeth*. *lib.* 3, *ver.* 101, *liber*, 7, *verſ.* 121, *from muſhrumps*, *liber*, 7, *v*, 394, *from Ants*. *l.* 7, *v*, 624.
Mercury, *l. v.* 670.
Mercury *and* Iupiter *entertain'd by* Baucis *and* Philemon, *lib*, 8, *v*, 632.
Metra *exchangeth ſhapes*, *liber.* 8, *v*, 745, 854.
Midas, *liber*, 11, *verſ* 94, 102, 110, 150.
Milkie, *way*, *lib.* 1, *ver.* 168
Mineides, *liber*, 4, *v*. 389.
Moly, *l.* 14, *v*, 291,
Moone, *lib*: 15, *v*, 196.
Muſes, *and their abodes*, *l*, 5, *v*, 250, 288.
Mycilus *founder of* Crotona. *l.* 15. *v.* 19.
Myrmidons, *l.* 7, *v.* 625.
Myrtha. *l.* 10. *v.* 300. 490.

Osyris, *l.* 9. *v.* 694

N

Nais, *l*, 4, *v*, 49.
Narcissus *and* Echo, *liber*, 3, *v*, 340, *in love with his owne beauty*, *v*, 415, *transform'd to a flowrr*, *v*, 504.
Nemesis, *lib*, 3, *v*, 406, *lib*, 14, *v*, 696, 752.
Neptune *lib*, 1. *v.* 275. *lib.* 2. *ver.* 573. *lib.* 4. *v.* 793. *lib.* 6. *v*, 70. 115. *liber.* 11. *ver.* 195.
Nessus *slaine by* Hercules, *l.* 9. *u.* 101.
Night, *l.* 8. *verse.* 81. *l.* 15. *ver.* 651.
Nilus, *l.* 1. *verse.* 422. *l.* 2. *vers.* 254.
Niobe, *l.* 6. *verse.* 146, 303.
Nisus, *l.* 8. *v.* 8.
Numa, *l.* 15. *ver.* 1, 480.
Nyctimene, *l.* 2. u. 590.
Nymphs *of the water*, *l.* 2. *ver.* 238.

O

Oeyrhoe *transform'd to a Mare*, *l.* 2. *ver.* 656.
Olenus *and* Lethæa, *l.* 10. *ver.* 68.
Orions *daughters sacrificed for the* Thebans, *l.* 13. *vers.* 686.
Orpheus *descends to Hell*, *causeth a cessation of Torments there by his musick*, *l.* 10. *vers.* 12. *attracteth trees*, *ver.* 90. *his song*, *vers.* 146. *torne to peeces by the* Thracian *Bacchides*, *l.* 11. *ver.* 1.

P

Pallas, *l.* 2 *ver.* 753. *l.* 6. *ver.* 1. 27. 70. 77.
Pan, *l.* 1. *ver.* 689. *l.* 11. *ver.* 151. 638.
Parents *curses seldome vaine*, *lib.* 15. *ver.* 505.
Paris *the father of* Corytus, *l.* 7. *vers.* 363, *his rape of Helen*, *l.* 12. *ver.* 5. *l.* 13. *vers.* 200.
Parliament *of the Gods*, *l.* 1. *ver.* 167.
Parnassus, *l.* 1. *v.* 316.
Pasiphae, *l.* 8. *ver.* 136. *l.* 9. *v.* 718.
Patroclus, *l.* 13. *v.* 274.
Pegasus, *l.* 4. *ver.* 787. *l.* 6. *ver.* 119.
Peleus, *l.* 7. *ver.* 479. *l.* 11. *v.* 218. 270. 410.
Pelops, *l.* 6. *v.* 405.
Penelope, *l.* 14.. *v.* 673.
Pentheus, *l.* 3. *vers.* 511. *his oration in contempt of* Bacchus, *ver.* 531. *torne in pieces by his mother*, *v*, 709.
Perdix *chang'd to a partridge*, *l.* 8. *v.* 236.
Periclymenes, *liber.* 12. *verse*, 543.
Perimele, *l.* 8. *ver.* 591.
Pestilence *described*, *l.* 7. *vers* 520. *l.* 15. *ver.* 627.
Phaeton, *l.* 1. *v.* 838.
Philemon *and* Baucis, *l.* 8. *ver.* 632.
Phœnix *liber* 15. *ver.* 393. 405.
Pieus *chang'd to a* Pica, *lib.* 14. *ver.* 346. *his servants*

to

to beasts, ver. 397.
Pierides and the Muses, lib. 5. verſ. 294. chang'd to pies l. 5. v. 662.
Pigmalion, lib. 10. ver. 244. amorouſly woes a ſtatue ver. 250.
Pluto and Proſerpine, l. 5. ver. 356. 402.
Polydectes, liber, 5. verſ. 242.
Polyphemus and Galatea, lib. 13. v. 740.
Priamus, liber 13. verſ. 405. 410.
Priapus, l. 14. ver. 640.
Prœtus, l. 5. ver, 238.
Progne and Tereus, lib. 6. ver. 422. Progne a ſwallow, v: 670.
Prometheus, l. 1. ver. 364.
Propœtides turn'd to ſtatues for their proſtitution, l. 10, ver. 239.
Proteus, liber. 2. ver, 9. lib. 8. ver. 736. liber. 11. ver, 222. 250.
Proſerpine, l. 5, v. 385.
Puniſhments in Hell. l. 4. ver. 457.
Pyramus and Thisbe, l. 4. ver 55.
Pyreneus, lib. 5. ver. 269.
Pythagoras his oration and dehortation from eating of fleſh, liber. 15. verſ. 75. Hee, Fuphorbus in the Troian warre, verſ. 160.
Python, lib. 1. ver. 438.

R

Rainebow, l. 6 ver. 63.
Rape of Proſerpine, l. 5 : ver. 385.
Raven, why black l. 2. ver 534, 632. ſacred to Apoll. ver, 540.
Rome, by whom built. lib. 15. ver. 431.
Romulus and Remus, l. 14. v. 774. deified by the name of Quirinus. ver. 808. his ſpeare flouriſheth, l. 15. v. 559.

S

Sacrifices to Iupiter, Minerva, and Mercury, l. 4. v. 753. to Pallas, l. 12. v. 150. to Divells, l. 7. v. 241.
Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, l. 4, v. 285.
Saturne, l. 6. v. 126, l. 9. v. 499.
Saylors chang'd to Dolphins, l. 3, v. 582. in a ſtorme at Sea, l. 11. v. 465. their obſeruations of the ſtarres, lib, 3. v. 594
Scylla daughter of Niſus, l. 8. v. 18. chang'd to a larke, v. 147.
Scylla daughter of Phorcus, l. 14. v. 60. 73.
Scyron, l. 7. v. 445,
Scython, l. 4. v. 279.
Seaſons of the yeare, l. 1. v. 116. l. 2. v. 27. l. 15. v. 200.
Selfe love, l. 3 v. 416.
Semele, l. 3. v. 260.
Semirami, l. 4. v. 48.
Serpents ſpring from Meduſa's blood, l. 4. v. 617.
Sirens, l. 5. 551. l. 14, ver. 87.
Siſyphus, l. 4. v. 46.
Synope deſcribed, l. 11. v. 593.

Smilax *and* Crocus, *l*: 4, *ver*: 284,
Spheares *motion*, *l*: 2, *v*: 70.
Stones *chang'd from black to white*, *l*: 15 *v*: 41.
Syrinx, *l*: 1, *v*: 689.

T

Tages *the* Thuſcan *ſoothſayer ſprung from a clod*, l: 15, *v*: 555.
Tantalus, *l*: 4, *v*. 459.
Teares *of Faunes*; *Nymphs &c*: *to a fountaine*, *l*: 6, *v*: 393.
Telamon, *l*: 7, *v*: 479.
Tempeſt *at Sea deſcribed*, *l*: 11, *ver*: 456
Therſites, *l*: 13, *v*: 231.
Theſeus, *l*: 7 *v*: 405. 436.
Thetis *changeth ſhapes l*: 11, *v*: 218.
Thyeſtes, *l*: 15, *v*: 462.
Tiberius, *l*: 15 *v*: 836.
Tireſias *changeth ſex l*: 3, *ver*: 316 *ſtruck blind*, *v*: 335, *a prophet v*: 336.
The Tyrrhen *Pirats*, *l*. 3. *ver*: 582.
Trees, *l*: 10, *v*: 95, 225.

V

Venus *and* Adonis, *l*: 10, *v*: 524, 539.
Venus *and* Mars, *l* 4, *v*: 169.
Vertumnus, *varying ſhapes*, *lib*: 14, *v*: 641.
Vlyſſes *his Trauailes*, *l*: 14, *v*: 158, *his mates transform'd to ſwine*, *ver*: 276, *and againe recouer their ſhapes*, *v*: 300,
Vulcans *Net*, *l*: 4, *v*: 176.

W

Weaving, *l*: 6 *v*: 19, 54.
Witch-craft, *l*: 7, *v*: 367, *l*: 8, *v*: 452, *l*: 9, *v*: 298, *l*: 15, *v*: 360.
Wolfe *deſtroying*, *the heard of* Peleus *chang'd to marble*, *l*: 11, *v*: 354.
World *created*, *l*: 1, *v*: 21. *drowned v*: 263. *to periſh by fire v*: 255.
Writing *in Tables us'd of old*, *l*: 9, *u*: 423.

Y

Youth *renewed*, *l*: 7, *v*: 165, 237, 278, 281, *&c*. *l*: 9, *ver*: 400.

Z

Zetes *and* Calais, *l*. 6, *v*. 712.
Zodiack, l. 2. *v*. 80, 130.
Zones, *lib*.. 1. *ver*. 45.

FINIS.

LEt this Book with the figures in the Margent referring to every fifth line in the Metamorphosis in Latin, be printed, according to the refined copy, which came forth with the Commentary and Pictures.

Sa. Baker.

May 26. 1638.

17 JY 60

Gray. p. 78. Thomson. p. 298. 73 106.

1. Heaven's Whitehall. p. 5. Pope. 108.
2. was whist & stile. p. 7.
3. Snaggy Staff - p. 41.
4 refulgent Rouldrons. p. 47.
5. infamous. p. 72.
6 posture. 91.
7. Stars Smitch. p. 99.
8. Sleek Nymphs. p. 106.
9 a murrion shield. p. 107.
10. triumph. p. 112.
11 fivers. p. 115. for fibres.
12. champian. p. 136.
13 mankind. p. 143.
14. Loudly churd. p. 152.
15 Arbutus. p. 194.
16 She gaarling. p. 263.
17. Select in maunds. p. 280
18. Thomson p. 298.